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A SAILOR'S LIFE

"Sibuko had had his Quietus."

Vy.

A SAILOR'S LIFE

UNDER

FOUR SOVEREIGNS

BY

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

THE HON. SIR HENRY KEPPEL

G.C.B., D.C.L.

21635

VOL. III

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CHAPTER LXVI

Fatshan Creek

The time had arrived that the Admiral had arranged for the destruction of the Chinese Fleet. Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, my late aide-de-camp when I had the Naval Brigade in Crimea, was now with me as Commodore's Flag Lieutenant. My gig only held one sitter besides self. Among my other boys I had on board the *Hong-Kong* with Goodenough were Lord Charles Scott, Victor Montagu, and Harry Stephenson. I left Commander Turnour in the *Bittern* to arrange my other boys. He had with him Lieutenant Stanley Graham, Dupuis, Foster, Pilkington, and A. V. Paget. In the *Sir Charles Forbes* were Lieutenant Lord Gilford and Hardy M'Hardy. In the Macao Fort were Lieutenant W. F. Johnson and Captain Magin, Lieutenant Owen, Royal Marines, Hon. F. G. Crofton, and H. B. Russell, Master's Assistant. My late youngster, "Jacko Hall," in *Childers* brig was now Flag Captain: a strictly religious man. 1857. May 30.

Though everything was ready he had sufficient influence with our good chief not to desecrate the Sabbath, and so deferred the attack until Monday, the 1st of June, on which day I had the honour of June 1.

1857. leading the boats of the Fleet in an attack on a strong force of the Imperialist junks posted in two divisions in well-selected positions in the Fatshan Creek. The following account is taken from a letter to my sister Mary :—

Alligator, CANTON RIVER,
June 20, 1857.

The three weeks of this month have been full of excitement. We commenced on the first with as prétty a boat action as can be imagined, though it may not be appreciated because it occurred in distant China. From the heights the Fatshan Creek affair must have been a beautiful sight. My broad pennant was hoisted on board the *Hong-Kong*. The shallow water caused her to ground ; she would otherwise have been in front. Took with me Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, having previously been commanded by Her Majesty, through Sir Charles Phipps, to take every care of him, and left Victor Montagu, my proper gig's mid, on board ; but the lifting tide soon put him in the midst. We took the lead. The first division of the Chinese were attacked simultaneously by about 1900 men. I had not more than a quarter of that number to attack the second division, which was three miles higher up the river in a well-selected place, evidently the *élite* of their Fleet. The junks numbered twenty in one compact row, mounting about fourteen guns each, removed to the side next us, those in the stern and bow being heavy 32-pounders. Boarding nets were dropped on our boats, but not until our men were alongside, as it enabled them all the quicker to sever the cables connecting the junks. *Raleigh's* boats well up, and did not require cheering on. The Chinese fired occasional shots to ascertain exact distance, but did not open their heaviest fire till we were within 600 yards. Nearly the first poor fellow cut in two by a round shot was an amateur, Major Kearney, whom I had known many years. We cheered, and were trying to get to the front when a shot struck our boat, killing the bowman. Another was cut in two. A third shot took another's arm off. Prince Victor

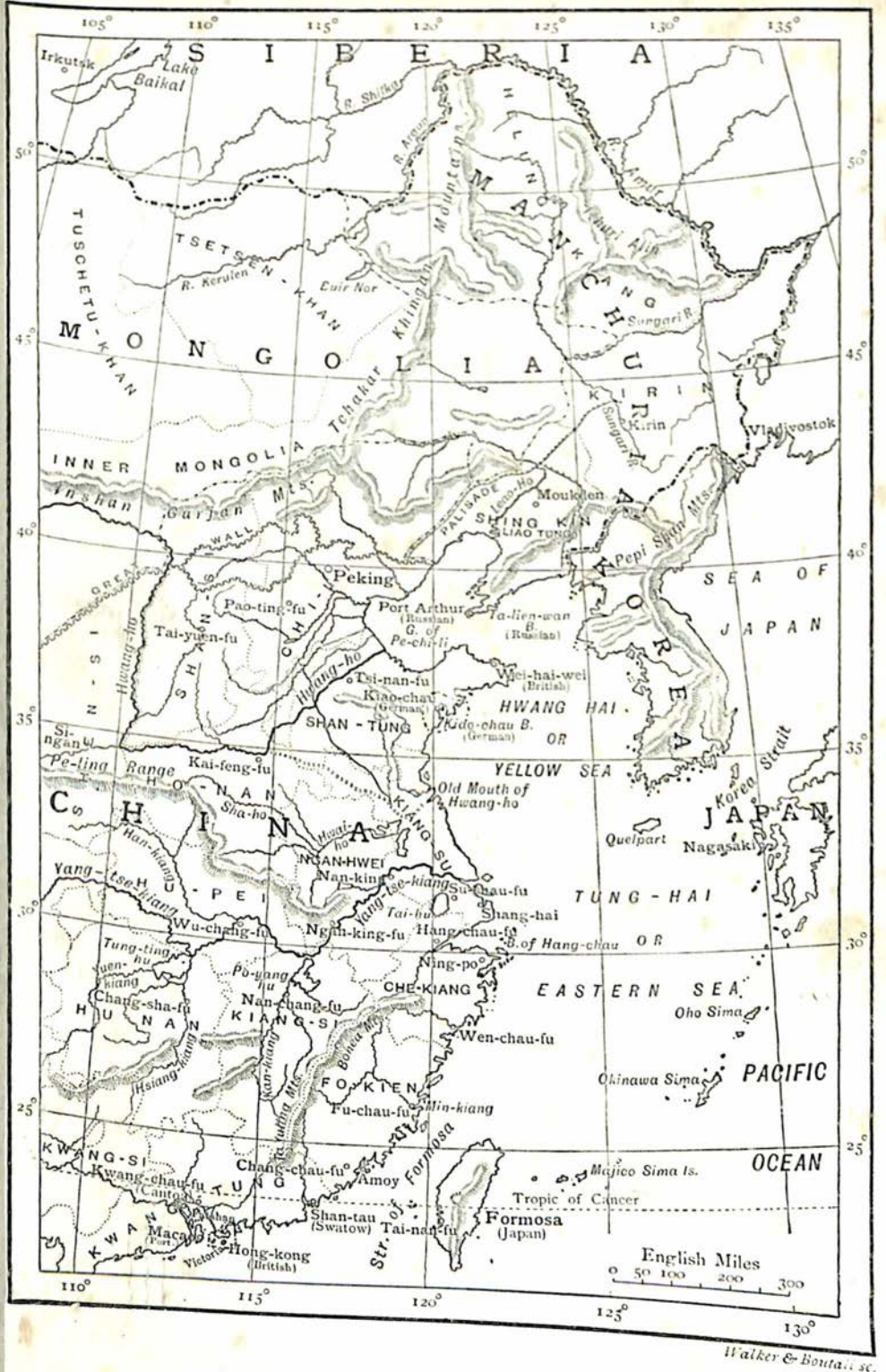
leaned forward to bind up the man's arm with his neck-cloth. 1857
While he was so doing, a shot passed through both sides of the boat, wounding two more of the crew; in short, the boat was sunk under us.

Our man-of-war boats do not carry iron ballast, but are

Part of my Galley's Crew.

steadied by "breakers" made to fit neatly under each thwart and filled with fresh water. The tide rising, boats disabled, oars shot away, it was necessary to re-form. I was collared and drawn from the water by young Michael Seymour, a mate of his uncle's flagship, the *Calcutta*. We were all picked up except the dead bowman, whom the faithful dog "Mike" would not leave. As we retired I shook my fist at the junks, promising I would pay them off. We went to the *Hong-Kong* and re-formed. I hailed Lieutenant Graham

1857. to get his boat ready, as I would hoist the broad pennant for next attack in his boat. I had no sooner spoken when he was down, the same shot killing and wounding four others. Graham was one mass of blood, but it was from a marine who stood next to him, part of whose skull was forced three inches into another man's shoulder. When we reached the *Hong-Kong* the whole of the Chinese fire appeared to be centred on her. She was hulled twelve times in a few minutes. Her deck was covered with the wounded, who had been brought on board from different boats. From the paddle-box we saw that the noise of guns was bringing up strong reinforcements. The account of our having been obliged to retire had reached them. They were pulling up like mad. The *Hong-Kong* had floated, but grounded again. A bit of blue bunting was prepared to represent a broad pennant, and I called out, "Let's try the row boats once more, boys," and went over the side into our cutter (*Raleigh's*), in which was Turnour and the faithful coxswain, Spurrier. At this moment there arose from the boats, as if every man took it up at the same instant, one of those British cheers, so full of meaning, that I knew at once it was all up with John Chinaman. They might sink twenty boats, but there were thirty others who would go ahead all the faster. It was indeed an exciting sight. A move among the junks! They were breaking ground and moving off, the outermost first! This the Chinese performed in good order, without slacking fire. Then commenced an exciting chase for seven miles. As our shot told they ran mostly on to the mud banks, and their crews forsook them. Young Cochrane in his light gig got the start of me, but, having boarded a war junk, John Chinaman did not wait to receive him properly, but preferred mud on the other side. Seventeen junks were overtaken and captured. Three only escaped. Before this last chase my poor Spurrier was shot down. I saw his bowels protruding, with my binoculars in the middle, as he lay in the bottom of the boat, holding my hand. He asked if there was any hope. I could only say, "Where there is life there is hope," but I had none! He was removed into another boat, and sent to the hospital ship. Strange to say, the good Crawford served him up, and the Admiral's last letter from Hong-Kong



Walker & Boutall sc.

1857. states that Spurrier hoped to return to his duty in a few days.

. . . . . .

Words fail me, on looking back to this stirring day, to express my gratitude that I was allowed to take part in this action. When my ship was lost, I felt as if my day was done. But fate was kind, and Fatshan Creek gave me another chance in the service I ardently loved.

The following proclamation, by the Chinese Admiral Yeh, was found in one of the captured junks after Fatshan :—

Liang, subaltern in charge of the Tan chau[1] Station of the Kwang Tung Province, whose name is noted for the rank of captain, with authority meanwhile to wear the button of that rank, makes a communication.

"I am in receipt of a despatch from the Governor General Yeh, to the following effect :

"'Whereas the barbarian outlaws[2] have not as yet submitted,' and the nature of these rebels is not to be fathomed, the officers and men of the different vessels stationed at P'ing-chau[3] must stand well and strictly on their guard, so as to be ready at all points, and prevent any mishap. It is my duty, therefore, to send orders at once to you, on receipt of which you will, in obedience thereto, immediately confer with the other officers associated with you on this service, and with them set an example in concerting proper measures of control and precaution on board your respective vessels. You will continue without distinction of day or night to patrol constantly, as a shuttle moves in the loom, and to make observation assiduously and with secrecy. The soldiers and braves under your command must on no account land, or leave their vessels ; and if there be the slightest movement on the part of the barbarians, you must make for Sam-shan and open fire upon them, cutting off and slaying ruthlessly. If any one ruin

[1] In Hai-nan. [2] *Fi*, vagabonds, rebels, or any lawless persons.
[3] Between Sam-shan and Fat-shan.

the undertaking by venturing, be it ever so little, to be slack or indifferent, the officer commanding shall be held responsible; no mercy shall be shown him. Courage in the engagement shall be liberally rewarded. Haste in fear! Haste in earnest!' 1857.

"In obedience to the above I write to every other of the officers in charge of vessels. In addition to this it is my duty to write also to you; I accordingly write and request that you will in no particular depart from the instructions of His Excellency.

"A necessary communication addressed to the officer in charge of the Shun-on Li junk.

"Hien Fung, 7th year, 5th moon, 8th day (29th May, 1857)."

CHAPTER LXVII

Visit Sarawak

1857. June 5. Master and self tried by court-martial on board the *Sybille* for the loss of the *Raleigh*.

June 12. The hull of my poor *Raleigh* advertised for sale, to take place on Monday 29th. Who would have believed it! Commander-in-Chief appointing us by commission, dated yesterday, to the *Alligator*.

Canton River, June 14. *Sunday*.—My birthday. Enter my forty-ninth year—a day on which one no longer cares to be congratulated. Went up in *Hong-Kong* as far as Second Bar, where *Tribune* and *Highflyer* are.

June 15. Proceeded to Macao Fort; found they had made a prize of a mandarin junk laden with tea.

June 16. Returned as far as Second Bar and met Sampson. No permission from Chief to ascend Anninghoy Creek.

June 18. Made preparations for capture of the Chucupee Fort. The Celestials, however, mizzled on our approach. Took possession and left Edgell with *Tribune* in charge.

June 20. Anniversary of Her Majesty's Accession. Dressed ships. At noon fired Royal salutes the whole length of the Canton River.

June 30. Shifted berth to below Second Bar, taking old *Alligator* up. Dined with Sir Robert M'Clure of North-West Passage celebrity in *Esk*.

Friend "Thomas," Prince Victor, and self took departure for Dent's comfortable quarters at Macao, on board the *Firmee*. Found poor Cleverly still confined to bed. Met a clerk of Dent's House, who wears a moustache, and looks a muff. 1857. July 20.

Macao better climate than Hong-Kong. Thomas, Prince Victor, and I dined at Endicott's. July 21.

Heard of the untimely death of poor young Foster, which took place on board the *Fury* off Macao Fort. By *Firmee* to Hong-Kong and Dent's bungalow. Visit from St. George Foley. July 26.

Returned by *Firmee* to Macao, meeting Admiral there in *Coromandel*, who informed me of the little chance I had of becoming second in command, as far as Sir Charles Wood was concerned. July 30.

Mail in from England. Ascertained from Commander-in-Chief that Sir Charles Wood at Admiralty disapproved of my broad pennant being hoisted after loss of *Raleigh*. Decided on going home. Aug. 20.

The worthy Judge Hulme gave me a farewell dinner. Parting dinner at Dent's. William Dent over from Macao. Aug. 23,

Took leave of my good friends the Dents. Also the kind Admiral. Embarked on board *Formosa*, P. and O. steamer, for passage to England, with option of landing and coming on when and how I like. Flagship manning rigging and cheering on passing. My *Raleigh's* officers on board, with others, to wish me good-bye ! ! ! Hong-kong, Aug. 25.

. . . . .

Once more on the wide and open sea, but in the novel position of passenger. Dr. and Mrs. Parker and my worthy friend and old shipmate Crawford of the party. P. and O. *Formosa*, Aug. 26,

10 A.M.—Arrived in New Harbour, Singapore. Sept. 4.

1857. Kindly taken in by Blundell at Government House. Read Clarence Paget's friendly explanation of my recall in the House of Commons.

Singapore, Sept. 5. Found Charlie Grant, wife and child, going to Sarawak.

Sept. 6. Dined with the Blundells—their daughters, Jane and Anne, particularly nice girls.

Sept. 7. *Emperor* steam yacht in the Roads requiring a foremast—time for her to take me to Sarawak and return while mast getting ready. Pleasant and convenient arrangement. News from India; slight improvement, but Delhi still untaken.

Sept. 8. Captain Sidney Grenfell, senior officer in Malacca Straits, cancelled the orders already given. The Emperor of Japan's yacht is not to go with me to Borneo! There is a difference between being *in* and *out* of office.

Sept. 9. Dined with Colonel Liardet at the mess of 21st N.I.

Sept. 10. Lord Elgin arrived from Calcutta in *Ava*, P. and O. Co's steamer. Breakfasted with Harvey, meeting Greenshields and Paterson, with their wives.

Sept. 11. Many good fellows in Lord Elgin's staff, George Fitzroy one of them. Dined at home (Government House) to meet Lord Elgin.

Sept. 12. Mail in from England. Turnour and Prince Victor promoted. I senior captain on the list. Many letters of congratulation on Fatshan Creek. Met Lord Elgin and party at dinner.

Sept. 13. Embarked on board Emperor of Japan's yacht.

Sept. 15. Rounded Taujong Datu. In evening anchored off Taujong Poe.

A Malay Kampong.

CHAPTER LXVIII

SARAWAK—INDIA—ENGLAND

PILOTED the yacht as far as the Quop. Up in the gig to Sarawak. How altered! Extended but not improved in appearance. Miss the attap roofs; tiles look heavy. Miss the jungle, and, most of all, the Rajah, who is at Brunei. 1857. Sarawak, Sept. 16.

Brooke Brooke and Charlie Grant are here with their wives, and each owns a child. How many happy associations of bygone days. Must wait Rajah's return. Dine with the Bishop. Took a stroll in the jungle with Alderson's rifle. Jungle too magnificent. Found the walking bad, and the gun heavy, to say nothing of the wood-leeches that adhered to and feasted off my legs, in spite of my trousers being tied like bloomers round the ankles. Sept. 17.

Took an early walk over two miles of the road Sept. 19.

1857. cut through the jungle. Somewhat checked by Chinese outbreak. Plenty of wild pig about, but difficult to get at.

Sept. 20. Went to church. Service performed by Bishop, with three assistants. Singing by native Christianized children wonderfully good. Young Brooke and I

In Bornean Jungle.

dining with the Bishop—a good fellow, without guile or humbug.

Sept. 21. Crossed the river to see a man-eating alligator just caught, length 12 ft. 6 in. Astonishing the ease with which the Malay kris cuts through the thick skin between the joints along the neck and tail of the brute. Started with Charlie Grant, Alderson, and Watson in an excursion up the river by P.M. tide.

Sept. 22. Grant having put us up in his bungalow, where he is about to build a fort and assume the command of

that district, we started in afternoon on our deer- 1857.
shooting excursion, getting as far as the Singy Hill Dyaks, where we slept in their "scullery." Unclean animals these Dyaks.

A forenoon walk took us some four or five miles Sept. 23.
to a hut near the deer ground. In afternoon, before sunset, we went out in two parties. Saw some large red deer; stalked near and shot a doe.

Whampoa.

Long walk of ten miles in the hottest sun, and roughest ground. Back to boat. On arrival at bungalow, heard of Rajah's return to his capital. Started alone after dinner for Sarawak to join him. Found Brooke in great force; nearly five years since we met; he altered, but not so much as I expected, considering smallpox and what else he has gone through. Sept. 24.

Embarked on board the *Sir James Brooke* on Sept. 29.
return to Singapore. Farewell, Sarawak. May you prosper as you so well deserve!

Arrived in Singapore. Governor being absent at Oct. 1.

1857. Penang, put up at Whampoa's, and how comfortable the good fellow made me!

Oct. 2. Waited on by a deputation of the merchants to invite me to an entertainment. Grand dinner given by the residents at the London Hotel. Their kindness preventing my responding as I wished.

Oct. 4. Afternoon agreeably passed at Angus's small bungalow, where Whampoa, "Thomas," Briggs, and Harrison dined.

Oct. 5. Dined with Napier. Anniversary of his wedding, at which I was present thirteen years ago.

Oct. 6. Mail steamer coming in, decided on going on. Find myself on flag list, also recommended for the K.C.B. 4 P.M, embarked on board *Cadiz*, mail steamer.

Penang, Oct. 8. 1.40 P.M., arrived at Penang. Dined with old friend Lewis, having called on Blundell and the recorder, Sir Benson Maxwell. On board at 6; *Cadiz* under weigh.

Galle, Oct. 15. Arrived at Galle before 8 o'clock. Took rooms on shore, but as the P. and O. agent was not inclined to let us proceed by way of Bombay without extra payment, accepted an offer to go to Bombay in *Madras* hired transport. Packed up and off again by sunset.

Oct. 16. Every attention paid to our comfort on board *Madras*. Captain Jenkins of the Indian Navy most kind.

Oct. 19. 10 P.M., came to in Bombay Harbour.

India, Oct. 20. Landed after breakfast, having received an invitation to take up my abode with Captain and Mrs. George Wellesley, he in charge of the Bombay Marine. They had a sweet little girl I called the "Râni." Sir Hugh Rose was here on his way to the Mutiny, having already been home since the Crimea. He was staying with the Governor, Lord

Elphinstone, on the hills at Matheran, where I joined them later. Came up, too, with our invalided Doctor Crawford, who found his brother here, a magistrate, with whom I had a good dinner. We went by train to see the wonderful elephant caves with fittings that date two thousand years before the birth of our Saviour. 1857. Matheran.

Kindly welcomed by Lord Elphinstone. So glad to have a few days with Hugh Rose. Pleasant party, consisting of Captain Colborn and staff. Climate delightful. Blankets pleasant. No mosquitoes. Oct. 30.

At breakfast appeared remainder of staff, Doctor Peel and Colonel Bate. Rode with Governor in cool of evening. Such varied and magnificent scenery! Rode some eight miles without a hill! Oct. 31.

Early ride in other direction with Colonel Russell. Matheran such a nice place. Found Harry Parker located on the hill with wife and two children; he came to ride and dine. Nov. 1.

Returned by 8.30 train to Bombay. Wellesley and I to dine with Commander Jenkins and officers of Indian Marine. Bombay, Nov. 2.

Wellesley and I to call on Governor. Among letters by the mail, received the following from my brother-in-law Stephenson. Nov. 3.

ROOKSBURY, FAREHAM, HANTS,
September 20, 1857.

MY DEAR HARRY- You are an Admiral and a K.C.B.; that rejoices my heart.

I transcribe for your information what has occurred in this matter, as it will please you, in some points.

August 29, 1857. Copy of Letter to Lord Panmure.

"It is with very great reluctance and some pain that I request your careful attention to this statement, and that you will favour me with an interview.

1857. The matter of painful grievance is this

A public, professional, and personal disparagement, I may say *dishonour*, has been inflicted upon Captain Keppel, R.N., in withholding from him the K.C.B. of the Baltic.

There exists at the Admiralty a minute of more than twelve years standing, "that he was entitled to the C.B. for services performed in the China Seas under Admiral Parker and Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B."

"Keppel gave up the command of the finest ship in the navy, *St. Jean d'Acre*, to serve in the trenches. His predecessor, Lushington, in the command of the Naval Brigade before Sebastapol, upon giving up his command was gazetted on the 10th July 1855 "Captain Stephen Lushington, R.N. to the K.C.B."

He was not previously a C.B.

Keppel from that time to the fall of Sebastapol commanded that Brigade. The General and the Admiral Commanding-in-Chief in their despatches eulogised the services of Keppel in the highest terms of praise.

He commanded at the fall of Sebastapol, which was the crowning victory of the campaign.

Lord Lyons *told me* that the French could not have taken Sebastapol but for Keppel's well-directed fire.

His rank of captain is not sufficient excuse. Lushington was gazetted as captain, and when the distribution of the honours were gazetted there was one captain his senior and one his junior K.C.B. (I have had a correspondence with Panmure and Sir Charles Wood upon this subject.)

I regret, and it is with painful regret I state it, that I can only collect from Wood the "stet pro ratione voluntas," and that not very courteously given—but let that pass.

The Government had an historical name, a great naval reputation, in Keppel's case. I beg to challenge contradiction to my statement.

Keppel has added to his naval fame, he ranks among the bravest and ablest captains in the British Fleet.

It cannot be said of him that he has received any *honour* for his distinguished services in the chief command of the Naval Brigade.

Many officers, when the list was published, and since the peace, and the widows of officers who never saw a gun fired,

have received the K.C.B. who have no claim superior to his ; 1857.
do not misunderstand me, that I express any disapprobation that such distribution has been made, I only wish to express the pain I feel—that services less than his have been considered by the Government as deserving of a higher reward.

The Government intends to place before the public men deserving of its respect when these honours are conferred.

In giving to the immediate predecessor in the same command and before the final victory the K.C.B., and withholding it from Keppel, the Government inflicts a stigma on Keppel as being unworthy to receive that which is bestowed upon his immediate predecessor.

I do assure you that extreme surprise and regret are freely expressed by the highest, the ablest, and by a numerous body of the navy at this unmerited stigma.

Keppel does not know of my writing this letter to you. I have known him from a child. I am deeply pained at the publick disparagement.

The recent demonstration at Portsmouth shows the estimation in which he is held by both services. Why should the Government ignore his merit ?

Will you, as an old friend, give me some explanation ? "

On 27th August I received the following from Panmure :—

"My dear Steenie—The only bone between us is removed. I have taken the Queen's pleasure in making Harry Keppel K.C.B.—Yours

(Signed) Panmure."

God bless you, my dear Harry.

Ever your most devoted brother,

Hy. Fred. Stephenson.

[I hope I may be excused for inserting this letter, but I can honestly declare that I had forgotten its existence until the present moment, 27th June 1898, when in turning over a heap of bygone manuscripts I came across it by accident. H. K.]

1857. Nov. 3. Took leave of my kind host and hostess. 4 P.M., embarked on board *Madras* (P. and O.) hired transport; weighed at sunset.

. . . . . .

Left the *Madras* at Suez by rail to Cairo; wheels running on inverted iron saucers about five feet in diameter. Embarked at Alexandria on board P. and O. *Ripon* for Southampton. Among passengers was Mrs. Moir, the widow of a doctor who had been killed by the mutineers, six hundred miles up country. She lost one of her children in her flight, but found it at Calcutta in the care of a friend who had picked the child up on the road. Lieutenant Campbell was also a passenger. He had made a wonderful escape from the mutineers at Fyzabad. The mutiny and its horrors, hairbreadth escapes of our friends, the courage of the English women, and the heroic work of Colin Campbell, Henry Havelock, Outram, Windham, and many more gallant soldiers, was the only subject of conversation on board the steamer.

Dec. 6. On December 6 arrived at Southampton. Joined invalid wife at Bognor.

Dec. 27. At Holkham; where we remained until end of year.

CHAPTER LXIX

England

After a few days between brother Edward and friend Eyre we arrived in London. Brother Stephenson, as deputy-ranger, placed the lodge in Hyde Park at my disposal, which exactly suited the poor invalid. The approaching wedding of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia caused the early winter months to be unusually gay. I hardly like to mention the names of those who were kind to me under the delusion that I had taken care of their sons in China. 1858. Jan. 1.

Was at the state ball, Buckingham Palace, previous to the royal wedding, which took place on 25th. Jan. 20.

Dined with Her Majesty, Buckingham Palace. Feb. 11.

Dined with Rajah Brooke. Feb. 12.

The hunting season was now in full force. Having invested with Tilbury for the hire of a couple of horses, "Alice" and "General," with groom, at £30 a month, he to replace lame ones; off to my nephew Edward Coke, owner of Longford in Derbyshire. Determined frost, giving me time to examine horses; both appeared well up to my weight, and good jumpers. Feb. 21.

Wenny Coke put in an appearance. Frost Feb. 26.

1858. continued the next ten days, making me wish Mr. Tilbury had the horses in his own keeping.

Mar. 5. Change of wind, but none of weather.

Mar. 8. Rode Alice to Ingestre. Kindly welcomed by my old friend Shrewsbury. Took up my quarters. Walter Talbot staying here. Fine old place this Ingestre—peacocks about.

Mar. 10. Taken to dine with the High Sheriff, P. Williams, at Stafford.

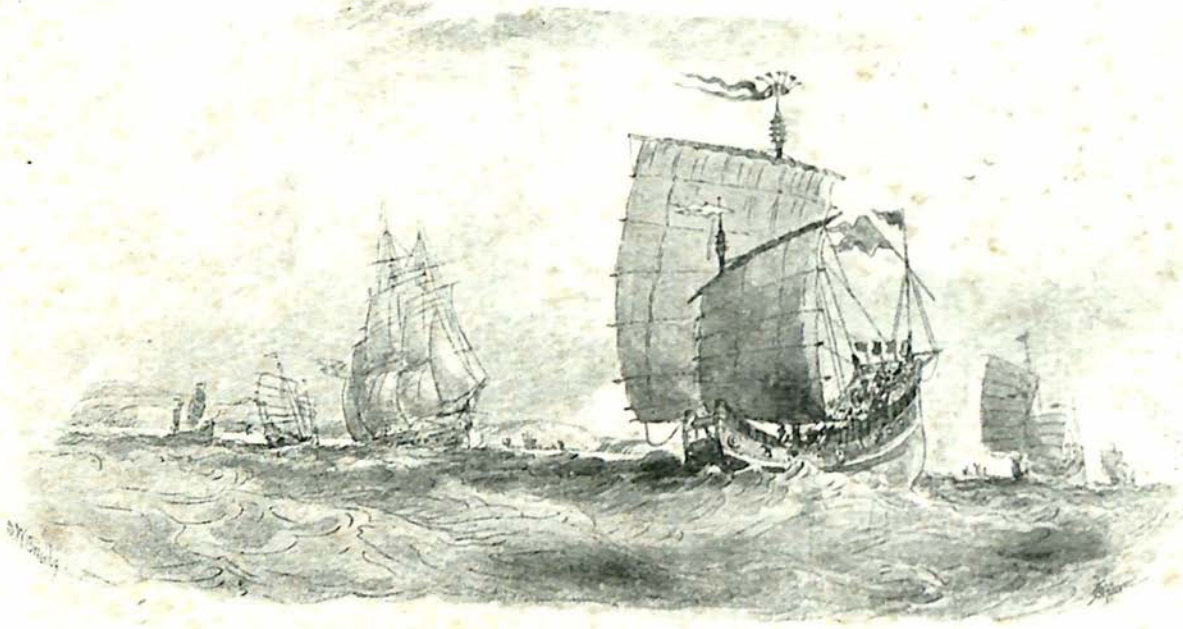
Mar. 11. Ditto weather. Rode General with Walter Talbot to Bifield, Lord Bagot's. Cokes there, and Grosvenors—Lady Constance, Di Coke, very pretty.

Mar. 15. Returned to London.

Mar. 20. Dined with Admiral Rous, a pleasure often enjoyed. His parties were always sporting, I never missed a race within reasonable distance. My good elder brother could not understand why I was so fond of "seeing a fool in red riding after a rogue in yellow."

Mar. 27. Was getting into the train at Portsmouth, when my faithful old coxswain, Spurrier, stopped me with, "Think I have found Lord Gilford's watch." During the two minutes of the train's starting, he explained that last evening his wife was in one of the numerous haberdasher shops in Portsea; a well-dressed woman came in and wanted a smart yacht shirt for her friend. On being shown the usual seaman's shirt, she wanted something much smarter; her man had a gold watch and chain that he was proud of, and that Admiral Keppel had given him a cheque for £10 only a few days before. Poor women! how fast their little tongues will run.

The giving the cheque I perfectly remember, as well as the man I gave it to. To go back for a few months before the little affair of the Fatshan Creek.



Suspicious Junks.

1858. The splendid crew of the *Raleigh* were divided into cruising boats and captured many suspicious Chinese junks, some laden with cargo; but owing to the scarcity of interpreters they were generally condemned and their property confiscated. In the end the prizes amounted to a sum of money: not much, if divided among all the ships, but a nice little bonus for the captors. On my being promoted and ordered home, the captors of strings of pice agreed that I should take charge of the money, converted from pice into sterling bills, which I was to divide, as I thought proper, among the wounded or most deserving characters invalided home. A man belonging to my wounded boat's crew was one of the recipients.

On arriving in London I went to Lord Clanwilliam's house in Belgrave Square and ascertained the number of the gold chronometer watch he had given to his son on leaving England. The bill, receipted, was soon found. I then had to find my friend Sir Richard Mayne, the Chief of Police. He found an intelligent detective, to whom I gave my late coxswain's address at Portsea.

April. Three days afterwards, leaning over the rails in Hyde Park, a suspicious-looking character, whose appearance I did not quite approve, rapped me on the shoulder and beckoned me to join him. Great was my relief when he informed me he had Lord Gilford's watch. Getting him to accompany me to Belgrave Square, on the way he informed me that he had gone to Spurrier's house; they went together to the shop where the girl had bought the shirt, but they had seen no more of her. Walking back, although dusk, Mrs. Spurrier spotted the girl on the opposite side of the street. The detective accidentally placed himself, in a way they have, and seeing a respectable girl

asked if she had relations in the Navy—the Admiralty had sent him down to seek proper objects for employment. I need not say that in a few minutes he had the state and condition of the man with the yacht shirt. His respectable parents lived on the Isle of Wight, etc. The next day detective found his way to the parents' house and had an interview. On his way back he met Jack in the best of spirits rolling along; after a few minutes' talk the detective abstracted the watch saying, "No. 8471: the one I was looking for." Two assistants crossed over from the opposite side. By this time we were at Belgrave Square. Lord Clanwilliam much pleased; also poor Lady Clanwilliam, who was an invalid, but her pleasure was followed by distress as to what would become of the poor wounded man. I proposed to her Ladyship that I should return the watch to the poor fellow and her regrets for the trouble she had given him! When I got below, the detective told me that the man would be brought up before the magistrates on the Wednesday following. If no witnesses appeared he would be discharged. A tenner from Lord Clanwilliam to the detective ended the business. Curious that a watch stolen in China, April 20, 1857, should have been recovered by a detective in Portsea in the same month of this year. 1858.

Visit to Lord George Lennox at his "Bleak House," Southsea. While there, was invited to the charming Goodwood for a few days. April 5.

At United Service Club we entertained the Duke of Malakoff at dinner. The *Raleigh's* crew had meanwhile arrived at Chatham. The dog, Mike, in addition to his performance at Fatshan, was at the storming of Canton, where he had a scaling-ladder to himself April 22.

1858. and wore two medals. His appearance was enough to clear the battery ; the Chinamen fled, except those stopped by bullets. Lord Lansdowne was fond of dogs as well as music. At his request had Mike brought up from Chatham, and he was much admired. He had been given me by Captain Michael Quin, hence his name, who was paying off while *Raleigh* was fitting out at Plymouth. Mike was unhappy away from a ship. He was returned to Chatham, and attended working parties on shore : I had not the heart to remove him. The months April, May, and June brought me into a society to which I had been unaccustomed. Although I enjoyed it, it hardly comes within a sailor's life.

May 10. Attended Her Majesty's ball.

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As the following is copied from an old engagement book and can interest near relations only, I advise my readers to skip this and try next chapter.

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June 1. My pretty niece Annie Garnier married Colonel Edward Newdigate.

June 2. Cheery dinner at "The Ship," Greenwich—Admiral Milne, James Blyth, Charles Eden, and Colonel F. Campbell.

June 3. Dined, Skinner's Company.

June 5. Lady Palmerston's evening.

June 6. Dined with Duchess of Richmond.

June 7. Dined with Lady Downs.

June 11. Dinner with Merchant Taylors.

June 12. Dined with Sir John Thorolds. Evening, Duchess of Norfolk.

70 Cranbury Park for Bibury Races, with Tom Chamberlain. Have not time to describe the place here, but in it were four beautiful pictures by Romney of Lady Hamilton. Chamberlain's son was in the Balaklava charge. On the retreat his horse was shot under him. He quietly took the saddle off, put it on his head for a protection, and calmly walked into camp. My sister Caroline, who was staying with her father-in-law at Bishopstoke, wrote me about a pretty cottage for sale. On my arrival there I found a small sylph swinging on the entrance gate, a daughter of Mr. Peter Wells. I bought the place, with some good Italian furniture, for £1500. There was a full-length picture by Swenton of a beautiful lady, occupying one end of the dining-room : this was the mother of my young friend Zöe on the gate (now Lady Brougham and Vaux). The lady was one of a handsome family, such as artists delighted in ; the background of the picture was of trees, painted at Windsor Forest. 1858. June 15.

Dined with H.R.H. Duke of Cambridge. May 16.

Dined with Fred Gye, lessee of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. At his charming house near the Thames one met a varied society—Prince Leiningen, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, the Countess Gleichen, Meyerbeer, statesmen, authors, painters, singers, actors : it was indeed a cheery centre. After dinner we always adjourned for dessert to a glass room 120 feet long, delightfully cool in summer, flowers and plants growing ; the ladies left the table to sit further away in this same room. Gye used to give me passes to the theatres. I was one night arranging baskets of flowers between banks, where fairies were supposed to be resting, when the curtain suddenly ran up faster than I could get to May 20.

1858. the wings. But though he was a stern disciplinarian "behind," Gye forgave me.

Poor Gye's terrible fate is fresh in my memory. He was shot accidentally while on a visit to Lord Dillon, and died near the covert side: sportsman that he was, he always wished to be buried in one. His sons have all made their mark. The eldest, whom we used to call the "Baron," married Madame Albani and went on with operatic management. Percy is a judge. Herbert went into the Navy and served on the China station under me in 1869. Another son was in the Artillery. His daughter, Clara, I often see.

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June 23. Dined with Lord Alfred Churchill.

June 26. Evening, Lady Palmerston. Dinner, Sir Anthony Rothschild.

June 28. Balls at Duchess of Hamilton's and Lady Caroline Maxe's.

June 29. Dined with Sir William Middleton. Evening, Lady Pigot's. During summer had been improving my pretty, but small place at Bishopstoke, on the bank of the river Itchen. The place suited me down to the ground. The stabling, which I rebuilt, was perfection.

June 30. Dinner with Mr. Newdigate at Blackheath.

July 1. Dinner at Navy Club, entertaining First Lord.

July 4. Luncheon, Duchess of Somerset. Dined with Lord Methven.

July 5. Dinner with Duke of Newcastle. Evening party, Duchess of Manchester.

July 6. Review at Aldershot.

July 7. Lady Mayoress's reception.

July 8. Luncheon with Ranelagh. Dinner, Lord Sandwich. Evening, Lady Jersey.

Early dinner, Lady de Clifford. Later to Cremorne Gardens. 1858. July 9.

Lunch, Lady Shelley. July 10.

Dinner Admiral Walcott. Party Lady Rokeby, and ball at Duchess of Wellington's. July 11.

Among friends I always received kind welcome on board Sir Thomas Whichcote's schooner yacht *Enchantress*. Towards the end of the season I was with him at Cherbourg, where we had gone to witness the Naval Fêtes, and the inauguration of the new railway. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort arrived on the 4th August, accompanied by Lords of the Admiralty and a brilliant staff. Received by the Emperor Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie. The next morning, at breakfast time, I took up the newspaper and read the sudden death on 30th July, at the Earl of Fife's Seat, of my beloved brother-in-law, Stephenson. July 30. Cherbourg, Aug. 5.

To be alone in my grief, I landed and strolled by the side of the road up the hill to the high ground. As if to distract my thoughts, I met a French cavalry regiment marching up, their brass band playing "Rule Britannia." Was off by the 4 P.M. steamer to join my poor sister Mary, who with her children was staying at Folkestone. The death had indeed been sudden, heart complaint, while sitting up in bed.

September found me shooting with Sir Thomas Whichcote at Ashwarby in Lincolnshire. Sept.

Beautiful day and lots of birds—wild, of course, they always are. With our four guns bagged 180 partridges, 18 hares, 1 rabbit—making 199 head. Whichcote did things well; as kind a host as man could have. A good hot luncheon. Ditto dinner. Very jolly. Ashwarby Park, Sept. 28.

Another fine day. Same party; bagged 204 Sept. 29.

1858. partridges, 18 hares, 1 rabbit. Haunch of venison for lunch and other good things.

Ashwarby, Sept. 30. Dirty weather with rain. Held up late, but high wind. Same party; 131 head of game. Much pleased at receiving a letter from Lord Palmerston stating he had recommended me to Her Majesty for the appointment of Groom-in-Waiting.

Oct. 1. Better weather, but high wind. Still lots of birds. Same four guns; 200 partridges, 17 hares, 1 rabbit—218 head! Finish to four good days' sport, to say nothing of the evening meal.

Oct. 2. Party breaking up. Freke and I in dogcart to Lincoln. I to London.

Oct. 16. Up from Portsmouth. Put up at Westbourne Terrace. There had been some cases of smallpox near my chambers. Wandered about. Tabooed for fear of infection.

Oct. 18. By 11 A.M. train to Bishopstoke. Found sister Caroline and family at the Dean's. Forgot all about the smallpox and embraced the children!

Oct. 19. Busy rearranging Bishopstoke.

Oct. 23. By afternoon train to Southsea. Received by George Lennox at Bleak House. Party to dinner. The good George Greys, etc.

Oct. 24. Went over to Ryde by 12 o'clock boat. Back with George Lennox to see the Michael-Seymours before dinner.

Oct. 25. By 11 A.M. train to Bishopstoke. Dean off again to Rooksbury. Sleep to-night in our own cottage.

Oct. 27. By train to Southampton. Met George Lennox. Went on board *Pasha*, a Sultan's yacht, very gaudy. On board *Ripon*, starting for Alexandria with Indian passengers. George Lennox back with me to Bishopstoke.

George Lennox off to Portsmouth, and I to Sir Francis Barings at Stratton. Found Pelhams and Nevilles. Tom Baring and wife. 1858. Oct. 28.

Should have had some good shooting had the leaves been off the trees. Six guns; 110 head. Oct. 29.

George Lennox and I in Gilman's carriage to Winchester; great luncheon at the Dean's. Party there. Lord Palmerston from Broadlands. Garniers from Rooksbury. Gilman taking us back to Bishopstoke. By train to Portsmouth. Put up at George Lennox's. Nov. 19.

Business at Admiralty. Dined with Rodney Mundy's mother; nice cheery old lady. Nov. 23.

By 4.30 train to Godstone. Found Rajah recovering from his sad paralytic stroke. Nov. 24.

Took early leave of Brooke. Returned to Bishopstoke. Nov. 25.

Found invitation to dine at Broadlands; unluckily for yesterday. Nov. 26.

Colliers to dine. Nov. 29.

By 3 P.M. train to London. Nov. 30.

To Westbourne Terrace. Seconded resolution made by Bishop of Oxford on Gospel in China. Meeting at Willis's Rooms. Much amused at Strand Theatre. Our Marie Wilton a little darling. Dec. 1.

By Great Western to Berkeley Castle, to Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley. Extraordinary old place. Not all the conveniences of modern houses, but made up for in association. Castle wall left as knocked down by Cromwell. Dec. 2.

Mounted by Sir Maurice. Well appointed pack. Huntsmen and whips, etc., dressed in yellow velveteen. Best run of the season; I mounted on "Lord William." Mrs. Berkeley and Mrs. A'Court to dinner. Dec. 4.

1858. Afternoon, inspected twenty-seven good hunters.

Sunday, Dec. 5. Hounds out for a walk. Handsome pack.

Dec. 7. By special train. Hounds and all, horses, servants, etc., to Gloucester. Meet about five miles beyond. Mounted on Pearce's small black horse. Good hunter.

Dec. 8. Capital mount by Armytage on one of his "jobs" from Carey. First-rate run and I in good position throughout. Baring of Cheltenham arrived.

Dec. 9. Baring, Armytage, and I hedgerow shooting. Sport not much. Mrs. and Miss Canning arrived; very tall. Mrs. Berkeley charming.

Dec. 10. Shooting to-day something more like; plenty of foxes too.

Dec. 11. Mount again on Pearce's little black horse. Carried me right well throughout a longish day, one fall into a lane. Have greatly enjoyed my visit to Berkeley Castle.

Dec. 13. By early train to get across to Peterboro' and Huntingdon. On a visit to Hinchingbrook. Colonels Knox and Vyse and wife, Annie Lady Montagu, and niece Emily Leeds, etc.

Dec. 14. Shooting order of the day. Six guns; 189 head. Duke of Manchester good shot. The charming Duchess came to dine.

Dec. 15. Mounted by Lord Sandwich to meet Lord Fitz-William's hounds. Fog too thick to draw a fox. Provoking—uncommon well mounted. The Manchesters left.

Dec. 18. Up early, mounted by Lord Sandwich, to breakfast at Kimbolton. Lord Cowper there. To meet the Oakley. Did not find till late. Left to ride 22 miles home.

Dec. 20. Mounted by Sandwich to meet the Cambridgeshire. Nasty wooded country. Foxes, but no getting away.

Rode to station and returned to London by 1.30. 1858.
Dined with Rokeby. Met the Manchesters.

By 3 P.M. train to Bishopstoke; lost my purse Dec. 23.
between station and home, containing £9 : 10s.
Horrid bore!

Spent Christmas at Bishopstoke. Dec. 25.

CHAPTER LXX

ENGLAND--GROOM-IN-WAITING

1859. Jan. 1. Saw the New Year in at the Southampton Yacht Club House with George Lennox, having dined on board Turner's yacht.

Jan. 19. Received enclosed :—

(COPY.)

BROADLANDS, 18*th January* 1859.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL KEPPEL—If you should happen to be disengaged on Thursday, would you come over to us on that day and stay and help to beat a cover on Friday. Yours sincerely, (Signed) PALMERSTON.

Jan. 20. To Broadlands.

Jan. 21. At Broadlands, shooting.

Feb. 4. Dined with the Gilmans, meeting my old friend Pereira of Dent's House, Hong-Kong.

Feb. 11. Wife and I by train to Winchester. The good Dean sending to meet us. Party to dinner.

Feb. 19. To Winchester to appeal against property being assessed at £80, when it was £50. Gained appeal.

Bishopstoke, Feb. 21. Augustus Leeds brought over the sad news of Lady Sandwich's sudden death. Sad indeed! Planted a couple of deodars on bank of river.

Feb. 28. Train to Winchester. Dean entertaining judges and grand jury at dinner.

1859.

Dressed at my tailor's; attended Her Majesty's levée. London, Mar. 2.

By train to Sleaford and Ashwarby—Whichcote sending for me. Got two hunters from Percival at Lincoln. Welby to stop. Mar. 3.

Meet the Duke of Rutland's hounds at Haverholm, occupied by the Dowager Lady Winchilsea, the beautiful Fanny Rice. Short runs with two foxes. Bad scenting day; ground dry and hard. Got one cropper! Ashwarby, Mar. 4.

No hunting. After luncheon another walk. Looked over ground, where some rasping jumps had been taken. Mar. 5.

Marquis of Tweeddale kindly placed his horses at my disposal. Mar. 6.

Hounds met at Glinn, Welby's place. The Drummonds and many friends there. Killed two foxes; but a bad scenting day. Mar. 7.

Meet at Fulbeck — Reverend Fane's. Rode Percival's horse, wilful brute; though a good jumper. Mar. 8.

Meet at Turner's. Mount from Lord Tweeddale, in addition to my Percival; a short run in afternoon. Mar. 11.

Took leave of Tom Whichcote, etc. He appears to have everything a man could wish. Mar. 13.

Arrived at North Creake for wedding. Miss North and her sister Catherine, and their cousin, Sara North, splendid girl of seventeen. Mar. 14.

Party increased by George and Augusta Keppel. Twenty-two to dinner. Everything well arranged. North Creake, Mar. 15.

Auspicious day arrived—sun shining, fourteen bridesmaids. Edward performed. Stand-up breakfast, seventy or eighty attending. Mar. 16.

General dispersion. Took up abode with Astleys: Mar. 17.

1859. she charming. Two Miss Lee-Warners and Bobby Hammond to dinner.

Mar. 18. Mounted by Astley with Lord Hastings' harriers: very good fun. Mrs. Astley's riding first-rate: she does everything well.

Mar. 24. Train to Diss. Met there by brother Edward. Dogcart to Quidenham; friend Edward and Mrs. Eyre to meet me at dinner.

London, Mar. 25. Eyre and wife taking me to Harling Station. To London. Dressed at Four Swans, and dined at Fishmongers' Hall. Had to return thanks for the Navy. Put up at friend Dunn's, Lowndes Square.

Mar. 27. Dined with Clarence Paget.

Mar. 29. By 11 train, meeting Mark Wood at King's Cross. To Grantham. Walked to Syston. Party, Lord and Lady Middleton, two Miss Reynardsons, Miss Beaumont and brother, Reynardson, Wood, Gibbs, Hillyard and his wife, Cole, Fox, and Whichcote. Jolly. Cook, first-rate.

Mar. 30. A regular fall of snow. Party hunting nevertheless. Grantham Hunt Ball good fun. Went with the Misses Fane.

Mar. 31. Great 'meet of the Belvoir Hounds; with Thorolds in their brougham. Mounted on a roarer, saw part of a very good run.

April 1. Croxton Park Races. Show of vehicles from Syston. Box seat with Reynardson on his drag. Races fair, and weather as usual. Bitter cold. Picked up £15.

April 2. Finish to an agreeable week at Syston.

April 4. I never had time to attend to politics, but born of a Whig family throw in my chance with kind friend and honest politician, Sir Francis Baring. Stood with him for Portsmouth. After a week's chaffing and riotous living, I found myself at bottom of poll! The

difference between Whig and Tory now: one is dead, and the other extinct! 1859.

At Lord Denbigh's. May 30.

With Dunne and party to the great Derby race. Won by Hawley's "Musjid." Dressed and went to Her Majesty's concert. June 1.

On return from Epsom found at club telegraphic message of my wife's sudden illness. Arrived at Bishopstoke 11 P.M. The poor wife had a fit at 6; unconscious since. June 3.

A succession of fits during the day. My true friend Eyre here in answer to telegraph. June 4.

Georgina Crosbie arrived in evening an hour before the sad end. June 5.

What could I have done without friend Eyre? June 7.

The last sad ceremony performed by the Dean of Winchester in the Parish Church. Her brother William and two sisters, my clergyman brother, Edward and Reverend Edward Eyre attended, and the good Rajah Brooke had a bouquet laid on the coffin. June 9.

Welcome to Larling from friend Eyre. July 9.

At Quidenham Parsonage with Edward. July 18.

Misfortunes never come singly. From Bombay hear of Sussex Stephenson's serious illness. Aug. 10.

CHAPTER LXXI

In Waiting

1859. Osborne, Sept. 22. First appearance as Groom-in-Waiting at Osborne. Her Majesty, with the Prince Consort, had gone to Balmoral, leaving the younger Royal children, Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, in charge of Lady Caroline Barrington. Never was an Admiral who felt so proud of being a groom. Lady Caroline came of a stately family. As we walked into dinner I felt myself smaller than I really was.

Sept. to Oct. Carriages and steamers were at her ladyship's disposal; it was interesting to see how quickly the charming young Prince learned to acknowledge the sentries' salutes as we passed.

Oct. 4. Delightful as the land excursions were in that beautiful island, I felt more at ease when her ladyship proposed a trip on board the *Fairy* steam-yacht commanded by my friend D. Welch, who handled her as if she had been a jolly-boat. We went into Southampton Docks at a pace which puzzled me. Lady Caroline kindly proposed a trip in carriages up to my pretty cottage at Bishopstoke, where I had the honour of providing tea. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent was residing at Norris Castle. Lady Caroline and myself went three evenings in the week to make up a rubber of whist. H.R.H. was the only person who always

lost. We were paid in the brightest shillings, polished for the occasion. 1859.

My term of waiting was only too soon over; I was relieved by Colonel Cavendish. Oct. 22.

I was again in waiting at Windsor Castle, having relieved Colonel Kingscote. Adjoining me were Captain du Plat, Equerry to the Prince Consort; and Captain George Henry Grey, Equerry to the Prince of Wales; these young men were old friends and agreeable companions. I took my two hunters and put them up at Windsor. Everything was new and interesting to me. Late, when we retired, my friends the Equerries kindly came to my room to enjoy their smoke. In the mornings we used to assemble in the corridor, and there wait for orders, riding, shooting, or whatever was going on. Windsor Castle, Dec. 27.

One morning the Equerries were wanted to attend H.R.H., while I had permission to amuse myself, which I did by a ride in Windsor Great Park. It appeared that the Prince Consort, having bought some pictures in London, wanted a fit place to hang them. Passing through the Equerries' rooms, H.R.H. came to mine. I was, as stated, out riding. The Prince immediately smelt smoke, and remarked, "The little Admiral told me he did not smoke." My friends only smiled, H.R.H. was never undeceived! Once, when riding was the order of the day, I rode my best hunter. On crossing one of the streams, the Prince of Wales proposed that I should try my horse over the river instead of the bridge. I got over, but my horse made an over-reach and struck my right heel, which gave me pain. It was in 1840, when my father was Master of the Horse, that a boy was found concealed in a room adjoining Her Majesty's. Since then, it had been the custom, when Her Majesty

1859. was about to retire, for the Groom-in-Waiting to precede, and see the coast clear. My foot gave me pain, and I had taken up a spot in advance, when these horrid Equerries, whom I had not forgiven about the smoke, picked me up, and having planted me in the right place, disappeared. I made a proper bow when Her Majesty passed, and almost forgave my playfellows about the smoke! The Prince Consort had introduced the Christmas Tree, and we used to dance the Old Year out and the New Year in, to the tune of the "Old English." When the clock struck twelve, the band suddenly struck up "God Save the Queen." Everybody was very hot, and everybody kissed his partner except myself. I had the honour of dancing with Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

CHAPTER LXXII

The Cape Command

At Windsor Castle. Ladies-in-Waiting — Lady Caroline Barrington, Hon. Mrs. Bruce, and Lady Ely, while the Maids of Honour were Hon. Beatrice Byng and Hon. Emily Cathcart. 1860. Jan. 1.

Shooting with the Prince Consort were the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge, while in attendance were Colonel F. H. Seymour, Major-General Hon. R. Bruce, Captain George Grey, Colonel Clifton, and myself. Earl de Grey was of the party. Jan. 5.

Finished my turn in waiting by hunting with the Prince Consort's harriers. Jan. 10.

To Berkeley Castle. Kind welcome from Sir Maurice and Lady Charlotte. Jan. 17.

Hounds met at Sir G. Jenkins's, who gave me a good breakfast. Woodland country; plenty of foxes killed. Jan. 18.

Wild-goose shooting: novel and interesting, but hard work. Jan. 20.

Hunted from Berkeley Castle. Colonel "the giant" in great force. Jan. 21.

Daily hunting; foxes often found in trees! Jan. 23.

My appointment to Cape command. By rail to London; put up with sister Mary Stephenson. Jan. 24.

Forte, commissioned by Captain E. Turnour; Jan. 28.

1860. Sheerness. Commander V. C. Buckley joined. Officers and men joined by end of week. Ship being manned by drafts from various ports; not allowed to enter seamen for ourselves.

Feb. 11. Sunset, hoisted flag, white at mizzen.

Feb. 12. Saluted flag of Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Edward Harvey. Issued contract; made clothing according to recent regulations, hats included: a mistake.

March. Had some difficulty in getting Admiralty to exchange the heavy old launches for the new forty-foot pinnaces which are now supplied to all other ships. Considerable difference in the stowage of this ship and that of the *Raleigh*.

Mar. 13. Joined Marquis of Queensberry, naval cadet, and Mr. Stephenson, mid. Dockyard people building a small poop for the accommodation of the captain, secretary and flag-lieutenant—the poop not to show above the hammock netting, and not to occupy more of upper deck than just abaft the after gun. Screw to be raised as in line-of-battleships: the best arrangement under all circumstances that could be made.

Mar. 23. Cabins had already been fitted for the conveyance of Sir George Grey and staff. An order to prepare cabins for Lady Grey and maid, coming so late, deprived me of half my accommodation.

April 3. In consequence of Her Majesty's kind consideration, attended at Windsor as Groom-in-Waiting.

Windsor, April 5. Attended confirmation of Prince Alfred. Lord George Lennox as Lord of Bedchamber to the Prince Consort.

April 7. *Forte* left Sheerness for Spithead. Cheered by the Norfolk Militia.

April 10. Prince of Wales left for the Continent, attended by Hon. R. Bruce and Captain George Grey.

My little happy holiday over, Her Majesty kindly hoping to see me back. Rejoined *Forte* at Spithead and rehoisted flag. Salutes exchanged with Admiral Commander-in-Chief Wm. Bowles, C.B. Was informed that on way round from Sheerness a leak was discovered in the screw aperture. 1860. April 12.

Steamed into harbour; secured alongside *Sultan* hulk. Transported guns forward and all heavy weight to discover the leak. April 16.

Ship taken into steam basin, preparatory to being docked. In taking her in, dockyard people managed to carry away jib-boom. No smoking allowed; shifted ship's company to *Victorious* hulk. April 20.

Hauled into No. 7 dock, dockyard people stopping leak. April 21.

Hauled out of basin, only just in time, ship hung in entrance. Another two minutes, and she must have grounded, as well as two three-deckers. Sundry sheets of copper were rubbed off on port side. Obliged to heel the ship to repair damage. April 23.

Came to at Spithead. April 27.

Noon, weighed, running for the Needles. April 28.

10 P.M.—Came to in Plymouth Sound. April 29.

Exchanged salutes with Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir Barrington Reynolds, K.C.B. 3.30 P.M., having embarked His Excellency Sir George and Lady Grey, Captains Speke and Grant, African travellers, friend Boileau, and others, weighed and left the Sound. Plymouth, April 30.

3 P.M.—Came to in Funchal Roads, Madeira. While steaming in exchanged salutes 13 guns, with Flag-Officer Inman, whose flag, blue at the mizzen, was flying on board United States corvette *Constellation*, the first United States "Officer's Flag" we had seen. Saluted also the Portuguese flag with May 9.

1860. Madeira. 21 guns, and English Consul Erskine on his leaving the ship.

May 12. Ship was visited by Lord and Lady Fortescue and family, also my kind friend of long standing, the late Consul, Mr. Stoddard. As soon as they were landed, weighed and made sail.

May 24. Celebrated Her Majesty's birthday by a dinner on the poop. At 8 P.M. that celebrated old beast, Neptune, hailed the ship, burning lights, etc., and then came on board amidst the usual downfall of water, and promised to pay his respects on the morrow to all such as had not before passed through his dominions, comprising three-fourths of those on board. He then took his departure for the night, to the relief of some and inconvenience of all, amidst fire and water-works, the light of his car being visible astern for an hour afterwards.

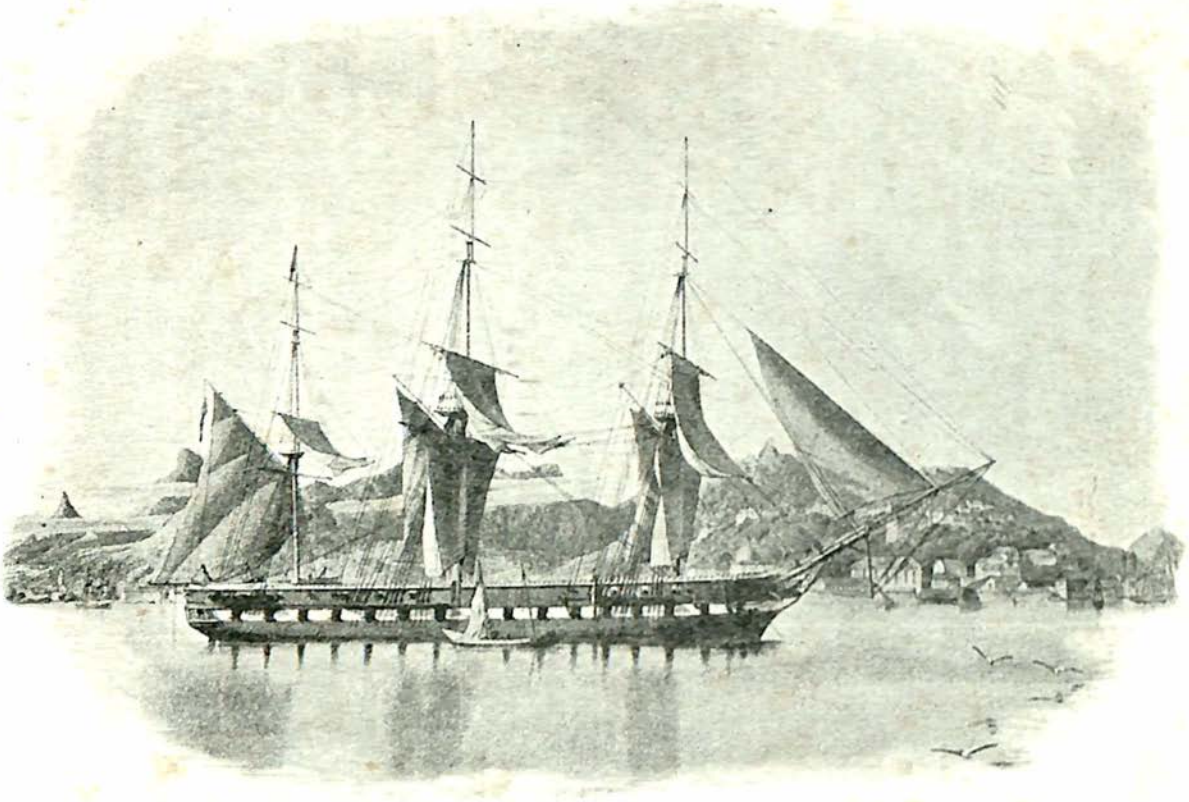
May 25. His Oceanic Majesty came on board and performed the usual ceremony.

June 3. 10 A.M.—Steamed into Rio de Janeiro harbour. Returned salute from *Madagascar*. While running in, and after coming to, had to return and exchange no end of salutes. Brazilian Flag, 21 guns; Admiral's salute, 13; French man-of-war brig, 13; and Prussian Commodore, 13.

Rio, June 4. Passengers disembarked and proceeded to Petropolis. *Tribune*, 31, Captain Geoffrey Hornby, arrived from Pacific and exchanged salutes.

June 7. Passengers returned. Weighed and stood out of Rio harbour.

June 8. 12.5 P.M.—Henry Hill, seaman, fell overboard while the ship was going 10 knots under sails and steam. Cutter fitted with Clifford's admirable apparatus for lowering was down in the shortest time and the man saved.



Forte *at Rio.*

1860. June 9. An untoward event occurred during the first watch. Under extreme pressure from Captain Turnour and the surgeon, who stated that the Governor would either commit suicide or murder his wife, I consented to return to Rio Janeiro, and reached that port on the evening of the 12th. Next morning, having landed the Governor, Lady Grey, and maid, sent an officer to know when His Excellency would be ready to embark. He sent word he was then ready, and that if I would not write home what had occurred he would not. I kept *my* word.

June 13. Sailed, and arrived at Simon's Bay on 4th July, 8 P.M. His Excellency was in such a hurry to convey to Admiral Sir Frederick Grey the fact of his arrival, that, unseen, he dropped himself into a shore boat and landed at Admiralty House.

Simon's Bay, July 5. Landed, after usual salutes, to pay respects to Admiral Sir F. Grey. I mentioned the Governor's message to me at Rio, to the effect that if I would not write home what had occurred he would not. I ascertained that in his statement to Sir Frederick he made out that the proposition not to communicate home came, in the first place, from me to him. This untruth accounts for my subsequent treatment.

July 8. The *Forte* requiring a thorough refit, shifted flag to my friend Captain Algernon de Horsey's ship, the *Brisk*, and with our travellers, Speke and Grant, prepared to visit the East Coast.

CHAPTER LXXIII

Cape Command—Flag in *Brisk*

1860.

Monday, July 16. Embarked with Flag-Lieutenant and Secretary. Hoisted flag on board *Brisk*, Captain Algernon de Horsey. Received with yards manned. Embarked Captains Speke and Grant, with his guard of 100 Hottentots, volunteers from the Cape Mounted Rifles; also 12 mules, the Cape Parliament having voted £300 to purchase them for the interesting expedition. Sailed at sunset, leaving *Forte* with Captain Turnour in charge. Rounded to on signal.

July 21. 3 P.M.:—Came to in 9½ fathoms off the mouth of Buffalo River. The township of East London on the south entrance composed of storehouses and other new and neat-looking buildings. At the end of a substantial stone wharf stands a lighthouse to correspond—not mentioned in the charts; it showed a bright fixed light. The town is communicated with by a surf boat hauled to and fro over the bar by means of a hawser, one end of which is attached to an anchor outside; as uninviting a coast to approach as can be imagined. Should a railway or any good road for the conveyance of the produce of the country be established to Algoa Bay, the Port of East London may prove unworthy of the name it has assumed. At 5 P.M. weighed, proceeded under sail.

1860. July 24. No observation yesterday, but those of to-day at noon showed that the current for the last 48 hours had been south-west. 97 miles. Proceeded making particular survey of coast.

July 26. Came to at 4 P.M., in the magnificent Bay of Delagoa, about 7 miles from the entrance of the river. Sent a boat in to communicate: but more to ascertain what might be doing in the slave way.

Shefeen Island, July 27. Landed at daylight on the Island of Shefeen; more for the purpose of hauling the seine than shooting; nevertheless took my Whitworth rifled carbine. Observing along the sand prints of a small cloven foot, which I took to be that of the pig, Algie Heneage and I struck into the bush; stunted trees, but in places tolerably clear underneath. At first there was little to attract our attention beyond sundry paroquets and an occasional pigeon, for the destruction of which we were not prepared.

I fired once at some distance at what I imagined to be rabbits, playing about at the edge of the jungle, but they were too nimble for me. It was while on our return towards the beach, where we expected a breakfast of fresh-caught fish, that a beautiful antelope bounded across our path. It was large for an animal of that species, a dark reddish-brown colour. I was now satisfied that the numerous footprints that we had seen were not pig, but those of deer. The jungle being too thick for us to beat, or even see many yards into, proposed that we should conceal ourselves in any likely-looking shady spot, with sufficient clear range for a fair shot.

The ground was dry and the air clear of mosquitoes. We had been quiet for about a quarter of an hour, when I observed an antelope approaching, apparently unconscious of danger, nibbling the bits

of herb or grass that grew up between the dead leaves, when within twenty paces of our position it stopped to feed, broadside towards us. It was a full-grown doe. I observed her pretty head with its beautiful large black eye, and not wishing to spoil what I intended to have stuffed as a trophy, I raised my rifle and aimed, so as to hit her just behind the shoulder. Heneage was ready, knife in hand, to cut her throat, when I pulled the trigger; the lock snapped, and in a moment my beauty bounded into the jungle. I had forgotten to put a cap on; the rifle was a breechloader, to which I was hardly accustomed. Our disappointment can well be imagined. 1860. East Coast Africa.

We remained a short time longer in the same spot, hardly hoping that anything else would come near us. Now these antelopes, with their spindle legs and tiny feet, make no noise, but on looking in the direction I observed a whole troop of small monkeys, whose curiosity had brought them to ascertain who the intruders were who had so disturbed the quiet of their domain. They had spread themselves over some width of ground, and were advancing with all the caution of so many diminutive riflemen. When within about fifty yards one of those in advance made us out and gave notice.

They came to "general halt," which was followed by a general chatter, and I could observe each small round head peeping from behind the stump of bush or tree where it had taken shelter. Theirs were little black faces, surmounted by a white fringe, which somewhat resembled the frill of a woman's cap. The body was green, belly white, and tail long; however, as they did not appear inclined to make a further advance, sent a bullet at the head of one who appeared

1860. Shefeen. to have the command, and I was glad to find that I had only struck the stump of the bush behind which he had concealed his active little carcass.

Their curiosity having been gratified, they scampered away on all fours, chattering and closing together as they went along. We never saw them on either bushes or trees, which caused me to think that those small things were the same sort I had a distant shot at in the morning, and must have been monkeys and not rabbits.

We soon shifted our berth some little distance to a spot affording a tolerable range, considering the denseness of parts of the jungle, and made ourselves comfortable, perhaps too much so, as after a while I started from a reverie to a pinch from Algie, and from the quarter pointed at could just see the round red back of an antelope moving towards us. I held in my breath as it approached. Unfortunately I had laid aside my rifle. The motion to lay hold of it was sufficient to cause the creature to raise its head, and the noise of the loose steel ring on the stock of the cavalry carbine made it dash into the bush, where it was out of sight in an instant.

It would be useless to describe the number of chances we had or the number of deer we might have bagged if something had not happened.

Our last chance occurred when we had agreed to take up positions on separate mounds, covered with brush and stunted trees, two-thirds round, about twenty yards in width, round which was a fair open space of long grass. In less than half an hour we observed a fine antelope come out of the jungle within ten yards of where I knew that Algie must be lying. It stopped and looked about, and I saw that it was about the size of a calf, but with the thinnest legs ;

so delicate and slender as to appear unfit to support the round, plump body it had to carry. Watched, expecting every moment to see the beautiful creature bound into the air and fall to the report of Algie's gun. However, it walked leisurely—stepping a trifle lame with the near hind leg—across into the opposite bank. 1860.

I had my rifle to my shoulder, but Heneage had been so kind in allowing me all the former chances, I thought it would not be doing the handsome if I deprived him of this, the last and only one he would have. When I inquired how he had come to allow so good an opportunity to pass, I found he had just awoke from a pleasant sleep.

We returned on board, amused and interested, but having had a blank day, did not boast. De Horsey, in pulling up the Tenby river, saw a hippopotamus, but he had no gun with him. The Governor informed us that there were plenty of rhinoceros as well as elephant in the neighbourhood. I noticed a magnificent pair of tusks in his room.

CHAPTER LXXIV

East Coast Sport

1860. Aug. After leaving Delagoa Bay it was not much out of our way to pass the small island of Europa, said to abound in turtle.

Europa Island, Aug. 2. We made it at about 9 P.M. on Thursday, August 2. The moon was at its full. Although a partial eclipse darkened it for a while, by the time we were off the north end of the island the moon shone out in full splendour. It was thought that nothing would be easier than to heave the ship to and send a boat in and bring off as many turtle as we required. At 10 P.M. a party shoved off in the cutter, and shortly afterwards Heneage, O'Rorke, and self left in the galley.

We found a sea breaking on a reef that bounded the coast, but farther to the west the breakers became smaller as we got under its lee. A coral reef extending along the coast a full half mile from the shore was clearly distinguishable. Watching our opportunity we got on to shelving coral, it being dead low water, and then found that we had a good quarter of a mile to haul her over water which varied from nothing to six or eight feet with deep holes. However, these were made clear by the light of the moon, and nothing was left but to haul the boat over, or

return on board. The water deepened into a comparatively clear space between it and the shore, forming a sort of lagoon. The boat was easily pushed through this, and we landed shortly after midnight. 1860. Europa Island.

Leaving the remainder to light a fire and prepare for a night's bivouac, O'Rorke and self started along the beach to the westward to look for turtle. Although there were the tracks of many in the sand, we had travelled two miles before we came to marks that appeared fresh. A large turtle had been coquetting about, as is their wont, in search of a fit spot in the dry sand to deposit her cargo of eggs.

In this instance, it was evident that the old lady had been difficult to please, as after many turns and windings the track led again inland; and sure enough, ten yards from the beach, then about eight inches deep, appeared a small oval-shaped hillock, exposed by day to the heat of the sun. It was evident, when we got alongside, the turtle was sleeping away the time until the rising tide had lifted her high enough to allow of her proceeding to sea for further amusement.

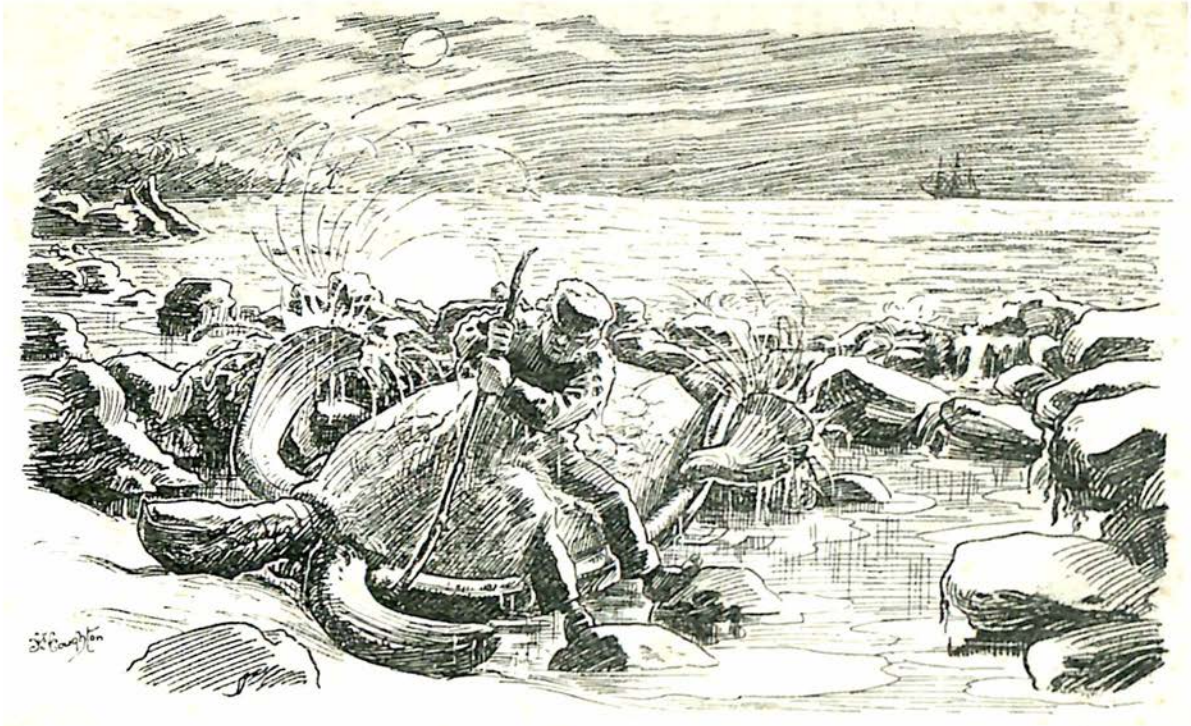
The first she must have known of our presence was by the feel of our hands under the outer edge of her shell—a sort of tickling under the ribs—by which we endeavoured to turn her on her back. This she resented by striking out with all four fins, and not only covering O'Rorke with sand and water, but sending me sprawling on my back. Luckily she was aground.

O'Rorke started into the jungle, returning presently with two branches, the best he could get, to act as levers, with which to turn her over. This was a far more troublesome job than we

1860. East Coast Africa.

expected. The weight of the brute alone was 360 lbs., and the strength of the foremost fins wonderful; however, after considerable twisting and manœuvring we managed, with our levers, to get her off side to the edge of a hollow about eight feet by six, and with this advantage, and a heave together, we turned her over. There she lay on her back flapping wet sand, but comparatively helpless. The tide was now rising, and there was nothing left but for O'Rorke to return to where we had left the boat for assistance, leaving me to manage the best I could. I suppose I am the first Admiral who ever kept the middle watch on a turtle. As the sea rose over the outer reef it came rolling in to where I was seated, and as each roller lifted my charge she renewed her struggles to get rid of me. Our object was to keep her head towards the sandy beach, which rose rather abruptly, by inserting one end of the lever, which was crooked, under her back and behind her fore fins when she raised herself up, which she did whenever a roller came to her assistance. To prevent her floating, I seated myself on her stomach. By these means I caused her to heave herself in nearer the shore, but in doing this I got so plastered with wet sand that I must have had the appearance of a small pyramid. At another time she gave me such a slap on the knee, I thought my leg was broken; the pain was great.

I never had so troublesome a watch; it appeared to me O'Rorke had been hours away, although the good fellow had run there and back. Having to keep 360 lbs. weight struggling to save its embryo family from being made into omelets, herself into "soups and steaks," as I saw afterwards chalked on her back, was no small undertaking.



My middle watch.

1860. Nor can I describe my delight when some of the boat's crew hove in sight. Another struggle with the brute and I must have given in or have been carried out to sea holding on to the hind fins, like my friend King George of Tonga Tabu.

Having secured our turtle, a further walk along the sandy beach, a bend to the S.W. brought us within reach of unpleasant smells, and close to a projecting point, within sight of the remains of a huge whale, from which rats, by thousands, were rushing towards the jungle; when the crabs, to say nothing of conger eels, cleared the bones of the monster, they fell to the ground.

We secured several joints of the backbone, which, when cleaned and covered with canvas, were formed into curious camp stools, in my garden at Bishopstoke. How the monster got where we found him, over the half-mile of coral-bound coast, we wondered; unless the unfortunate brute was thrown over the reef and stranded during one of those fearful hurricanes which visit these latitudes.

Europa Island, Aug. 2. The shooting was not much. There were some goats running wild; the sire of this stock was described as a magnificent fellow, with an immense beard and strong smell. A few pigeons were seen, but so unaccustomed were they to the intrusion of human beings as to allow themselves, when fatigued, to be chased from bush to bush, knocked over by stones or sticks. The frigate birds, some black, visit these latitudes.

Aug 3. Much excitement was caused at low tide by our men chasing, between the openings of the coral, rock cod, conger-eels, and parrot fish—the latter of a brilliant green colour, some of them weighing four or five pounds.

5 P.M.—Came to in Mozambique Harbour in 5½ fathoms. A berth that would suit the *Forte*. Care to be taken running in, in a long ship. Saluted Portuguese flag. Like most Portuguese forts, on a grand scale, but the guns are small and out of date; about 100 men. A few small vessels at anchor. Trade small, principally in ivory, rhinoceros horns, and ebony. Slaver in disguise. Was received by the Governor, Don Joao Tavares de Almeida, who did me the honour of dining with me on board. No Consul. One Don Joao de Costa Sourez most obliging. 1860. Mozambique. Aug. 7.

7 A.M.—Weighed, made sail. Aug. 9.

Having been in these seas before, I cautioned Captain de Horsey to keep a good look-out for slavers. We were running under sail with light southerly winds, and proposed fires being lighted and banked up. De Horsey was particular about desecrating the Sabbath, but in the afternoon a sail was reported. Later she was made out from the mast-head standing to the eastward. I advised De Horsey to take his glass and see for himself. Aug. 10.

Before he was half-way up the fore-rigging I gave the order to light the fires. The smoke had no sooner ascended than the look-out on the fore-top-gallant yard sang out, "She's gone round without taking her studding sails in." The wind fell light by sunset. We stopped engines under the stern of a fine rakish-looking ship. Lieutenant Adeane was sent on board, and took possession of the *Manuela*, formerly the *Sunny South*, a Rio packet of upwards of 702 tons. She had 846 slaves on board, and was waiting to complete 900 before proceeding round the Cape to Cuba. She had been hovering off the coast for weeks to complete her cargo. We sent her

1860. into Pomony. I went on board, she was a fine-looking ship, seven feet between decks. However, on looking down the fore hatchway, the stench was intolerable. Sent prize in charge of Lieutenant Burlton to the Mauritius.

CHAPTER LXXV

Zanzibar—Shooting Hippopotami

Arrived at Zanzibar. Having expressed a wish to see the hippopotamus in his native state, Speke, being aware of my weakness, kindly invited me to accompany him to where sport was almost a certainty. It was necessary to procure a dhow, on board which a party could live. 1860. Aug. 18.

Our proposed trip soon got wind. An unusual noise throughout Sunday night on board the Sultan's yacht was accounted for in the morning by one Captain Mahomet informing us, which we had been well aware of, viz. that he had been all the night bending sails, and half the morning bastinadoing his crew; he stated he had received orders to convey me across the channel. Aug. 19.

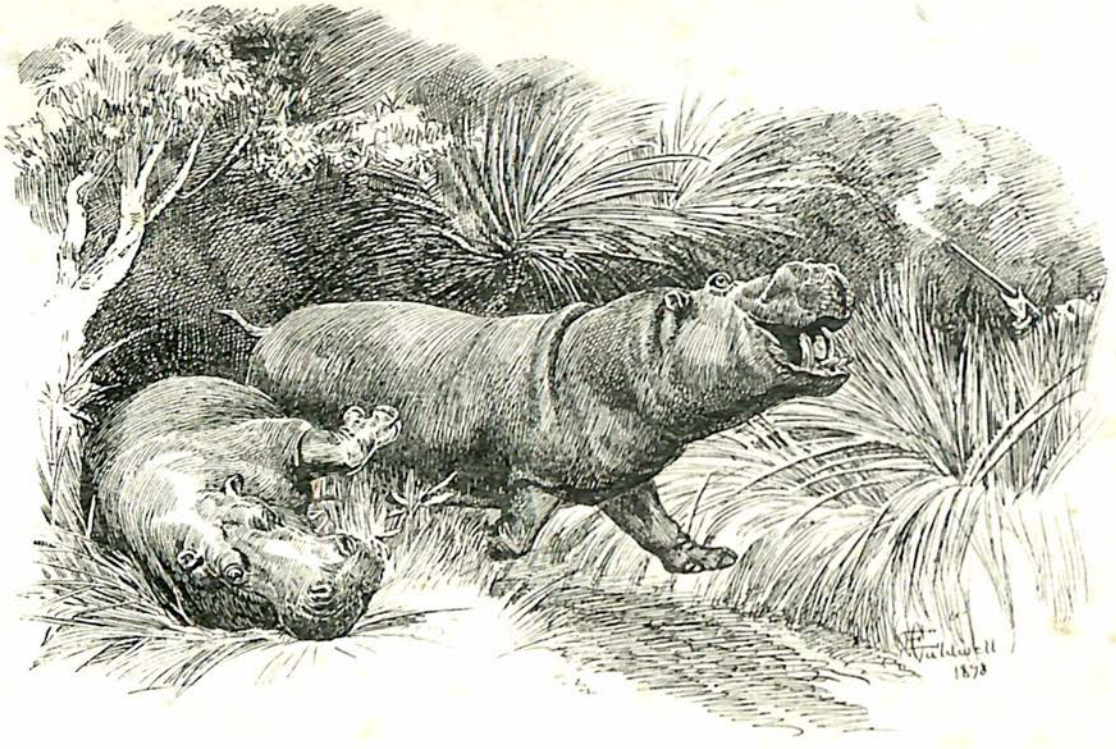
From this infliction I, however, excused myself, as well as from that of the company of the half-civilised, drunken rogue who commanded her. Through the kind influence of Colonel Rigby, Luddah, a Banyan, British subject, and head of the Customs, placed at our disposal a new dhow, with a captain and fourteen Arabs. Hoping to expedite their movements, Speke, Heneage, and myself embarked on Monday night, so as to start early the following morning; but at that time we were not as experienced in Arab Aug. 21.

1860. movements as we have since been. It commenced raining soon after we got on board, and on our taking shelter below we found the deck overhead leaked, and the stench from the bilge water sickening. We got under weigh at 10 A.M.; at 5 P.M anchored in an extensive bay off a village called Kesooku. About the bay were shoal patches of sand and several small islands with mangrove bushes, over the roots of which the tide flowed when up; it was on and about these islands that we expected to find our game.

We were welcomed to the village by a Bombay Banyan Chief. Having given us a refreshing drink from green cocoanuts, he cleared out part of a store hut for our accommodation. We made up our beds outside on stretchers under the shade of the projecting roof.

It appears that the habits of the hippopotami are to land at night for food, betaking themselves to the retirement of the small islands before break of day. Such unwieldy brutes cannot travel on shore without leaving marks, by which they are easily traced, and generally return to the water by the same paths. As they are never molested by the natives, we thought we might intercept them before they went to rest, and intended to be up at 3 o'clock, but it rained and our native servants neglected to call us. We went later to try for guinea-fowl, which were said to be plentiful and excellent eating. A covey of them was seen but not got at.

Our next plan was to proceed to the patches of islands in the bay, so as to reach them before low water, about which time our experienced friend, Speke, considered that the hippopotami would be more likely to be caught napping or basking in the mud. We approached the islet with caution.



A right and left shot.

1860. I shall not forget the first wild hippopotamus I saw : a huge ugly brute, standing up to his middle in water, apparently indifferent to our approach, until within fifty yards, when he moved leisurely towards some rocks where the water was deep and disappeared. On rounding the rocks, we opened on an extended sand-flat and observed several Sibuko, half in the water, with one fine fellow standing separate. To the left, and within forty yards of him, was a small clump of trees. As soon as our boat grounded, took up my position, as prearranged, on that side, and stalking under shelter of bushes, got pretty close, with a rest for my gun. Speke and Heneage had spread out to the right, so as to cut off his retreat that way to the sea. Within forty yards, when I thought they were quite ready, I fired *my first shot*. The monster seemed more astonished than hurt, although a stream of blood from the side of his neck showed where my ball had told. While he hesitated, the others broke away in a parallel direction to that I was moving in. They were close together, the head of the Hippo nearest to me being a little in rear of the shoulder of his companion. Had my double-barrel smooth-bore ready. It does not often fall to the lot of man to get right and left shots at a brace of hippopotami. I took the nearest ; hit him just behind the ears, struck the spine, and brought him on his knees. The thick skull of the other turned my second ball.

Instead of dropping, as I expected, he took a survey of the ground, hesitated a minute, eyed his dying chum, and made a rush to the path were I stood. With all due deference, I made a move out of his way, fell backward, gun going off.

Before I was on my legs I heard Speke's gun : Sibuko had had his quietus. I now seated myself

on the root of a tree near where my first Sibuko lay; while contemplating the monster, I felt a drop of blood on the back of my hand, and looking up, found that I had shot the dark native who carried my spare ammunition, he having taken refuge when the Hippo No. 2 made his charge in my direction. We got the poor fellow down, moaning and crying; found the ball had passed through the fleshy part of his thigh without touching the bone. The next day he was taken across to the hospital. After a few days and a small donation he was ready and willing to be shot at again! The dead Sibuko was given the natives to eat: it was curious to see how cleverly they cut the flesh, or rather the fat, before taking the skin off, beginning at the backbone and cutting straight down in strips about four inches square, apparently to me of solid fat, and portioned according to the number in a greedy family. Of course I retained the head, which, with the other, was recovered from the natives and buried in the hot sand; after a few days they were taken out sweet and clean, the latter operation performed by white ants. They now occupy, or ought to, a place in the Winchester Museum.

1860. Zanzibar.

CHAPTER LXXVI

ZANZIBAR

1860. Aug. 24. RETURNED to Zanzibar; found *Brisk* absent in search of a slaver that had landed a man on the island who was made prisoner by the Sultan, and afterwards sent on board with a request that he might be given up to the Spanish Consul.

Aug. 25. *Brisk* returned with the prisoner, who stated himself to be the doctor; pretended to know nothing about his movements, although he told a different story to the slaver's friend, the Consul of Imperial France. Fresh water on the island: good, although the streams for watering at inconvenient distances. By proper application through Colonel Rigby, our obliging Consul, natives, or rather slaves, can be sent to bale the water to fill the casks. Fruit and vegetables were given for the ship's company daily.

Found the Sultan kind and obliging; he had a large stud of arabs, and when he found that I could ride, presented me with a couple, whose pedigrees, drawn up in Arabic, commenced some eighty years ago. I got the good Consul to explain that I had no place to put them in. A few days after His Highness presented me with a handsome gold-mounted sabre,

with which I was well pleased. On my exhibiting it to my Secretary he admired it as much as I did, but on referring to the station order-book, on no account was an officer permitted to receive a present or presents from any foreign authority. 1860.

Here was a nice mess! I went to Colonel Rigby to ask him to return the sword and apologise. He said such a thing was impossible; it would not be understood: in fact, almost made me to understand that it would be a *casus belli!* I had the sword wrapped in cotton and stated the case to the Board of Admiralty.

4 P.M.—Sailed from Zanzibar, giving the good Sultan a parting salute. Aug. 26.

Took pilot. Stood into Port Mahé, all dangers, rocks and shoals being visible under a bright sun. Anchored in 10 fathoms. All large timber had long been cut down — underwood, the sweetest cedar. Sept. 2.

Communicated with our prize, the *Manuela*, at anchor off Flat Island. Came to off the Bell Buoy, Mauritius. I was last here in the *Tweed* in April 1829. Sept. 16.

Prize arrived from Flat Island. Sept. 21.

Brisk having got on shore off the east coast in February sustained some damage, which rendered her docking necessary. Copper rubbed off; planking damaged. Sept. 25.

6 A.M.—Weighed and proceeded under steam round the north end of the Island. 3 P.M.—Came to in 6 fathoms in Mahébourg Harbour. Oct. 7.

Slipped from mooring and steamed out of Port Louis. Came to in Mahébourg Harbour 1.50 P.M. Oct. 19.

Governor visited the ship. Manned yards and saluted Oct. 22.

1860. His Excellency kindly took me a two days' trip
Oct. 27. round the island by land.

Oct. 29. *Wasp*, 13, Commander C. Stirling, arrived. Shifted flag to her; sent *Brisk* to relieve *Forte*, ordered here.

Nov. 8. *Forte* arrived.

CHAPTER LXXVII

Forte Flag Re-hoisted

Re-hoisted flag in *Forte*. Fired Royal Salute at noon, in honour of Prince of Wales's birthday. 1860. Nov. 9.

Persian, 12, arrived from Seychelles, and saluted flag. Commander Hardinge, having sustained a severe but accidental wound in the foot, was unfortunately rendered unfit for duty. Mauritius, Nov. 14.

French war steamer *La Somme* arrived from Réunion, bearing the broad pennant of the Commodore, with whom we exchanged salutes. In afternoon proceeded to Tombeaux Bay. Came to off Monsieur de Courson's sugar mills. Nov. 15.

Joined by *Persian*, 12, sloop. Made arrangements for sham fight to come off on the 20th. *Wasp*, in dock, was found to have sustained considerable damage while on shore off Slave Krop Point. Tombeaux Bay, Nov. 17.

Soon after daylight observed the troops, consisting of 5th and part of 24th Regiments, with artillery, marching down and crossing pontoon bridge at head of bay. These were followed by a strong party of police. From that time until afternoon there was one continuous string of natives and people of all sorts arriving from Port Louis and country round, taking up positions to see the fight, for which nothing could be better adapted than the high land about the Nov. 20.

1860. head of Tombeaux Bay. At noon visitors arrived on board. After luncheon we commenced landing them on a commanding point out of range, but from which I could command by signal, assisted by a very pretty French lady.

Forte and *Persian*, having been swung broadside to the point of attack, the boats formed into two lines abreast: lighter boats landing storming parties, gunboats following to cover disembarkation.

The point to be carried was a high mound at the head of the bay, about two hundred yards inland. The landing to be effected under cover of the ship's guns. The enemy's picquets were driven in, and their skirmishers retired. The hill was stormed and carried, supposed forts blown up. Enemy, having received reinforcements, endeavoured to outflank and cut off retreat. On the order to retire, the mound was reoccupied by the enemy, and pressing us with artillery on a retreat, desperate fighting was the result. The storming party would have been made prisoners, had not their re-embarkation been covered by the ships, who opened fire and kept the enemy in check.

So ended the Battle of Tombeaux Bay, a successful exhibition which delighted some twenty thousand natives and residents, without an accident. A ball in a house kindly lent by Mr. de Courson, the Mayor, finished the night.

Nov. 21. Returned to Port Louis.

Mahébourg, Nov. 22. Grand ball given by Governor and Mrs. Stevenson. Weighed at daylight. *Persian* in company. Came to in the harbour of Mahébourg, where I was kindly entertained by the Colonel and officers 5th Regiment.

Nov. 28. Inspected *Persian*—fine crew and in good order.

Steamed out of the harbour: exchanged cheers from the rigging on parting company.

2.15 A.M.—Storm coming on, ran for Simon's Bay. Furled sails. Came to with both bower anchors after having brought up with 75 fathoms of cable ahead; ship drifted to a fresh squall; parted small bower cable, and, as we afterwards discovered, stock of best bower broken. Ship brought up by sheet and spare anchors when within half her length of the rocks, but held on by help of steam screw until evening, when gale moderated. It *can* blow in the neighbourhood of the Cape! Found here *Brisk*, *Lyra*, *Hornet*, and *Enchantress*, the latter our prize, *Manula*, rechristened, and bought into the service for use in suppression of slavery on the east coast. Found also the *Pioneer* from England refitting for the Zambesi expedition. 1860. Simon's Bay, Dec. 15.

Rather bored with continued gales, unusual at this time of year. Went up to Cape Town to visit my kind friends. The races were going on at Green Point, to which I went, attended by groom only. Among others found myself, without seeking him, close to His Excellency Sir George Grey, my late passenger in the *Forte*, surrounded by his staff. Dec. 16.

Found a letter from my clergyman friend, Eyre, dated September 30, in which he stated that he had some qualms of conscience about writing on the Sabbath, but recollecting what he had read in the Gospel for the day, he determined to continue.

In Cape Town was Doctor Livingstone waiting for an opportunity to get to the Zambesi. Informed him of one in the *Pioneer;* and, like the sinewy-looking man that he was, he walked the whole way to Simon's Bay.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

The Cape Command

1861.
Simon's Bay, Jan. 1. Succeeded in getting *Sidon* under weigh, with *Pioneer* in tow, at 9 A.M.

Jan. 2. 6 A.M.—Slipped moorings and steamed out of Simon's Bay. Rounded Cape Point. 9.—Made sail, passing between the Bellows Rock and the Main. Up screw.

Flag in *Forte*, Jan. 13. It was my intention to have visited Ichaboa on way to Ascension, but the wind falling light for several successive days, and having appointed the Commodore of the West Coast to meet me at Ascension the middle of January, did not delay.

Attention to the vast deposit of guano on Ichaboa appears to have been drawn by Captain Andrew Livingston in 1843; the first cargo was taken off by the *Ann* in that year. Although the island is little more than a mile in circumference, from April 1843 to February 1845 upwards of 200,000 tons of guano had been removed. In the month of January 1845, 450 vessels were present, and as many as 6000 seamen and labourers at work. The constant presence of a man-of-war was necessary. The island appears to have been clean swept of guano, and the birds, seals, etc., driven away by February 1845. Since that, a few enterprising individuals have, by keeping guard there,

prevented the birds from being disturbed, so that they resort there annually, and guano to the value of £30,000 is taken off and sent to the Mauritius market. This increase has excited the cupidity of other parties at Cape Town, who choose to consider it as an unfair monopoly on the part of those who have, at considerable expense, watched over, and, as they term it, cultivated the guano. While one party is prepared to defend their preserve, others are preparing to help themselves, and use force. It was to prevent bloodshed that I thought of going. The island, however, belongs to no one. 1861.

Daylight made the Island of Ascension. Came to at 8.30 in 10 fathoms. Found *Arrogant*, 47, Commodore Edmonstone, and *Mæander*, whose figurehead I have. No exchange of salutes, on account of its being the turtle season, which continues from November until June. Jan. 17.

Inspected *Arrogant*. Clean and smart. Good at quarters, as well as at manning and arming boats. Fairish crew, but spoilt in appearance by cloth caps, now prevalent in the service. Jan. 19.

Arrogant sailed for Sierra Leone and Gambia to quell disturbance by King Badiboo. Inspected the "island of forbidding appearance," without water or wood, and formerly regarded as an impracticable heap of ashes. Ascension is now in a state of improvement as to its resources, natural and artificial. Government buildings of stone, neat and substantial, consisting of store-house, hospital, a good smith's shop, mess-room and barracks; but the chief interests of the island are centred in turtle. The first part of a tolerably good road has been made between hills of cinders and along plains of ashes, dust, and lava. Jan. 21.

1861. Green Mountain is nearly in the centre of the island, 2818 feet above the sea; rising, as the Directory terms it, a "graceful oasis amidst waste and desolation"; from it you look down on some forty hills of cinders, each of which has in its turn contributed to the supply of lava and ashes; but now, with the assistance of planting and cultivation attracting rain, it is rapidly progressing. There appear to be about 2000 acres in pasture, planted, or under cultivation. Cattle, and occasionally horses are bred, but sheep appear to thrive best. In addition to seven or eight milch cows, the Government farm can boast of two bulls, thirty oxen, and about eleven thousand sheep.

Jan. 22. Weighed.

Feb. 6. Came to in Sierra Leone. Found *Arrogant*. Saluted authorities and landed, receiving due honours.

Feb. 11. Arrived H.M.S. *Falcon*, under command of Lieutenant Bagge, Commander Arthur Fitzroy having died of fever. At this sad event I am deeply grieved. It was only in the Crimea that I attended the death-bed of his elder brother: one of a family through whose care and kindness I, as a midshipman, recovered from this deadly African fever.

I appointed my Flag Lieutenant, Algernon C. F. Heneage, to poor Arthur Fitzroy's vacancy in the *Falcon*. She was lying in the river, where there was nothing above the surface to be seen moving but sharks' fins. The new Commander was well got up, as was his wont, even to kid gloves. Just as his four-oared gig was getting alongside, one of the boys missed his footing and disappeared. In a moment Heneage unbuckled his sword, dived and saved the boy. He read his commission at the capstan in his muddy suit—a good beginning!—and returned on board *Forte* to dine with his old Chief. For this

gallant deed the Humane Society awarded Heneage a medal. 1861.

It was now my painful duty to write the following official letter :—

"FORTE," AT SIERRA LEONE,
February 11, 1861.

To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

SIR—I have the honour to inform you, for the information of My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that I have received my appointment to the South East Coast of America ; but, as I did not apply for that command, I beg most respectfully to request their Lordships will be pleased to inform me of their reason for removing me from the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa to an inferior command.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant, (Signed) HENRY KEPPEL,
Rear-Admiral.

Appointed Lieutenant Wilkinson Acting Commander, and Mr. Turner, Flag Lieutenant. The expedition had started to punish the King of Badiboo, who, when called on to pay a fine of bullocks for having robbed British merchants, sent in reply to Governor D'Arcy at Bathurst, he would fight him, and if he was not assisted by the French, thrash him to boot! Colonel Hill, Governor of Sierra Leone, having sent all his troops, was anxious for the assistance of the Navy. Sierra Leone.

Embarked the Governor under salute and manned yards. Weighed for the Gambia, *Arrogant* and *Falcon* having preceded. Feb. 13.

Nearing the land, signalman reported masts of a ship at anchor to the N.W. Steered towards her. On getting within distance, she signalled, "You are standing into danger." This was the *Arrogant*, my old friend Edmonstone of the Naval Gambia, Feb. 16.

1861. College, the cleverest fellow there, who passed out six months before his allotted two years: no better fellow, but chance had made me his senior. My reply was, "Weigh immediately and follow me." Steamed into the Gambia, *Arrogant* in company. Came to in 15 fathoms off Bathurst.

Feb. 17. 1 P.M.—*Arrogant* proceeded up the river to join the expedition which left Bathurst on Friday. 4 P.M. —*Falcon* arrived, but being out of coal came to. At 4.30 P.M., *Forte's* services not being required, steamed out of the river.

Feb. 22. Arrived at Sierra Leone. Having taken in 135 tons of coal, steamed out.

Feb. 25. 4 A.M.—Tornado came off, cool and refreshing. Made sail after the strength had passed. Departed this life, Mr. Keating, boatswain, a former shipmate in *Dido*. Poor fellow, he leaves a wife and three young children.

Accra, Mar. 3. 3 P.M.—Came to off Accra; landed in the evening.

Mar. 4. 11 A.M.—Re-embarked under salute from the fort. 9.30 P.M.—Weighed.

Mar. 5. 1.30 P.M.—Came to in 7 fathoms off a village called Jellacoffy, two miles to the eastward of Cape St. Paul, a good place for stock and fruit. 4.30 P.M. —Weighed.

Fernando Po, Mar. 10. Came to in a cove to the westward of Cockburn Cove, Fernando Po. Found *Bloodhound*, 3, paddle wheel, steam vessel, Lieutenant Commander Francis W. Bennett. Saluted Spanish flag and returned salute of Spanish brig.

Mar. 11. 8 A.M.—Arrived *Alecto*, Commander Raby, bringing our December mail.

Mar. 12. No Protestant clergyman being allowed to do duty on shore, two marriages among the coloured population were solemnized on board by Captain

Turnour. There are upwards of 1000 coloured people, Protestants, in and about the town, who are not allowed to assemble together in each other's houses to pray, nor is a school allowed for the education of their children. Such is Spanish law in A.D. 1861! Spanish Governor Don José de la Gandara visited the ship: a superior and intelligent-looking man. 1861. Flag in *Forte.*

11.30 A.M.—Weighed; stood to southward down west coast of the island. Mar. 14.

7.30 A.M.—Came to in 6 fathoms, Island of St. Thomas, Fort St. Sebastian N.N.W. ¾ mile. I anchored here, just twenty-three years ago, in the *Childers* on my way to Ascension and England (1838). Found everybody on shore anything but civil; slavers calling are more profitable than Her Majesty's ships. Several canoes, apparently fishing, started off to sea on our arrival and were not seen to return. After we got under weigh at 8 P.M. observed port-fires and other night signals in different directions. St. Thomas, Mar. 16.

1 P.M.—Chased and came up with a brig, the *Falmouth* of New York. This vessel had been captured only a few months ago by one of the U.S. cruisers *Portsmouth*, and sent to New York to be sold for the benefit of the captors. Mar. 19.

6 A.M.—Exchanged salutes with the *Archer*, 8; came to in 5 fathoms as near the coal depot as we could. Found *Wrangler*, also an old acquaintance at Madeira, Flag-Officer Inman, in the U.S. *Constellation;* exchanged salutes and fraternized considerably. Found the American iron coaling launches most useful. Native labour idle and next to useless. St. Paul de Loanda, Mar. 21.

Midnight, weighed. Mar. 23.

Came to in Little Fish Bay. Obtained fresh beef Mar. 27.

1861. Cape of Good Hope, April 21. and live bullocks, yams, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and cabbages. English potatoes plentiful.

Stood into False Bay; took moorings in Simon's Bay. Found here *Brisk*, *Gorgon*, and *Persian*.

April 22. Commenced coaling and otherwise preparing for our relief.

April 24. 8 P.M.—*Narcissus* arrived with flag of Sir Baldwin Walker to relieve me. Appointed to the Brazilian command.

April 25. Salutes exchanged.

April 29. Gave up the Command in Chief of the Cape of Good Hope and West African station to Sir Baldwin Walker. At 8.30 P.M. steamed out of Simon's Bay to go to Table Bay for provisions, ships and transports from China having cleared out the stores.

May 3. 10 A.M.—Steamed out of Table Bay against a heavy swell.

May 16. 6.40 P.M.—Came to at Ascension. Found here *Mæander*, *Tortoise*, and *Buffalo*.

Ascension, May 17. Took in all the coal we could get by 8 P.M. Sailed next morning.

CHAPTER LXXIX

Return to England

9 P.M.—Came to in Rio Harbour. Found *Leopard*, with flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Stephen Lushington, K.C.B., waiting to be relieved. Also the old *Madagascar*, Captain White; *Curlew*, Captain Shaw; *Spy*, Lieutenant Tabuteau; and *Pylades*, Captain de Courcy, on his way home from the Pacific. Found also notice from their Lordships of their intention to supersede me with Rear-Admiral Warren, whom I might expect in the *Emerald*, to which ship I was to transfer my flag and return to England. 1861. May 28.

This step was taken by their Lordships in reply to a request I had made in a private letter to the First Lord to be allowed to return to England in the *Forte*, that inquiry might be made into my conduct. Moreover, in reply to an official application I had made most respectfully, requesting their Lordships would be good enough to state reasons for having removed me from the Cape to an inferior command, I received an answer that their Lordships "were not in the habit of giving any reasons for the orders they may think proper to give."

Arrived *Emerald*, with flag of Rear-Admiral Warren; exchanged salutes. Transferred my flag to the *Emerald* commanded by my gallant friend June 16.

1861. Captain Arthur Cumming. Off this coast on Sept. 6, 1843, to the southward, he did as smart a thing as any sailor could wish. He was a lieutenant in charge of a twelve-oared cutter, searching for slavers. He disguised himself, his crew and his boat, as fishermen, painting the cutter after Brazilian fashion. A strange, rakish-looking brig nearing, Cumming steered towards her as if wishing to sell fish. Without a word he was on board, shot the helmsman, put the slaver up in the wind, to the consternation of her crew. His own men joined him. It was indeed a brilliant feat!

. . . . . .

By the mail received the following press cutting—from what paper I know not, nor from whom I received it; but so struck am I by its truth and justice, it is herewith inserted :—

The Keppel Scandal

The report to which we gave currency last week, relative to the return of Sir Henry Keppel, has since been confirmed; and we understand another flag officer has been nominated successor to Sir Stephen Lushington on the Brazil Station. On the return of the gallant Admiral, the scandal with which his name has been associated will be fully investigated, and the danger of acting upon an *ex parte* statement will probably receive another proof. Had Sir Henry Keppel tamely submitted to the sentence of removal from the Cape Station he would have been pleading guilty to a charge of a serious nature, and we give him full credit, therefore, for having declined to accept the South American command under such circumstances. This treatment of a British flag officer shows to what a miserable ebb the Navy has fallen. Had a general officer been complained of by a Colonial Government he would not have been summarily dismissed or transferred to another command unheard or untried. But, alas! the Navy has no *Head* able or willing to maintain the independence of its officers. Any paltry complaint against a naval

officer, when urged by a civilian, or coming from the Horse Guards or Home Office, assumes a degree of importance which it takes a deal of correspondence and explanations to lessen or set aside. The naval officer is often condemned on the shallowest of pretexts, and has no Court of Appeal. With respect to the alleged scene or scenes on board the *Forte*, we have heard so many different versions that we decline to offer any decided opinion; but we contend on behalf of the service for that measure of justice which is never denied to the veriest criminal—a fair and full trial before condemnation. It may turn out that Sir George Grey acted with unbecoming and causeless impetuosity, and that a British Admiral was moved from a valuable appointment at the request of the Home Secretary, because an irascible civilian Governor chose to pick a quarrel. We demand on the part of the Navy fair play. We ask no more, and we are satisfied that if it is not freely accorded by the Board of Admiralty, there are champions of justice enough in the House of Commons to take up the cudgels. 1861.

H.M. Minister, Mr. Christie, embarked on board *Emerald*. Sunset, resigned command of South American station to Warren, and shifted flag to *Emerald*, embarking with suite at same time. Was informed that during the night between fifty and sixty of the *Forte's* crew deserted. June 26.

10 P.M.—Weighed. Although at that late hour, the crew of *Forte* voluntarily waited up to greet their old Admiral and Captain with a succession of parting cheers. Blue lights were burned as we steamed round and stood out of Rio Harbour. Thirty-seven years since I first entered it! June 27.

7 A.M.—Came to off St. Salvador in the famous Bahia Bay. Found *Curlew*. Exchanged salutes with Brazilian flag. Noon, Royal salute in commemoration of Brazilian independence. July 2.

Ship visited by President to see our Minister and Armstrong guns. July 3.

1861. Weighed and steamed out of Bahia.
July 4. Crossed the Equator for the last time!
July 11. Made the Eddystone Lighthouse.
Aug. 4.
Aug. 5. After passing Cowes, furled sails, squared yards, rounded to, manned yards, and saluted Royal standard. Made sail, came to at Spithead.

Aug. 6. Struck flag. Visited friend, George Gray, now Rear-Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard. After luncheon, accompanied him towards the King's Stairs, where he expected the Prince Consort to embark for Osborne, H.R.H. having been to inspect works in progress at Portsdown.

Portsmouth, Aug. 6. On the Prince's appearing in sight, I retired; however, His Royal Highness having spotted me, came direct and gave me a kind and cordial "welcome back." I was much pleased and gratified at this—but still sore at the silence preserved at the Admiralty as to the cause of my removal from the Cape Station. Governor Sir George Grey had sent a message that "if I did not (on our second leaving Rio for the Cape) write home what had occurred, he would not."

Having since found out how little regard he had for speaking the truth, I believed that he had access by writing to some person near the Court, which would account for the mystery at the Admiralty. The kindness of the Prince Consort somewhat dispelled this idea. I proceeded to London. My brother-in-law, clever and truest friend, was no more! I tried to forget my Service troubles, and the notice I more than once received that I need not expect further employment. Sir Frederick Grey, First Sea Lord, was then the only person who, if not deceived, knew what had occurred on board the *Forte*.

Aug. to Sept. On 5th December 1860, the First Lord wrote me a

private letter, which I only received after my arrival in England stating, "Upon consideration, he thought it expedient to transfer me to another station." A more just and honourable man than the Duke of Somerset there could not be. By whom had His Grace been misled? There are now living proofs in London of what did occur! Sir George Grey and myself are both old men, living within an hour's walk. We must shortly be called to our full account. 1861.

P.S.—Poor fellow! since writing the above I find that Sir George Grey (born *Gray*) rests under the same roof as Nelson and Wellington!

CHAPTER LXXX

Shore Time

1861. Although surrounded by friends, England to me
Oct. was no longer the same happy place. I felt aggrieved and annoyed. Jane West kindly undertook to share my troubles.

Oct. 31. The marriage ceremony was performed by her brother Richard, assisted by the Rev. Hon. Robert Liddell, Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Nov. We went abroad, travelled through France and Italy: remained some time in Florence, met many kind friends, visited the churches and shops without the means of purchasing. On convenient occasions my good wife invited me to join in prayer. Anxious to display my French, usually answered, "Toujours près."

Paris, The good Prince Consort departed this life.
Dec. 14. Her poor Majesty! Universal grief!

1862. Returned to England. We retook possession of
Jan. 10. our cottage at Bishopstoke, although I had a kind and good tenant in Sir John Bayley, owner of the *Nymph*, a 61-ton cutter yacht lying at Southampton; he kindly vacated the cottage. While arrangements were being made, we took lodgings in Sloane Street, my wife's parents living in Cadogan Place.

Dec. 3. Son Colin was born, an event which took off the rough edge of discontent. The gallant Clyde

stood godfather. Am not going to bore my readers with particulars of my shore life. I may state that I still had kind friends, and enjoyed the best of shooting; also, being a light weight, had frequent mounts with hounds. 1862.

1863.

Heard of Princess Alice's accident at Broadlands, Isle of Wight. Her phaeton was overturned, but H.R.H. fortunately not much hurt. The Hon. Mrs. Bruce was in attendance. Jan. 1.

The Prince of Wales took his seat for the first time in the House of Lords. Navy much exercised about the building of ironclads. Feb. 5.

Attended Prince of Wales's levée with Eyre. Over a thousand presentations, besides seventeen hundred who attended. Amongst other old shipmates, met Prince Victor of Hohenlohe. Feb. 25.

This was indeed a happy and exciting day for London. The arrival and procession through the city and streets by the most lovely Princess that ever visited this country. The excitement and fatigue must have been great, but Her Royal Highness allowed no one to see it. Mar. 7.

Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Windsor. Mar. 10.

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As before mentioned, I was fond of a race, as was my brother-in-law, Sir Joseph Hawley; he had engaged Porter as his trainer. I amused myself at Kingsclere and learned something. Settled down at the cottage, Bishopstoke.

My brother Tom died at Brighton. He had been for some time in delicate health. In 1856 I took him to the Cape for the sea voyage. He was buried at Quidenham. April 20.

1863. May 18. At Epsom races. Derby won by Mr. R. C. Naylor's "Macaroni." Stakes valued at £7200.

May 22. Oaks won by Lord Valentine's "Queen Bertha."

June 4. Cup Day, Ascot. A brilliant meeting. First appearance of Prince and Princess of Wales. Cup won by Mr. Merry's "Buckstone."

Aug. 14. My much-esteemed friend Lord Clyde died, aged seventy-one. . . . Attended his funeral on 21st.

Oct. 5. The King of the Greeks, brother to the Princess of Wales, arrived in England.

. . . . . .

Dec. The River Itchen running between my kitchen and flower-garden, was full of trout, and there was a small summer-house through which I could conduct a running stream from the river. I wrote to Mr. Buckland to help me in breeding trout. In the upper part of the summer-house I had a tank, which could be renovated and a small stream of water introduced into a succession of troughs of spawn,—these overflowed into each other. It was great fun watching the tiny things come to life and gradually increase in size, until it was time to put them into the river. Chamberlayne and others, through whose property the Itchen ran, took a great interest in the experiment. From my little preserve on the Itchen, Frank Buckland stocked the rivers in Tasmania with trout, which has proved very successful.

Dec. 23. Heard with deep regret of the death of Thackeray. He had, some years before, proposed me as a member of the Cosmopolitan Club, a pleasant gathering of Bohemians, who met as a rule about midnight in Watt's Studio, Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Up to the end of its days my name was up on the walls of the Club as "absent on special business." . . .

1864. Jan. 8. Poor Denmark was not getting on in her war

with Prussia; offered my services. But the rank of Vice-Admiral interfered. 1864.

Prince of Wales at University Boat Race, attended by General Knollys and Colonel Keppel. Mar. 19.

Garibaldi arrived at Southamption. Landed in his full uniform: red shirt, felt hat, and walking-stick. He was taken by Mr. Seely of iron pigs notoriety over Portsmouth Dockyard. Garibaldi, after three weeks' visit, left in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht *Undine* for Caprera. Apr. 3.

Capture of *Alabama* by Federal cruiser *Kearsage*. June 20.

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Three millions afterwards paid by England! So much for arbitration!

Bishopstoke being near Southampton, was a good deal on board Tom Chamberlayne's (of Cranberry) yacht the *Arrow*, R.Y.S.; at that period had not been beaten. Fred Delmé Radcliffe had a nice yacht, the *Freak*, but nothing could pass *Arrow*. Being an honorary member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, consoled myself as best I could. Astonishing how sailing improves the appetite. Off Hurst Castle was our host's favourite anchorage. July 6.

Charles Radcliffe joined. Guernsey, too, was a favourite anchorage. Market well supplied with fruit and vegetables, but you should not spoil your appetite by looking at the disgusting conger-eel. Guernsey, July 7.

Breakfasted off mackerel caught just before. After breakfast joined by Delmé Radcliffe and son Herbert. We started in hopes of engaging one Lanourie, a celebrated salt-water fisherman, but found he was already engaged by Mr. Petre of the *Osprey*. Arrived *Eugenie*, R.Y.S.; joined by Fred Delmé Radcliffe; had a good dinner with Frankland and Colonel Denny. July 8.

1864. *Arrow* yacht, July 9. On the highest part in the centre of the town is a granite tower erected in memory of Her Majesty's visit. After a climb up a spiral staircase, we obtained a view of the island. The tide being out, the numerous rocks appeared as if they had risen like pinnacles from the deep; makes one feel thankful one is not the owner of a yacht. During the night we were joined by the *Firefly*, Sir H. Oglander. A strong north-easter made us prisoners. Chamberlayne has a party at Cranberry, and I am due at home! News of Friday's debate in the House on vote of censure. The position of Federal troops in Virginia critical.

July 10. By steamer to Cowes; dined with Sir Thomas Whichcote on board his *Enchantress*.

July 11. Landed early at Southampton, on to Bishopstoke, saw wife and kid (Colin), returned to *Enchantress*, and off with first of south-wester to the eastward. Monty Thorold on board. Frankland in *Eugenie* had got start, but we caught her up this side of Beachy Head. Took Dutch pilot.

Aug. 10. Readers rejoice. Some friend has borrowed a month of my journal and left me neither on shore nor afloat.

Aug. 12. Sunset not far from the Sluis Gate entrance. Detained a couple of hours for want of water. Worked over the bar and came to in Goree Channel shortly after midnight.

Aug. 13. *Eugenie* brought up outside the bar. Having worked up to Helvets Maas, changed pilot and hauled into entrance of Vourme Canal. Here had to wait our turn. *Eugenie* rejoined; got through first tack. Taken in tow by horses, to me a novel mode of travelling. Canal about six miles in length. Secured inside the lock.

On passing through, saw sundry partridges, hares,

wild duck, and plover; cattle, carts and carriages, latter primitive in appearance. At noon anchored off Rotterdam. Landed in afternoon; ascended the Church Tower, magnificent and extensive view. Inside the church are two good sculptures of Admirals de Witt and Coremiar. Town clean. Corry and Conellan dined with us. 1864. Rotterdam.

Started by train for the Hague. Visited Museum and Picture Gallery. Lunched at a Café by the way, particularly clean. We then drove to the King's Country Palace, distant some miles; road shaded by some of the tallest oaks and elms I ever saw. At the Palace we were civilly received by the servants. Although the Queen was residing in it, we were shown over the charming country residence. On our preparing to leave, a footman suggested writing our names in a book lying open on a side-table. I had no other costume than a pea-jacket and sailor's hat. Aug. 15. The Hague.

We had just turned into the road from the outer gate, when a messenger came running with Her Majesty's commands for my return, when I was sent for, and received by Her Majesty Queen Sophie Frederique Mathilde at the door of the ante-room, and desired to follow her into a charming boudoir. After a few kind words, I was desired to sit down. Her Majesty hoped that I had not forgotten my Dutch extraction, and other kind expressions. I mentioned that I had had the honour of being a Groom-in-Waiting to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. I was allowed to kiss the royal hand on departing: my friends having kindly waited in the carriage, enjoying the fragrant weed.

On our way back we visited the bazaars. A more curious collection of pretty things I had never seen. Returned by train, and so on board the pretty and

1864. beautifully clean *Enchantress*, having seen a good deal, and I, in particular, well pleased by the reception I had received. The *Eugenies* came to dine.

Aug. 16. In the evening my new friend Mr. Itmann came on board and agreed to accompany us to Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, Aug. 17. By 9.15 train. Two flys took us from the station at Amsterdam to the Palace. We first mounted the belfry and had a fine view of Zuyder Zee and surrounding country. We came in for a tune on the bells, as well as the striking the hour of noon on the more ponderous one. The Palace is as dismal and as uninteresting a building as one could well go through. Old Spanish flags and other trophies taken from their greatest enemy are suspended in the Throne Room. There is a large picture by Wappers of the gallant young officer, Van Speyk, who blew his ship up, with himself and crew, after getting on shore, when boarded by the Belgians in 1831.

We went to the picture-gallery; an ill-arranged building, but containing some good pictures. Amsterdam, with its trade and canal streets, is very like Rotterdam. At 5 P.M. we returned by a train *viâ* Utrecht; but there is so much sameness about this great grazing, cattle-supporting country, that unless I had been told I should have thought we were returning by the same line. In Amsterdam we had luncheon at a restaurant, but the cooking not much, although things were clean. Got on board *Enchantress* a little after seven.

Rotterdam, Aug. 18. After luncheon went on shore with Itmann and examined a small galliot pleasure-boat, of about eighteen or twenty feet in length, and to which I had taken a fancy. For her length, as comfortable as a vessel could be, the middle part decked over. Mast and sails fitted, and for stability as safe as a church.

Should like to have her in the Itchen, off Bishopstoke. 1864.
Weather bad.

Weighed at 11 A.M. Wind just sufficient to allow Aug. 20.
us, with ebb tide, to fetch down, which we did cleverly in one hour. Same distance when going up taking us four hours, in tow of a dirty steamer. Arrived at Nieuwe Sluys entrance to the Vourme Canal at noon. Process of getting through the lock gates slow. We heard of a large ship coming through yesterday, requiring forty-two horses to tow her up. By 2 P.M. we were through the gates, and, with the assistance of the foresail, wind abeam, kept the three horses at the tow rope in a jog-trot. *Eugenie* having had half an hour's start, made sail and slipped away without the encumbrance of horses, and was, partly owing to the haze, out of sight ahead. The canal is crossed by sundry bridges which draw up, and the passing between the posts requires a nicety in steering. In meeting vessels it is customary, or rather it is the printed law, to keep to the right or starboard side. At about 3.40 a deeply-laden English collier was observed most pertinaciously keeping the mid-channel, as if she did not intend to give way an inch to, what she most likely considered us, the weaker vessel; in vain we hauled in so close to the shore that one might have reached it with a moderate length of foot: however, we had all but squeezed through, when the *Leveret*, of Whitby, at last, and when too late, put her helm a-port, thereby throwing her quarter very rudely against *Enchantress's* bow, by which she lost a whisker and had her cathead and upper works considerably damaged; to say nothing of the foresail, which was rent in twain.

The nimble *Leveret* did not escape without a scratch, inasmuch as *Enchantress's* anchor having

1864. hooked the *Levcret's* main rigging, tore away three of the shrouds, and having cleared her upper works fore and aft, the anchor finding nothing left to hold on by, tumbled into the water and was soon weighed, catted, and fished. While we proceeded on our way, the collier was observed to rush frantically into the rushes on the wrong bank of the river.

At 4 P.M. we brought up at Helviotsluys end of the canal. All appearances of a gale of wind, although in the right direction, we are better inside the canal.

Helviotsluys, Aug. 21. Gale continuing, but glass rising. If wind veers to eastward the sea must go down a bit. Visit from the *Eugenies* or Irish Brigade, who likewise had been in some danger by a huge steamer. Whichcote, not intending the lubberly *Leveret* to escape the punishment due, sent Haywood, his master, back to Rotterdam by steamer to lay the case before Her Majesty's Consul and proper authorities; this, however, may detain us another day, as the master cannot be back before to-morrow. Landed and visited the town, which is entered by a drawbridge, and surrounded by a ditch. Fortifications in tolerable repair, but no guns mounted: they were lying in rows inside one of the bastions. In the centre of the town was an old 50-gun frigate, for the training of youths for their navy. In the evening the *Eugenies* came on board and we had a rubber.

Aug. 22. *Eugenie* got through the gates at an early hour, but brought up outside. Gale over, glass rising, but no easterly wind. A young Dutchman, probably an attorney's clerk, came on board, the bearer of a letter from the master of the *Leveret*, the purport of which was that he should send Whichcote a bill of damages as soon as his defects were made good. Tom Which-

cote, having read the document, tore it up and threw it overboard, and told the messenger he might tell Mr. Clark (the master of the *Leveret*) to go to a hot place. The scribe having remarked that Sir Thomas had a peculiar way of conducting business, retired in haste. In the afternoon a pilot came on board and conducted us through the gates—an operation we could have done as well. Came to outside preparatory to a start in the morning. 1864. Yacht *Enchantress*.

Got pilot on board. Weather hazy. Wind hanging to W.S.W. Message from the Irish Brigade proposing to keep the inner water and so go down to Flushing; not a bad idea, to which we agreed. Landed sea pilot and tried for a river one; only one in store, so settled to wait. At 9 A.M. observed *Eugenie* working down for the sea. However, Tom Whichcote was not to be influenced into again changing his mind; having got on board a river pilot, we weighed and ran to S.E., keeping between certain black and white buoys. Aug. 23.

After rounding the S.E. end of Goree and Overflacker, the tide having fallen, and the channel narrow and wind in our faces, we came to. Observed sundry seals basking in the sun on the patches of drying sand left by the falling tide. *Eugenie* and ourselves no longer in company, and as their manœuvring scented somewhat of the humbug it was not to be regretted. Having been to-day at noon in 4° 5′ E. Long.—wonder whether I shall ever be so far *East* again.

These Dutch pilots, although well acquainted with shoals and dangers, do not understand the handling of a fast fore and aft rigged schooner. They have no idea of the time they are in stays, nor of the length of time they hold their way; consequently, instead of merely pointing out to the captain of the

1864. vessel the dangers or shoals he had to avoid, took to working her himself and twice fixed her on the mud bank. The second time she was only got off by a rising tide. Much time was lost, and we brought up for the night earlier than we otherwise should.

Aug. 24. Weighed at an early hour, with a southerly wind. Haywood, the master, appeared to have had enough of narrow channels and mud banks, so took the Keeten Mast Channel, leading to the southward, and we stood on to Brouwershaven, where we came to at 9 A.M. to wait tide, change pilot for a deep-sea one, and obtain provisions. This being the main channel for large ships to Helviotsluys and Rotterdam, we found several French, American, and Dutch.

Water being low as we came down, the banks were covered with various birds. Two of the crew landed in the night and had got within twenty yards of a flock of wild ducks, but, unsportmanlike, they had neglected to examine their guns, which obstinately refused to go off, so the ducks did! At 11.30 boat returned with a regular old salt as sea pilot; not much to be done in the way of grub, and the only newspaper, dated Friday last, was in the possession of one of the American skippers, with most likely news from the States.

Weighed, wind W.S.W., fresh ebb tide; worked out cleverly; twelve miles before we were clear of the outer shoals; discharged pilot and took our departure from the Fairway buoy. I took the helm. A refreshing breeze, but rising sea. Name it not, but at four, dinner-time, my old inside revolted. I felt so sea-sick that I preferred turning in, to facing dinner. Made a second attempt at supper-time with same result. By 11.30 made Lowestoft Light.

Aug. 25. At noon we were off the North Foreland.

Dirty weather; we wisely came to in Margate Roads. 1864.
Glass falling; westerly gale.

Gale continuing. Got *Daily Telegraph* from a Aug. 26.
stranger, but neither he nor three others could tell what horse had won the Ebor Handicap last week at York!

Sad death of friend Speke. Accidentally shot Sept. 16.
getting over a stone wall near Box, Bath.

It was about this time that my kind friends at Oct.
Singapore realised the position in which I was placed. Now that the subject of the transfer of the Straits Settlements from the India to the Colonial Office was under the consideration of the Government, I think my friends were almost unanimous in wishing that I should be appointed Governor of the Straits Settlements.

CHAPTER LXXXI

Country House Visits

1865. Jan. 2. Re-established myself at Bishopstoke. Prepared for hunting and jobbed horses.

Jan. 3. With the Hambledon meet, West End; found in Allington Wood. Sharp but short run, the greater part to myself.

Jan. 4. Rode "Balloon" with the Hursley meet, Farlay Down; found two foxes. A long day, and no run. Willie Standish driving me home from Hursley.

Thursday, Jan. 5. Letter from Knollys with kind invitation to Sandringham for Saturday next till Thursday following. By steamer to Hythe; shot with Charlie Scott, and put up at Beaulieu. Everything in the rough, but so comfortable. Shooting not much. Simpson, Clinton, and Morrit. Posted to station, and by rail to London. Put up at Bristol Hotel, Cockspur Street.

Sandringham, Saturday, Jan. 7. By 10.57 train from Shoreditch. Arrived at Dersingham 3.20; carriage to meet us. Prince most kind. Dinner, whist, loo, etc.

Sunday, Jan. 8. Party here—Woodward, the librarian from Windsor; Frederick Leighton, artist; George Grey and Lady Morton in waiting; Miss Knollys, etc.; Lord Hamilton. To morning church. The Prince gave me a gold pin. The young Prince's birthday: one year old, fine little fellow. Walked to see Brereton.

George Grey and I to meet Villebois hounds— H. Seymour, Mrs. Dugdale Astley, Hammonds, etc. No scent, back early. Prince and self planted first apple and pear trees in new kitchen garden. Duchess of Cambridge arrived, attended by Lady Somerset and Purvis, also Lord Harris and Helps. 1865. Sandringham, Jan. 9.

We went, some nine guns, partridge-shooting, with over thirty beaters to drive. The wind high, and birds fast for me. Great function was the hot luncheon in a barn. Sat next the Princess at dinner: the most charming of all Princesses. Jan. 10.

Hounds met near. A large party from Sandringham, Lord Harris, P. Feilding, and self being mounted as well as the staff, Princess driving Duchess of Cambridge. Mrs. Dugdale Astley, Mrs. Villebois, and others out. Fox killed; bad scent. Jan. 11.

Lord Harris and self took leave of their kind Royal Highnesses. At Lynn station joined by Lord George Bentinck. In London by 3.50. Had time for chop at club. By train to Dorchester. Midnight before I got to Dewlish, Field-Marshal Sir J. Michel, G.C.B. Dewlish, Jan. 12.

Owing to Lord Ilchester's death our visit to Minterne postponed. Horses had, however, arrived there. Large party in house, Radcliffe's hounds meeting near. Rode "Canteen." Dry, cold, snow on ground; bad scent. Lost first fox; short run with second. Jan. 13.

To morning service. In the clergyman found an old friend at the Cape in 1828. He then in army, son of old Blair who kept the hounds. Dewlish, Jan. 15.

To a near meet with Radcliffe's hounds. Michel, his daughter Rachel, very pretty, and Miss Kelyar, also pretty, with us. Two scrambling races; one Jan. 16.

1865. fox killed, another to a drain. Much taken out of "Balloon."

Jan. 17. With Lady Michel to Dorchester. Train to Poole. Bus to Bournemouth to look after quarters on Colin's account. Fanny Albemarle and P. Cust kind and obliging. Took lodgings and returned to dine.

Jan. 18. Was to have hunted with Digby, Vale of White Horse. Fancied frost too sharp.

Jan. 19. Although a sharp frost, went out with Michel to meet Radcliffe's hounds. Heard that the Vale had had a good run yesterday! Have greatly enjoyed visit to Dewlish, so kind and good to everybody.

Jan. 20. As there was no Minterne visit, horses had to return to Bishopstoke. Rode one of them to Dorchester station, wife and Colin following, where I had taken lodgings.

Jan. 21. Found niece Augusta North here with her children. Dined with P. Cust and Fanny Albemarle, meeting Tom Pasley, Lord Winchilsea with pretty wife, late F. Rice, Cust's son-in-law and daughter, the Kennedys, a Mr. Hay and wife: agreeable party.

Jan. 22. Bitter cold; church reported High Pusey. Let wife go alone.

Jan. 23. By rail to Bishopstoke; cottage snug and comfortable, but dull without the wife and kid.

Jan. 25. Snow, and barometer falling. Dined with the Dean. Felt my way home with a bull's-eye lantern—pelting rain!

Jan. 28. Preferred walking to station to having horse roughed. Train to Christchurch. Bus to Bournemouth.

Jan. 30. By bus to Christchurch and train to Bishopstoke.

George Deane called with invite for me to shoot with Chamberlayne. 1865.

Wife and Colin came by 3 P.M., looking all the better, and most welcome, as I had enough of being alone. Feb. 2.

This morning's post brought further information with regard to the Straits Settlements. Bishopstoke,

At 2.40 telegram from Prince of Wales, stating that they would be passing at 3, and proposing we should bring our boy to the station to meet their Royal Highnesses. Obeyed command and enjoyed a too short interview. Feb. 3.

Meet of Hambledon at Marwell; wife and Colin there. Killed one fox, and a fast but short run after another. Henry West arrived by train to dinner. Atkins sent us some excellent snipe. Feb. 4.

H. West and I to morning church. Sister Caroline staying at Rectory: there since Thursday. Visit from Standish, bringing Harry Stephenson from the *Bombay*. Feb. 5.

Willie Standish having given Henry a mount, meet at Crab Wood; we drove to Hursley—best run of the season. Lamed "Balloon" by falling into a road—a drift of snow tripping him on landing, —a badly-cut knee. Walked to Winchester; horse from Tubbs; led "Balloon" home. Feb. 6.

Meet at Hambledon at George Deane's. Carried Colin up to see meet. Rode "Canteen," sending Dawson on Tubbs' mare to Cams. Dennison from Portsmouth came in for cherry brandy. Feb. 8.

Vet. Retford to see horses; mare still stiff and lame; "Balloon," ugly wound, but doing well. Feb. 9.

Repeated visit to Bishopstoke; all well at home, but felt that I had no business to absent myself on my selfish amusement of hunting. Feb. 10.

1865. Feb. 11. By train to Gosport. On board *Victory*. Court-martial on loss of *Bombay*. No end of friends. Visited young Garnier at Mrs. Knight's school. Lunched with Fred and Mrs. Hutton. At Cams; found Elliot Yorkes.

Feb. 13. Frost and no hunting.

Feb. 14. H. Delmé with Pat Blake and Elliot Yorke to see Fred Radcliffe and his "Fair Rosamond" at Gosport.

Feb. 25. Sold "Canteen" to W. C. Alexander for £150. Sent to Tubbs for a mount. Meet at Warmford. Breakfast with Eccles, having picked up Chapman and George Deane. Tubbs' brute, a gray, fell with me into a lane; difficulty in getting home; a talk when there; got letters from Alexander returning "Canteen" for a whistler; don't believe it, having only lately bought him of F. Delmé Radcliffe, for more than I could well afford.

Feb. 27. Glad to have secured house in London. Letter from Alexander, who is a gentleman, taking my word in preference to the Vet.'s; sent me a cheque for £150, which I returned. Captain Grimston offered me £30 for "Balloon," which I declined.

Feb. 28. "Canteen" returned this morning. Standish called, kindly offering to take care of "Balloon" until sold, which I accepted. He also took Dick King and the mare.

Mar. 4. Found wife and Colin at Leinster Gardens. Lunched 15 Cadogan Place. Called on Miss Burdett-Coutts and Rajah Brooke, also on Albemarle, his wife and Charteris.

Mar. 7. Navy Club dinner; Mundy in chair. Rajah Brooke guest; about thirty present. Walked with Rajah to call on Miss Burdett-Coutts.

Mar. 8. Moved into No. 40 Connaught Square.

Declined a mount kindly offered by Henry West with the old Berkeley: great temptation though! Dined with Henry Eyre in Berkeley Square, meeting Le Marchant, Dacres, and others. 1865. Mar. 11.

At club found letter—W. Standish's cheque for £35 for "Balloon." Good beast in good hands. Made calls on Lord Palmerston and Admiral Rous. Declined Lord Campbell's kind offer of house room. London, Mar. 13.

Ballot at club among about thirty candidates. Bowyear elected. Dined with Thorolds; meeting pleasant; party as usual. Mar. 14.

Governorship of Singapore engrossing my thoughts. Went to Houses of Parliament: introduced to W. H. Read's friend Clerke Seymour. Mar. 15.

Saw Duke of Somerset's secretary; intimated to him to communicate that when applied to by Cardwell His Grace should not throw cold water on my appointment. Hope I may get it. Mar. 16.

Saw Blackwood at Colonial Office; talk about Straits Settlements; don't think I shall get it. Mar. 17.

Major Lord D'Arcy Osborn rather a fancy for "Canteen," although not for his price, £75. Made sundry calls. Sir George Seymour ill in bed. Mar. 18.

Letter from Lord D'Arcy Osborn, offering £75 for "Canteen," and to call at my club on the morrow. Mar. 20.

Lord D'Arcy and brother came to club and agreed to take my horse. Dinner at Navy Club, Shrewsbury in the chair. Afterwards to Pratt's. Mar. 21.

Attended levée. Mar. 22.

Called on and had a chat with Rokeby. Dined with sister Mary, going afterwards to wandering minstrels at Lord Gerald Fitzgerald's. Mar. 23.

. . . . .

Kept journal irregularly at this time.

1865. My sweet May born this day.

May 4. . . . . .

June 27. Death of Mrs. Selwyn prevented Tom Whichcote coming to us for the Bibury and Stockbridge Races. Edward Russell and George Fitzroy came, but no races for poor E. R. The wife not strong, but she appeared at dinner.

June 28. George Fitzroy and I to Romsey: shunted there for an hour, but in time for the first race. Bibury Day, and broiling hot.

June 29. Got on with less delay at Romsey. The usual Stockbridge race weather. Heavy rain. Picked up Henry Fitzroy and brought him back to dinner.

June 30. Friend Edward Russell took his departure—good fellow. George Fitzroy and I to races; did no good. Henry went home from the course.

July 6. Started for 3.15 P.M. train, but no possibility of getting to Woolmer before 9 P.M. Left portmanteau at Liss; walked from Liphook; changed into Archie's clothes.

Woolmer, July 7. Lovely place this Woolmer!— Powerscourt, H. Stephenson, Salvin, a great naturalist, with cormorants to catch fish, Colonel Hagarth and wife. Had an amusing afternoon's sport with the birds: no end of trout.

July 8. More bother to get across Hants than to go to Bath. At 8.40 started in dogcart to Liphook, by rail *viâ* Havant; got home in four hours.

July 11. Archie Macdonald, Sheriff for the County, came with Keppel Stephenson and his chaplain, Rev. Randolph Keppel Stephenson, had a bed at the Dean's.

July 12. Lent wife's carriage to Dean to vote for Bonham Carter. We all dined with the Dean in great force at result of election.

At Swaffham met Lord Hastings, who took me on to Melton Constable. Canvassed with Mrs. Dugdale Astley. 1865. Norfolk, July 17.

On Hastings drag, four grays, to poll at Keepham. July 18.

With Gurdon and Sons to nomination at Swaffham. Got Bury to propose Gurdon. After lunch to Quidenham with Bury. July 19.

Voted for Gurdon and Jones at Thetford. By express to London. By 1.10 P.M. train to Winchester. Voted for Mildmay. Something to vote in Thetford and Winchester same day. July 22.

Train from Bishopstoke through London. Joined Col. C. Baillie in fly to Wentworth Woodhouse, meeting George and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Sir James and Lady Mary Wilde, Count Havonet, Fawkes, Teesdale, Colonels Charles and William Baillie. Sept. 11.

Received intimation from Clerk of the Peace of the Lord-Lieutenant, Winchester, having signed my commission as a magistrate of the county! Bishopstoke, Sept. 29.

Had a meeting of ratepayers in vestry to consider the inefficient state of drainage. Atkins and Co. too strong for us: nothing decided on. No hope, unless cholera lays hold of one of them. Oct. 5.

Having taken a six months' season ticket, went up. Returned by 5 P.M. train. Cæsarewitch won by Salpinetes: a fiver on him at 6 to 1. Oct. 10.

In dogcart to Southampton to buy Colin a pair of gloves. Met George Day. On by King for something more of Salpinetes, Day, late one of my Mids, winning over £5000! Oct. 14.

To Winchester to take the oaths as Justice of the Peace. By train to London; attended Board of Anglo-Greek Co.; much bother by Count Mataxa. Oct. 16.

1865. Oct. 18. Dined with the Dean, for which purpose we borrowed his brougham. Sad intelligence of Lord Palmerston's death reached by telegraph.

Oct. 19. Colonel Randolph came down to look over cottage and stables. Stopped luncheon and took no notice of Colin! Drove wife into Winchester. Went over Tubbs' stud.

Oct. 21. Drove dogcart into Southampton. Toys for the dear wife's boy, 6s. 2d.!

Oct. 22. George Lennox came into church, and whispered he was coming to lunch afterwards. He borrowed a half-crown of me, intending to stop for the communion service; but after the sermon he slipped the coin back into my hand, saying, "That fellow has so bored me, I am unfit to stay to the sacrament"!

Oct. 28. By train to Winchester. Attended for first time as magistrate. Special sessions.

Oct. 30. Made a partial clearance in the cellar. Several articles brought to light. Pair of clam shells for the Cummings.

Oct. 31. By early train to London; on returning, stepping out before train had stopped at Bishopstoke, fell, striking back against handle of a wheelbarrow. Pain very great. Home and to bed.

Nov. 1. Tenants coming in, obliged to clear out. Unable to accompany wife and children to Bournemouth; was kindly taken in by Cummings. At once to bed, being in some pain and under impression that ribs were broken. Examined by Dr. Goldston; severe contusion, muscles bruised. Arnica applied, etc. Time and patience!

Nov. 7. Took Charles Pilkington with me in dogcart to the opening of Albert Infirmary, Bishop's Waltham. Prince Arthur, Princesses Helena and Louisa.

Luncheon by Helps. Everything well done. Prayer by Bishop of Winchester. Concert in old Palace. 1865.

To afternoon service. Do not approve of High Church practice. Why one is, on going to church to pray, to be inflicted for half-an-hour with the catechism of children, I do not understand. Bournemouth, Nov. 12.

To morning service; a little too much High Church. Seven parsons in the holiest place! Sunday, Nov. 26.

Arrived from London late in the evening at Brinsley Sheridan's place, Frampton Court. Nov. 27.

As pretty a day's shooting as one could wish. Five guns, of which George Bentinck was the best. B. Sheridan, Lord Archibald St. Maur, Lord Henry Thynne, and self made the number. There are few houses where guests are made to feel so welcome as at Frampton Court. Frampton Court, Nov. 28.

Same guns, with the exception of Lord H. Thynne, who hunted. All rabbits found in patches of gorse on side of hill on the Downs. Party at Frampton Court—Lord Harry and Lady Elrica Thynne, Mr. Lowe, George Bentinck, Mrs. Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. Col. Digby, Lady Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Marker, E. Digby's daughter. Dinners excellent, wines ditto. Ditto conversation in smoking-room later! Nov. 29.

Another, the great day's shooting; same five guns; no prettier shooting. Two woodcocks; one to my gun. Nov. 30.

Mounted by Lord H. Thynne on a four-year old; kicking at starting. Short run with Lord Poltimore's hounds. Home by 3.30 to catch train to Christchurch. Happy to get back to the "buzzom" of my family. Dec. 2.

My darling boy's birthday; three years, and indeed a fine specimen Bournemouth, Dec. 3.

1865. Dec. 4. Glad to get wife out; a fly to Fane's, where I shot. Guns, Colonel Fergusson-Davies, Melville, a young Fane, Colonel Fane, and I. Cheery house to be in.

Dec. 5. Mislaid portmanteau and missed my dinner, very much, with the dear old Dean at Winchester.

Dec. 7. With Sheriff (Archie Macdonald) to meet Judge at station. Party to dinner at Deanery.

Dec. 8. Sworn in as foreman of the Grand Jury: novel position, got through with assistance of Curzon. Dinner at the Dean's; large party, chiefly clergy. Well-fed, jolly lot.

Dec. 10. All the churches under influence of Mr. Bennett, of too much notoriety. "What can do." Hard upon those who like to worship and pray to the Almighty in a quiet way.

Dec. 14. Took my boy for walk in afternoon. What a companion is a small child when it's your own! Crape round hat for Mrs. Wodehouse and King Leopold.

Dec. 16. Albemarle-Custs arrived safe after their perilous voyage in a saloon carriage from London.

Dec. 17. Enjoyed a morning walk with Colin on the beach; although wrong, preferred it to High Church with no place for my hat!

Dec. 21. A walk with my boy; so companionable. The wife coming out, we dined with Cust-Albemarle.

Dec. 23. By train from Shoreditch. Took charge of Louisa Eyre as far as Harling Road. Dunmore for company. Did not get to Holkham until 8.20 P.M. Picked up Burys *en route*. Family gathering. Dunmore engaged to Gertrude.

Holkham, Dec. 24. Party, besides family, Burys, Dunmore, Powerscourts, W. Coke, S. Stephenson, Powell, Tridcroft, Caulfield, Porter.

Dec. 25, To morning service. How difficult it is to fall in

1865.

with a good preacher, especially when an extempore, with beard and moustache! Whist in evening. Xmas Day.

Shooting to-day—outskirts; twelve guns. Best of the shooting kept for the Prince. My bag 25 hares, 2 rabbits, 2 pheasants. Jolly party in the house. Henry Seymour and wife arrived. Dec. 26.

Walk with Seymour. Dec. 27.

Shooting to-day, same guns nearly; more driving than shooting. Seymours left. Gurdons came. Dec. 28.

Walk with B. Gurdon: he all the talk. Blind man's buff in afternoon. Knocked my old head against chimney-piece—much to its inconvenience. Dance after dinner in statue gallery; whist also. Bury fallen on by Powerscourt, damaged ribs. Dec. 29.

With Sophy Bury after luncheon to Wells—by train to Quidenham; kindly welcomed. Louisa Charteris there, Bury children nice. Quidenham, Dec. 30.

The old year going out in a storm. Went to church. Dec. 31.

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CHAPTER LXXXII

A Shore Journal

1866.
Jan. 1. Out shooting with brother George—partridges.

Jan. 2. Wild partridge shooting with Charles Clements: 20 brace, 5 hares, 6 guns.

Jan. 3. After shooting to meet friend Henry Eyre at Garboldisham.

Jan. 4. Mount with scratch pack harriers.

Jan. 5. Each afternoon I have sat with poor William Hoste; although he looks cheery and well in face, am afraid his days are numbered.

Jan. 8. Found Holkham full; with P. Powell, Elphinstone, Dunmore, Tredcroft at the Inn, W. Coke and Sussex Stephenson going to Pinnock's to make room. Attended at 4.30 P.M. to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales, Lady Morton and George Grey in attendance.

Holkham, Jan. 9. Party in house to meet their Royal Highnesses, Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord Beaumont, Lord and Lady Suffield, Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, Lords Hamilton and Dunmore and Mr. de Grey, Edward and Di Coke, P. Powell, Tredcroft, Capt. Elphinstone, W. Coke, S. Stephenson, Gen. Porter and T. Dunmore, Lord Alexander Murray. Grand shooting; did not carry gun until the finish with the rocketers, when I had

one of Leicester's. A cheery dance in the evening, in which old and young joined. 1866.

A day on the marshes—gentlemen beaters, ladies attending luncheon. Hamilton, Porter, and self fell into draining ditches. Jan. 10.

Weather bad—this, the best day's shooting, postponed. Fair day of sport though. Jan. 11.

This the grand day. Over 2000 head killed. Luncheon under large tent. Princess and ladies there. Dance in the evening, I dancing a quadrille with the most charming of Princesses! Jan. 12.

At Pratt's—chat with John Hay. Jan. 15.

Joined wife at Deanery, Winchester. Party of twelve at dinner. Jan. 16.

By early train to Wolverton. Joined by Lord Clanwilliam and party going to Sandringham, Prince and Princess coming back from visit to General Hall. Jan. 18.

Hounds met Sandringham, Prince giving me a mount. Princess out: capital gallop. Enjoy my visit much. Sandringham, Jan. 19.

Percy Feilding and self taken by the Prince to shoot at Mr. Bagge's; excellent day. Pleased with my own performance. Not dressed in time for dinner, but was spotted by her kind Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, who saw "the little Admiral" as he was trying to sneak in behind the servants. Jan. 20.

To forenoon church, Charles Kingsley performing. Jan. 21.

Departure of party; invited by Villebois with the Prince to shoot driven partridges. 270 brace bagged during a continual rain. Jan. 22.

Finish to a most agreeable four days, Prince and Princess starting for Duke of Sutherland's, Staffordshire, Duchess of Cambridge and remainder by rail Jan. 23.

1866. to London. Dined with Cecilia Yorke. Party at Lord Powlett's.

Jan. 24. Train to Bournemouth. Colin and May looking so well.

Jan. 25. Dined with Stephens; she, daughter of Sir H. Pottinger of China notoriety.

Jan. 27. Dined with Albemarle-Custs.

Feb. 3. Attended Bench, Winchester.

Feb. 5. Dined with Page, engineer, meeting T. Weller and Ward, artist. Pleasant party.

Minterne, Feb. 10. To friend Digby, I bringing a couple of horses from Chapman's.

Feb. 12. Hunted with Sir Richard Glynn's hounds. Met many friends. Plenty of foxes, but no good run. Pleased with my mount. Medlycotts coming to dinner.

Feb. 13. With Lord Poltimore's hounds. Good run, Severe, heavy country. One fall. Ground soft; several others ditto.

Feb. 14. Despatches from friend Read at Singapore. Should like to go out as Governor. Stormy weather again. Young ones rabbit shooting, I helping to cut up and clear away wreck of trees blown down.

Feb. 16. Out with Poltimore. Good run with second fox. My usual ill luck; badly lamed one of Chapman's horses — cut on fetlock, off foreleg, supposed to be by flint.

Feb. 18. Afternoon service near Marker's house. Small, very nice old-fashioned place. Good sermon—rare event.

Feb. 19. Came down prepared for the chase. Frost pronounced to be too severe, especially over Poltimore's downy country. Letter from Mr. Crawshay, enclosing an interesting one from Bishop Colenso. Young Digby, Marker and I, shot rabbits. Mr. Alexander Baring came. Porter left.

1866.

Letter from wife. Colin ill. Changed hunting costume and rode to Dorchester; train to Poole. Found the children bad—severe colds. Feb. 20. Minterne,

Horse from King's Arms to Minterne. In time for luncheon. Walk with Alexander Baring. Feb. 21.

Hunted with B.V. hounds. Rode new horse of Chapman's — fine animal. Digby, Marker, Edward Digby and self — a good show from here. One fox chopped; a second found. No scent. Jolly day though. Feb. 22.

Young Digby and I to the B.V. hounds. Mounted by B. Brooke. Capital jumper. Good short run, and part of another. Put hack up at Littletrab's—Webbes, Medlycott, and Surtees out. Feb. 23.

With Poltimore's hounds. Two good runs. Several falls, I, an absurd one. Marker's horse killed. My last day's hunting. Feb. 24.

Dear old Dean entered his ninety-first year. Attended court as grand juryman. Managed not to be sworn in as foreman. Lunched with Arthur Cumming. Rajah Brooke there. Returned to Winchester. Dinner party as usual. Bishopstoke, Feb. 28.

Meeting of magistrates on cattle plague—Chamberlayne, Bullpitt, Wells, Mulock, self. Mar. 1.

By train to London and Grantham. Whichcote to meet us. Welcomed to Ashwarby. Ashwarby, Mar. 12.

Started for Croxton Park races. Weather unusually fine. Whichcote's horse, "Chance," nowhere. Our party: Mrs. Franklin, Henry Gray, George Fitzroy, Colonel Fane. Back in time for 8 o'clock dinner. Mar. 15. Mar. 16.

Forenoon service. Longish sermon that I did not hear. Took leave of kind friends. Mar. 18.

To London. Attended levée, presenting Harry Stephenson. Dined with Mr. Page, engineer. Mar. 19.

1866. Bishop-stoke, Mar. 26. Attempt to fly-fish, having seen two rises. Lost two hooks in two walnut trees. Margaret Garnier and Tom came, former to stay.

Mar. 31. Winchester to attend bench. Luncheon at Deane's. Thermistophles to win City and Suburban.

April 3. Another large party, chiefly doctors and "rooks," also young Lord Mulgrave.

April 4. By early train home. Dined with Atherlys—first-rate.

April 10. By train to London. Received, through George Elliot, an offer to take command of the Paraguayan navy: they at war with the Brazilians.

. . . . . .

This looked like business. Before giving answer, certain inquiries to be made. My name would be removed from Her Majesty's navy list, for which I should require remuneration. A certain number of warships: a couple of ironclads to begin with, and a place to reside in while ships were being manned and fitted. £34,000 for loss of commission. The first and greatest difficulty was consent of wife. The Paraguayan agents appeared to be well satisfied. I intended to select, as soon as a proper ship had been provided, the beautiful bay, Bahia, off the Brazilian coast, as place of rendezvous. I had to provide officers in anticipation. The agents had already provided charts, which I daily studied. However, it all ended without smoke. Means were not forthcoming; the whole affair was quickly forgotten!

April 21. To Cosham, on Chamberlayne's drag to Hambledown. Hunt races. Capital meeting.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

Home Life

Embarked on board *Dream*, George Bentinck, in time for dinner. At about 9 P.M. a fruit trading steamer, weather fine, water smooth, moon shining bright, ran into two yachts: *Ione*, Captain R. Quin, R.N., and *Intrepid*, Count F. du Monceaux, carrying away their bowsprits, damaging bows and knocking two men overboard. *Ione* was to have joined us on a cruise. 1866. Yachting, April 25.

10 A.M.—Got under weigh: light breeze from eastward. Cook, the same artist Whichcote had in *Enchantress*. *Dream* substantially built and very comfortable; yawl rigged. Made fast to a buoy in Portland Harbour. *St. George* lying here, commanded by old shipmate E. Rice. Laid out trammel for red mullet, which are generally plentiful and good here, but caught whiting pont only. *Dream*, R.Y.S., April 26.

After breakfast landed with Bentinck. Convicts at work; got some fair specimens of ammonite and fossil shells. Accompanied Rice on board *St. George;* guns, stores on board, ready for service, to be manned from coastguard. Portland, April 27.

Bentinck read prayers to a well-conducted and attentive crew. April 29.

Visited works on the heights by convicts. When

1866. April 30. May 3. the fortifications are finished, where will the men come from to garrison them? Saw the fossil trees; some stumps erect, and others buried in the solid stone.

May 4. My May's birthday—promising little yearling.

Cherbourg, May 5. Visited Consul Hammond on the hill, from whose garden the view is very fine. Consul has two charming daughters. He came on board to dine.

May 7. Slipped from the buoy. Sent a boat in for grub, standing off and on. Made fast to a buoy under breakwater.

May 10. Weather tide, nasty swell; felt too sea-sick to turn out before 2 P.M., when we got into Portland Roads. Took leave of kind host in time for mutton chops, wife dining with the Dean.

Bishopstoke, May 20. Forenoon church. Wife and I received Holy Sacrament, adminstered by the Dean, perhaps last time.

May 25. Visit from Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author, who stopped to dine with Dean, where we were.

May 27. Forenoon church. Dear old Dean still reading, or rather repeating by heart, the prayers as far as the Litany, in which he included the Collect for the day —Trinity Sunday.

Bishopstoke, May 31. Telegraph from friend, Page C.E. Off to London; knowing how much I wanted a job, he informed me of his having undertaken to raise a large ironship, the *London*, lying at the bottom of the Tay, below Dundee, and offered me the job of navigating her into dock, or some place where she could be got at for repair.

June 1. Was invited by the Committee to fill the chair at R.N. Club dinner to celebrate the anniversary of Howes's victory, anniversary also of action between *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*. Poor little Fatshan forgotten!

While sitting on bridge over the Itchen in garden, observed a tomtit's nest in the muzzle of a gun captured on 1st of June in Fatshan Creek—curious the uses to which a gun may be put. 1866.

By train to Dundee. Wife and I in possession of apartments at the Royal Hotel, where we expected to find Mr. Page. June 25.

Found Mr. Secretary Cooper; no further difficulties. Visited wreck near low water with working party. The *London* belonged to the London and Dundee Steam Company; in December last came in collision with a steam trader, *Harvest Queen;* both vessels went down. *Harvest Queen* got up, but being grounded on a bank, broke her back. Mr. Cooper, Secretary to the Company, very civil and obliging. Mr. Low, one of the Directors, also very civil. Page not arrived. Dundee, June 26.

Visited the *London* in a steam tug. Two divers, under management of Mr. Gorman, Admiralty man. There is an ugly fracture on the starboard side, about fifteen feet to nothing, about three feet from the bottom iron, jagged on both sides, the fore side of fracture bent inward, on after side, outwards, supposed to be done at the time the *Harvest Queen* separated by backing astern. Proposed to cover the hatchway on main deck with coverings secured. Divers report that seals have taken up their quarters in the state-rooms, and haddocks swim freely in the 'tween decks.

Change of Ministry—Lord Derby, Prime Minister; Sir John Pakington, First Lord; Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, First Sea. *This* does not break my heart. July 14.

Saturday, a drunken day amongst workmen in Scotland, or the *London* might, I think, have been

1866. lifted. 2 A.M. Sunday morning before we got back.

. . . . .

Raising the *London* proved a failure, and after spending two months in Dundee, where wife and self were hospitably entertained by friends, we returned to Bishopstoke at the end of August, Colin and May having benefited by the bracing Scotch air.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

THE COMMAND IN CHINA

I INSERT the following by kind permission :— 1866. Dec. 13.

(*Private.*) OAKLEY PARK, SCOLE, NORFOLK,
December 12, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY—I am glad to be able to tell you that I received a letter from Sir John Pakington this morning, announcing his intention of offering you, with the Queen's approval, the China Command, as Admiral King is going to give up, and I am only too happy if I have in any small way been the means of getting Sir John to give you this Command.

Both he and the whole Admiralty are very well disposed towards you, and I am sure that you will do all in your power to show them that you are anxious to distinguish yourself during this Command, as you always have done on previous occasions.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) ALBERT EDWARD.

God bless the Prince of Wales!

A letter from Sir John Pakington followed.

The gratification this afforded me I cannot well describe. The five long years' treatment I had received at the hands of the Admiralty fretted me.

The want of a residence, the unhealthiness of Hong-Kong, as well as the improbability of the flagship remaining there for more than a few days at a time,

1866. Dec. now that a Commodore has been appointed: the unsettled state of our relations with Japan, as well as the uncertainty of the period that I might retain the Command (being only five from the top of the list of Vice-Admirals), were only a few of the difficulties of a wife in China. However, I persuaded her to give up all idea of going with me, promising, if at the end of my first year there were two Vice-Admirals on the list above me, she might come out with the children.

Letters of congratulation flowed in from kind friends. From the Prince of Wales; dear Dean Garnier; one from Charles Kingsley, which much pleased me.

(*Copy*) EVERSLEY RECTORY, WINCHFIELD,
December 17, 1866.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL—I have this moment heard that you are to have the China Squadron. Accept my most cordial congratulations, most disinterested ones, likewise, for I am afraid that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you for some time to come. May you prosper and enjoy yourself as you deserve, and kill a few more pirates: they seem to be wanting you again in those parts. Believe me, with most kind regards to Lady Keppel, ever yours, overjoyed,
(Signed) C. KINGSLEY.

Letters from shipmates, down to my old steward, William White, now an Admiralty messenger, came pouring in, together with applications from and about officers to be appointed, giving me more than enough to do. Besides the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Buccleuch and Richmond, as well as my kind kinsman, Peregrine Cust, interested themselves in getting me employment.

King, in command in China, had expressed a wish to be relieved without delay. His flagship, the *Princess Royal*, was ordered down to Singapore so

as to save the last of the northerly monsoon, bringing the *Salamis*, commanded by my old friend and shipmate, Francis Suttie, to receive my flag. 1866.

I was ordered a passage by the overland route, to leave Southampton on February 20, 1867. Risk, paymaster in the *Alert*, then in the Pacific, and Harry Stephenson, commanding a gunboat on the Lakes of Canada, were ordered home as my Secretary and Flag-Lieutenant, and I selected friend Heneage as Captain.

I was invited by the Prince of Wales to Sandringham to take leave, and afterwards accompanied their Royal Highnesses to Holkham for the Christmas week. On the way back stopped a day at Quidenham, and one with friend General Eyre, who had taken Garboldisham.

On January 21 went to Sheerness and hoisted flag on board the *Cumberland*, which was in due form saluted by the flagship of Sir Baldwin Walker, who kindly took us into Admiralty House. At the same time was hoisted the pennant on board *Rodney*, then in the basin. 1867. Jan. 21.

Returned to London. Having received a letter from Cowell stating that he had received Her Majesty's command to invite me to Windsor on February 25, to stay till the following day, the Admiralty ordered my passage *viâ* Marseilles instead of Southampton, giving me four or five days' grace. Jan. 22.

Went by invitation, to Miss Burdett-Coutts at Torquay to take leave of my valued friend Rajah Brooke, who had lately had a paralytic stroke. Found him partially recovered, but spirits good and his powerful mind apparently unaffected. (I never saw him again.) Left early to join wife, staying with the Custs at Bournemouth. Taking leave of these most kind and hospitable relations we returned

1867. to Bishopstoke for the last days. General Charles Fox had kindly offered his house, Addison Road, Kensington : our likenesses being painted by Henry Graves had yet to be finished.

Feb. 24. Farewell dinner with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Feb. 25. Went down to Windsor. At Paddington found Lady Caroline Barrington, availing myself of the carriage sent for her when we reached Windsor. Dined, a household dinner, Lady Caroline Barrington and Miss Macdonald in waiting with Biddulph and Cowell. After dinner, was summoned into the presence of Her Majesty in the corridor, the Queen still wearing the widow's cap. However, I was received with one of Her Majesty's pleasantest smiles, and after some twelve minutes' conversation, chiefly about the Duke of Edinburgh and Count Gleichen, I was graciously dismissed. Cowell saw me into my train.

Feb. 26. Risk, lately married, was likewise ordered a passage *viâ* Marseilles. My boy stated when he saw me off in the train at Bishopstoke that "Dadda would get out at the China station!" Found French steam packet at Dover ; rail to Paris and Marseilles, where we arrived at 12.30 P.M. Took possession of the cabin allotted me on board the mail steamer, opening into the saloon !

CHAPTER LXXXV

Bound for China

It was half-past ten o'clock on the night of March 2nd when we arrived at Malta. Clarence Paget came off; we landed together. Rem Macdonald kept with me, but all the shops were closed, and the Carnival commenced. Left a letter at Admiralty House and re-embarked. 1867. Malta, Mar. 2.

We were off before daylight, and arrived at Alexandria on the 7th. Here, met my old friend James Willoughby, who had been appointed Joint Superintendent, with a military man, to attend the transit through Egypt of our troops to India. It was about four when we reached Cairo. Here we were joined by Harry Stephenson, who had come *viâ* Southampton. We were informed that we were not to go on to Suez until the following day. A rush was made to secure beds. The best had been already bespoken by the Southampton passengers. However, Stephenson had thought of us and secured rooms. The transit through Egypt is managed by the Government. Most of the officials are French and wear the fez and Egyptian uniform, as well as religion, for the time, with equal ease.

We made another start at 10 A.M. and took a plentiful supply of oranges, which we found agreeable Mar. 8.

1867. crossing the desert. At Suez I found another friend in Dunn the Captain of the P. and O. steamer *Surat;* we first became acquainted when he was in command of one of the hired transports at Balaklava. He kindly took me in his gig to visit the great dock and engineering works carried on by the French under M. de Lesseps. Time, money, and perseverance will, I believe, complete the great work of the Suez Canal. De Lesseps is sanguine at no distant period of being able to pass a ship of the line from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. No English capitalists have, however, invested a shilling in the affair, and the whole nation has come in for an amount of abuse, attributing our reluctance to share in the French glory to bad motives.

We did not get away until the morning of the 9th. Among our passengers was Dr. Milman, the newly-appointed Bishop of Calcutta. He read prayers on Sunday and gave us a short extemporary discourse. On Perim we have a lighthouse: some eight years ago, the mail steamer on passing observed a French brig-of-war surveying; and on the afternoon of the next day the French captain mentioned to Colonel Coghlan, the Governor of Aden, with whom he was dining, that he was going the next morning to take possession of Perim in the name of the French Government. Coghlan, without rising from table, or taking any apparent notice of what had been said, pencilled a few words on a scrap of paper to the Captain of Artillery ordering him to proceed at once with a party and hoist the British colours on the island. The French captain's disappointment the next day when he found himself forestalled would have been worth seeing. A correspondence took place between the two Governments; when it was

proved that we had prior possession during our war with France, when we retained Perim, but under a promise we should not fortify it. 1867.

Cain is supposed to have been buried there, or thereabouts.

Early on Thursday morning we came to in Aden. The Resident, Colonel Merewether, immediately sent off to invite me to Government House while the *Surat* coaled, and sent his carriage to the landing place. It was pleasant to get into a cool airy house, and to write one's letters in peace and quiet. After dinner at three o'clock, we were taken to see those wonderful water tanks that have lately been cleaned, whose ancient date no one has been able to decide. The cement with which the rock's sides and bottom of the ravine are lined, as well as the steps, is as perfect and in as good repair as if yesterday's work. They had had no rain for eighteen months, but an aqueduct was in progress, which will shortly bring a supply from a stream some six miles distant. Experienced much attention and kindness from Captain Dunn. Aden, Mar. 14.

The cleanliness and comfort of the *Surat* spoilt us for any other vessel. Nevertheless, on arriving at Point de Galle at 8 A.M. on the 23rd, we were transferred to *Ottawa*. The yards were manned as the last little attention the Captain could pay me on quitting the ship. On landing at Point de Galle I was received by Colonel Hodgson, Brigadier-General and Commander-in-Chief. In the reign of George II. this officer's grandfather and the then Commodore Keppel had been selected to act together for the capture of Belle Isle from the French: a friendship between the families was then established and has continued ever since. We passed the heat of the day in the "Queen's House," occupied by the Galle, Mar. 23.

1867. General, who, after having entertained us at dinner, embarked with us on board the *Ottawa*: he going to the Straits Settlements on an official inspection.

We found the *Ottawa* comparatively small, ill ventilated, with a suffocating smell of opium. But there was the same civility and attention that we had experienced on board all the P. and O. Company's ships.

Penang, Mar. 29. Anchored in Penang Roads. Went on shore during the six hours the steamer was to stay, and visited my kind old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, both Rodyks, and found one or two other friends of former days still remaining.

Mar. 30. Found the Straits much improved by a light-vessel, as well as by a good light on Cape Ricardo.

Singapore, Mar. 31. Sunday at 2 P.M. the *Ottawa* steamed alongside the P. and O. Company's wharf in New Harbour, Singapore. Captains Edge of *Satellite*, Ross of *Pearl*, Menzies of *Osprey*, and Suttie of *Salamis* were there to receive me, as well as friend W. H. Read and the Governor's secretary, Mr. Plow, brother to a lad who was with me in the *Forte*. Many other friends were also there.

As the new Governor, Sir Harry Ord, was to be installed in due form on the morrow, a few arrangements for salutes and officers' attendance had to be made. At 3 P.M. my flag was hoisted on board the *Salamis* and I became Commander-in-Chief of the China station, and, being senior, at once assumed the duties. It being Sunday negatived the salute until the following morning. On landing was driven by friend Read to his house, where, by previous arrangement, took up my quarters.

April Read's house was on one of the numerous hills, each of which is crowned by a residence. On look-

ing out in the early morning from the verandah, an extensive view in front of the town and anchorage, and from behind of the country inland. How many associations of bygone days—some sad, but many more, pleasant—were brought to mind. 1867.

The morning commenced by saluting my flag. At noon we repaired to the Town Hall to assist in the inauguration of the new Governor, and the transfer of Straits Settlements from the Indian to the Colonial Government. Separate salutes were fired on each occasion: an event in the history of Singapore.

Read kindly allotted a room in his new godown, which was close to a landing-place, for an office, and the business of the station under the new Chief was commenced. Receiving and returning visits occupied much time, and in evenings, dinners to meet the Governor, the Military and Naval Commanders-in-Chief, were the order of the day. The weather was hot and the weight of epaulettes at these ceremonious dinners told. April 1 to 4.

Early on the morning of the 5th, and sooner than was expected, the *Princess Royal* hove in sight. It seldom happens that a Commander-in-Chief is relieved by a senior, and more than the usual amount of jealousy between those in command and those whose reign was so suddenly at an end took place. However, I found my old friend George King the same as ever. Inspected *Salamis* and examined the comfortable quarters that had been fitted for the use of self and staff. April 5.

Returned King's visit; was received on board *Princess Royal* with manned yards; finished with an excellent luncheon and inspection of the many curios collected in Japan and elsewhere. Nephew Augustus Hill on board in R.M.L.I. April 6.

1867. April 8. *Princess Royal* was off at daylight. Had King been senior, I have no doubt but that he would have remained longer.

April 13. The *Pearl* started in advance of us for Sarawak. Ross had permission to use his own discretion about going up to the town. Paid a visit to the Tumongong of Johore, who now styles himself "Maharajah." I recollect him in his father's time in different circumstances. He has been to England, received at Court, and decorated with the Star of India.

Singapore, April 14. Among the improvements at Singapore is an exceedingly neat and handsome church. No want of opportunities for writing to England, as the French packets run alternate weeks with the regular P. and O. Company.

There are few ships without a favourite dog—in *Salamis* Suttie has one Carlo, an intelligent mongrel and great favourite. On shore he can take his own part, although not too big. He is besides a good pointer as well as retriever.

April 15. I had fixed 15th April for the inspection of the *Satellite* as well as that for our departure for Sarawak, Labuan, Manilla, and Hong-Kong. Before leaving the *Salamis*, I had a visit from M. Troplong, the French Consul, who was very anxious that we should join his nation in avenging the defeat they had experienced last year at the hands of the Coreans.

While I was inspecting the *Satellite*, my friend General Hodgson, with Colonel Young, went on board the *Salamis*, which then got under weigh, W. H. Read and Goodlake with us. *Satellite* hoisted flag and saluted the General on his leaving. There was consternation on board on its being discovered that Carlo was nowhere to be found. His description was

written out and a reward offered on shore for his recovery, but it was unfortunately the season when the policemen are directed to destroy all stray dogs. Alas, poor Carlo! 1867.

Observing from the bridge one of these small Nipa Palm islands floating ahead, and not having gone to quarters when I inspected the *Salamis*, I thought this would be a good opportunity, so we beat to quarters and opened fire on the floating island. Flag in *Salamis*. April 16.

In the middle of the rushing about incidental to going to quarters, and with the first cartridge, who should turn up but the dog Carlo, jumping with delight on his master and everybody else. Welcome little dog! the last time the magazine was opened was on Sunday, when the gunner went down at 8.40 P.M. to get a cartridge for the nine o'clock gun, it being dark, the dog must have got locked in. How he existed or what his feelings were in that atmosphere he knows best. If I had not fancied the Nipa Palm for a target, poor Carlo might have been smothered or starved to death.

Early morning found us off Tanjong Datu; before eight we had passed the Santobong entrance, and soon after rounded Tanjong Sipang and stood for the Maratobas entrance to the Sarawak River. These bold headlands and magnificent scenery, although I had visited them frequently since, brought fresh to my mind some five-and-twenty years ago, when I first came up in the *Dido* with James Brooke on board, and gave the first, and nearly the only, help he ever had in securing his position; thereby enabling him to carry out his philanthropic views for the benefit of a strange race. If he has not succeeded to the full extent of his, then, sanguine hopes, still there is no man living or to come who, single-handed, April 17. Sarawak.

1867. will have benefited his fellow-creatures to the extent Brooke has.

In 1842 piracy, slavery, and head-hunting were the order of the day. The sail of a peaceful trader was nowhere to be seen, not even a fisherman's hut along the length of this beautiful coast. Far into the interior the Malays and Dyaks warred on one another. Now, how different! Huts and fishing-stakes are to be seen all along the coast; the town of Kuching, which on the visit of the *Dido* had scarcely 800 inhabitants, now has a population of over 20,000. At least 250,000 of the aborigines who called themselves warriors are now peaceful traders and cultivators of the soil. The jungle is fast being cleared to make way for farms; and to prove what industry can do, Miss Burdett-Coutts has taken a tract of 500 acres of jungle—far from being the most productive soil that could be found—where everything that is likely to thrive within the tropics will be introduced into this model farm. Fruits such as pineapple, bananas, mangosteens, and oranges were doing well. Rice and sago, mulberry trees to feed silkworms, were all in progress.

On arriving up the river at the Quop junction, we found the *Pearl* had proceeded up, drawing over 19 feet water. Rejoicing in our steaming up this beautiful river, and just abreast of a shelf of rocks on which I so nearly lost the *Dido*, I found that my ill-luck in finding the bottom had not forsaken me. I believe the helm was ported to avoid running down a canoe that attempted to cross our bows. And we were bumped hard upon the rocks! With a rising tide we did not remain, but we knew not until long afterwards what mischief was done.

On approaching the capital, the *Pearl* saluted my

flag, and after coming to an anchor higher up, she hoisted the flag and saluted that of Sarawak. A guard of honour received me on landing, where I was met by my old friend and shipmate, Charles Johnson, now Tuan Muda. He had changed his name to that of Brooke. A nice boy, spoilt by assuming a name he was then unfit for! *Pearl* had not escaped the *Dido* rocks, and Captain Ross brought on board *Salamis* a piece of false keel and sheets of copper, which divers found displaced! These accidents are sad bores, occurring too at a time when I wished to establish a reputation at the Admiralty as a cautious and careful chief. 1867.

Pearl started against the afternoon flood-tide to precede us to Labuan. We remained a few days to enjoy the hospitality of the Tuan Muda, who repeatedly expressed the good effect our visit would have—the influence which would be felt to the farther end of the Rajah's dominions. April 18.

All the native chiefs came to visit me, the "Rajah Laut" (Sea King) as they styled me, but most of my original friends who had fought for the suppression of piracy had passed away. All the occurrences of that stirring time were fresh in the memory of the children, and old Patingi Alli's son was now one of the principal chiefs, a most useful and worthy man. His gallant old father was killed with many others while serving with the *Dido's* boats.

In the evenings we rode with the Tuan Muda along a two-mile road, cut through that ever interesting and magnificent jungle.

About three in the afternoon we took our departure, the Tuan Muda having supplied us with turkeys and geese that would have done credit to a Norfolk farm. A sumpitan, a necklace, and three April 20.

1867. Dyak swords, some deer horns and alligators' eggs, were among the curios we brought away.

The Tuan Muda is quiet, reserved, and gentlemanlike, with a determination not to be surpassed, with a sense of justice—qualifications fully appreciated by the chiefs.

Labuan, April 22. 8 A.M.—Came to in Victoria Harbour, Labuan. Several old friends came on board—Hugh Low, Acting-Governor; Claude de Crespigny, Harbour Master, formerly a lieutenant with me; and Dr. Treacher, one of the Rajah's earliest followers. Each of them I had known some twenty years before. All the troops, part of a Sepoy regiment, formed a guard to receive me on landing, when I became the guest of my friend Low. His daughter has just come out from home, a nice-looking girl, not quite seventeen. Her mother was a daughter of "Billy" Napier, and came out with me in the *Mæander*. I was present at her wedding with Low. The poor girl died at Labuan when her daughter, who is very like her, was but two years old. Mrs. Low's grave is in one of the loveliest spots of Low's beautiful garden, hidden from view by a grove of orange trees. The boy, Brooke Low, is still in England. Low and De Crespigny kindly added to my collection of shells. Harry Stephenson and self were put up at Government House. W. H. Read and Goodlake, he being the bearer of a letter from Yelverton, were received elsewhere.

Salamis proceeded in the afternoon to Coal Point. The island of Labuan having been ceded by the Sultan of Brunei, was taken possession of in the name of the Government by Captain Rodney Mundy under Sir Thomas Cochrane, on account of the coal mines. These mines, owing to bad

management and a jobbing company, have not succeeded as they might have done, but the island has been useful in other ways. Our occupation has driven piracy from the N.W. Coast, though it is still rife to the eastward of Borneo. The slave trade has likewise had a check, and their treatment on the opposite coast has been ameliorated, as it is known that slaves have only to escape to British territory to be free. Power has passed from the Sultan and his chiefs. 1867. Labuan.

We had a Consul at Brunei once, but he has been replaced by a native agent. The United States are represented by a disagreeable scamp named Moss, who has hitherto lived by his wits. He persuaded the Sultan to cede to him a portion of the north-eastern coast, as well as some of the adjacent islands, to none of which had the Sultan any just claim; fortunately no valid agreement was drawn up. When Mr. Moss had to make a first deposit, no money was forthcoming; he enlisted a countryman, by name Terrie, who was to find the needful and go partners on condition that the property ceded was to be placed in his name.[1] The title-deeds were returned to the Sultan to be altered. In the meantime they fell out. No money was forthcoming, and the Sultan retained the title-deeds, which Mr. Moss wished to have returned to him.

As Mr. Moss could now neither borrow nor steal, he decided on the dodge of setting fire to his own house, and accused the Sultan of having instigated his people to do it, hoping not only to be revenged for the detention of the title-deeds, but to receive indemnification. But the cleverest fellows outwit themselves: the fact

[1] This portion of the island was ceded to the British North Borneo Company by Royal Charter in 1881.

1867. of his having removed his wife and small effects to Labuan a few days previously, and then the statement that he was fired on twelve times with musketry, which no one heard, are facts.

On Wednesday, being mounted by Low, we rode through the magnificent jungle peculiar to Labuan, by the Coal Point Road ; eight miles brought us there. At 10 A.M. went on board *Pearl*, under manned yards, and inspected a perfect man-of-war. She sailed in the afternoon for Hong-Kong ; we took until night to complete coal and followed in the morning ; steering for the Palawan passage with every prospect of fine weather.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

The China Command

1867. Hong-Kong, April 30.

On the 30th April found myself once more entering Hong-Kong by the Lyemoon passage. Commodore Oliver Jones's broad pennant was flying in the *Princess Charlotte*, a huge three-decker, painted yellow and white, and looking shorter and higher than any Ning Po junk. A small fleet of gunboats looking very like business. Stopped on board to receive the usual official visits.

The Commodore.

May 1.

At noon the shore guns fired a salute, which was cleverly returned by the gunboats firing in succession. The Governor having sent to know the time when I landed, at 2 P.M. was received by Colonel Guy and a guard of 73rd Regiment. His Excellency, Sir Richard MacDonnell, having sent his carriage, I

1867. went, accompanied by the Commodore and Flag-Lieutenant, at once to get visit of ceremony over. We found His Excellency and charming wife. Took up my quarters with old friend John Dent at the palace of Dent and Co.; a room was allotted for Harry Stephenson, as well as for W. H. Read. The flag was transferred to the *Princess Charlotte*.

Hong-Kong. The Opera company small, but for a beginning very fair, and included three French ballet dancers. My conveyance was a chair with four bearers, good-tempered fellows whom no work could tire. Was made an honorary member of the Artillery and Engineers, as well as of the 73rd Mess. The wife of Colonel Guy was the eldest daughter of my old chief Admiral Plumridge, as was also Mrs. Cumming in the same regiment, by his second wife.

May 4. Read, Stephenson and self went to Macao, in an American-built steamer running between Macao and Hong-Kong. Nothing could be cleaner or more comfortable than these vessels.

'We left Hong-Kong at 10 A.M. and entered the inner harbour three hours and a half later. We put up at the house of Dent and Co., provisions and servants having been sent with us. Considerable improvement had been effected by the last governor in roads, cleanliness of streets, etc. A lighthouse had also been built, but as these improvements required money that might otherwise have been remitted to the mother country, the governor was not allowed to

May 5. remain. After dinner we visited the gambling-houses, recently licensed, curious to see, but too hot to remain in for many minutes.

The rules of the game appeared to me less unfair for the player than most games of the sort. A small square cloth in the centre of the table is marked 1, 2, 3, and 4

on the sides. Before placing your stake, a heap of small pice is placed by the dealer or keeper before him on the table, which is partially covered by a cup, the pice are then withdrawn by a pointed stick or long steel needle. As each four are separated they are swept into the original heap from which the handful had just been taken. Four at a time are so withdrawn until the last lot, under five, remain. It is according to the number left whether 1, 2, 3 or 4 win. 1867.

For instance, if three remain, and you put your money on, you get three times your stake. I was next an American gentleman who had had a dream in which No. 1 was the winning number; in backing his dream he had lost $1400.

On Sunday 5th the English mail arrived at Hong-Kong. Our letters were sent to us in one of the gunboats, the first letters we had received since leaving home. All good news with the exception of the death of Sir Phipps Hornby, removing one admiral from the active list, and rendering the probability of my completing my three years less. May 6 to 14.

Returned to Hong-Kong in time for Dent's breakfast. Tuesday, visited the new docks, which are being excavated at Aberdeen, magnificent docks, 400 feet long, capable of holding any ironclad likely to be sent to this station. Hong-Kong.

One afternoon, partly walking and partly being carried in chairs, we went over the island by the gap to Dent's house at Pokofolum, which must be a delightful residence in the S.W. monsoon: it has both a vegetable and flower garden. Some Formosa fallow-deer were thriving in a secured place. Being pressed for time, we returned in our chairs, Overbeck on foot, and reached the town-house in forty-seven minutes! Six miles. I had to dine at Government House, a large

1867. party. Commodore Jones entertains lavishly. He gave me an excellent dinner the other day. His quarters on board the *Princess Charlotte* are roomy, airy, and most comfortable. Dined also a large party, with Mr. Whittal, Jardine and Matheson's representative. They have a very nice house prettily situated on a hill. The table, furniture, etc., were as good as money could procure. Around the rooms were some superb race cups, such as I fancied were only to be seen on the front of the stand at Goodwood.

Whampoa, May 14. Harry Stephenson and I started by packet steamer for Whampoa. Fine boats, American build, leave Hong-Kong and Canton every morning, meeting somewhere about the Bogue Forts. They now belong to a company, and fly the English flag. They perform the journey generally within eight hours, carrying cargo, many Chinese passengers and a few Europeans, seldom more than ten.

We got out at Whampoa to see the *Pearl* and *Salamis* in dock. *Pearl* but little damaged, a small portion of her fore-foot and false keel. More serious the *Salamis:* four-and-twenty of her timbers fractured, and damage to keel; necessary to take out two foremost boilers, both of which required repair. Advantage of this opportunity was taken to have accommodation on deck improved. All the work well superintended and conducted by Mr. Gillies, a most useful servant to the Dock Company.

Went on in the *Banterer*, commanded by my old shipmate Pringle, to Canton, but even this small vessel could not keep off the bottom while I was on board —passing the second barrier she bumped heavily, and, as I found afterwards, rubbed copper off.

Canton, May 15. We anchored off, what I recollect as a densely populated floating street of flower boats. All

that portion of the river has since been walled and filled in, forming an island on which were the foreign consulates and residences. The island retains the name of Shaimen. On landing I was received by the Consul-General, Robertson, and, after looking over the buildings, we, Stephenson and self, got into chairs, and proceeded into the city of Canton, the Consul's residence being within the Tartar quarter and interior wall, inside this great walled city, closed for so many centuries against all foreigners. 1867. Canton, May.

We traversed nearly three miles of narrow, densely-populated streets before we reached the Tartar yamun. Robertson had the good taste not to alter anything beyond the addition of a little European furniture. The building was old, and I occupied a bed which had most likely been slept in by some Tartar general when they captured Canton from the Chinese in the seventeenth century. At the back of the house were a court and out-buildings, and the remains of a large building which caught fire, nobody knew how, when occupied by our troops in 1861.

Beyond this again was a park-like enclosure, containing small hills, trees, and deer. Although not more than 15 acres, the extent was great when you consider that it was in the heart of a densely-populated walled city. The weather was bad, and we did not see half of what we might had we had more time.

Nothing, however is more curious than the city itself, the shops and the narrow streets along which our chairmen travelled at what appeared a reckless pace, bellowing to make people get out of the way, but somehow hurting nobody. We visited some of the prisons containing culprits under sentence of death; they appeared indifferent as to their fate,

1867. looked and laughed at us. Others at work making or embroidering clothes—not for themselves. About 1500 are executed annually! At the entrance gate to the Tartar General's yamun are large figures of nondescript animals carved in granite and of great antiquity.

May 17. My friend Robertson bore a strong resemblance to Lord Nelson and Lord John Russell. Whether he had guests or not he sat daily at the head of his dinner-table in great form. A row of servants on the right, with several dogs in front, all looking equally solemn. On the left was a long sideboard variously ornamented; plates and cups of silver.

After dinner, when everything was quiet, I noticed rats playing about, picking up crumbs the Consul had thrown out during dinner. I drew his attention to them and proposed to set the dogs on; to which Robertson objected, saying they did no harm, and that if frightened they would throw out such a stench of musk no one could stay in the room. The deer in his park would scarcely move out of his way.

Took leave of our kind host, who would accompany us to the steamer, lying ready alongside a wharf built in front of the site of the old factories, where, some quarter of a century before, when in command of the *Dido*, I had passed many pleasant days. Not a vestige remains to indicate the site.

Accompanying the captain round the decks and among the various groups of Chinamen, some gambling, others opium-smoking, we came to the women's department, old and young, with children of various ages—some at the breast. In the fore part of all I observed three old hags of repulsive aspect; some had three or four infants slung around them, varying in age from two months to a year. These, I found, were for

sale, a ready market being found among the less poor Chinawomen of Hong-Kong; the price asked me for the finest was four dollars, but that was an exorbitant demand. How the old hags came by the children is all conjecture. 1867.

Returned to Hong-Kong. In the afternoon accompanied the Governor to visit Stone Cutter's Island, on which his predecessor had built a magnificent prison, but which, owing to the energetic measures lately adopted for ridding the island of bad characters and marking the worst in the face and publicly scourging those that return, crime has so much diminished that the prison in Hong-Kong is found sufficient to accommodate those that require such lodgings. Hong-Kong, May 18.

His Excellency's visit on this occasion was to ascertain the opinion of the Commodore and myself as to the feasibility of transferring the naval establishment to the island. The position would have been good had it been selected at first, but as £200,000 has been laid out on the one in Victoria the Board of Admiralty would not be likely to sanction the extra expense. There is no doubt that the naval and military establishments in Victoria are considerable obstructions to the improvement of the city, and prevent the continuation of a sea or harbour frontage and sea wall, with a road, or praya, which is intersected for more than 3000 feet at the part occupied by us and the military.

Pearl being ready for sea the flag was shifted from the *Princess Charlotte* to her. May 23.

Being Her Majesty's Birthday the ships were dressed with masthead flags, and at noon a general royal salute was fired, batteries and ourselves, the reports sounding with great effect under the high May 24.

1867. land. Soirée at Government House, everybody attending.

Flag in *Pearl*, May 27. Embarked on board *Pearl*, when I was received with manned yards, to visit different parts of the station. *Salamis* still under repair. At 2 P.M. returned the Commodore's salute and steamed out of Hong-Kong by the Cap Sing Moon passage, having been a month most kindly and hospitably entertained by John Dent and his cheery and good partner Oberbeck.

Swatow, May 28. We arrived early off Swatow, but having to wait for water over the bar came to outside. It was 9 P.M. before we brought up off the Consul's house, on the right bank and opposite side to the town. These Swatow Chinese are a turbulent and troublesome set, hardly yet accustomed to the sojourn among them of the hated barbarian. An attempt made by a Mr. Richardson to establish in a house he had built and furnished a few miles up the river was opposed by the natives, over whom the authorities appear to have little or no control. They damaged the house, carried off the furniture, and ill-treated Mr. Richardson's servants. The gunboat *Drake* had gone up to look after other matters. The Consul, Mr. Caine, was absent, and the duty done by his Vice, Mr. Cooper, who hailed from Norfolk, and had a pretty wife and a boy nearly as fine as my Colin.

We exchanged visits, the Consul getting his salute. Swatow is an uninteresting place to the visitor, but an extensive trade is carried on from a large city some distance up, Ch'ao-Chow-fu. In the month of March last the U.S. barque *Rover* sailed from Swatow, got into a gale off Formosa, struck on a rock, made more water than the pumps could keep

under, when the captain and crew took to the boats and saw their ship founder. 1867.

The captain had his wife and first mate with him and a Chinese crew, in another boat was a mate and also a Chinese crew. The boats separated, and after a while the captain landed on the southern coast of Formosa, and while preparing a meal was attacked. They retreated to hide themselves in the jungle, and all were supposed to have been murdered with the exception of one Chinaman, who hid himself until dark and then found his way to a China village some twelve miles off.

He subsequently reached Amoy, where he found no American man-of-war, so went to the *Cormorant* and stated the above facts to Commander Broad, who lost no time in proceeding to the spot; he found the *Rover's* boat where her captain had left her, but on attempting a further examination he was fired on from the jungle. His boat was shot through and one man wounded. Unable to see his foe, after sending a few rounds into the jungle he wisely withdrew. The United States Admiral sent a small vessel, which could get no satisfaction, and consequently could give none to the friends of the missing captain and his wife.

Swatow, May 29.

During the afternoon of the Wednesday an old American acquaintance of former years at Whampoa, Mr. Botefuhr, came on board to solicit interference and assistance from me, which he stated he had in vain applied for to his own Admiral. Botefuhr's wife is sister to the wife of the captain of the *Rover*, and although it is known that many were killed there is as yet no positive proof that the captain and his wife were slain. My poor friend clung to the hope that the savages would not have

1867. the heart to murder one so fair as his sister-in-law, who was so young, and, as he described her, "only a few months married, comely to look on, and of nice proportions." It is difficult for me to interfere without causing jealousy on the part of the United States Admiral. My friend, Botefuhr, has already drawn comparisons not complimentary to his countryman.

May 30. Started in charge of a pilot, a European, of whom there are seven, at 10 A.M., having crossed the bar, found the wind fresh from the N.E., and shaped our course inside the Namoa Island, during daylight the pleasantest route; finding the wind freshening we brought up for the night in Tong Sang, a well-sheltered anchorage.

May 31. Weather fine, at 5 A.M. steamed out; performed the 74 miles to Amoy with three boilers in seven hours.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

North China Ports

1867. Amoy, May 31.

At Amoy we found the *Cormorant*, a pretty fast despatch gunboat, Commander Broad, whose master came with him and piloted us to a berth in the inner harbour, thereby exciting the jealousy of our own smart master, who might have made a mistake in the passage between the town and the island of Kulangsau. Later in the year this place was celebrated for that prince of fruits, the pumalo. Of course there are many others, but none to be compared to it.

The trade here, although one of the first ports open to foreigners, is not equal to Swatow. It is one of the outlets for the enormous province of Fuh Kien, and an accessible port. There is a rare animal here in the shape of a really *active* Chinese Admiral, and piracy within reach of his station is unusual, although it is supposed that time, place and opportunity offering, his cruisers are not above levying blackmail. A good dock, 286 feet long, and capable, owing to a great rise and fall of tide, of taking in vessels drawing 17 feet, into which the *Cormorant* will go on Tuesday next for repairs. Our Consul appears to be conspicuously and well-housed on the highest part of Kulangsau, command-

1867. ing a view both up and down the river. On this island most Europeans live, keeping their offices in the town of Amoy. Coal to be had, and always ready, but the coolies lazy, coal being sent in ten or twelve-ton boats.

June 1. French mail arrived, bringing news up to May 6. A wonderful change is here! No news of importance. Rumours of warlike preparations. Nations hesitate nowadays before striking a first blow, but those armed to the teeth are not so easily kept in check. The only really sad news from England is the continued suffering of that most amiable of all Princesses.

Broad gave me a pair of walrus teeth, put on board him by a suspicious-looking junk, manned and armed for war, but there was no proof of aggression.

June 3. Inspected *Cormorant* at 10 A.M. In excellent order. Received with manned yards. No room for ball practice, but clear for action, and guns loaded within three minutes. Noon.—Weighed in *Pearl* and steamed out, two boilers. An old *St. Jean d'Acre*, Shearman, chief engineer.

June 4. In the morning we were off the Dogs' Islands, and a pilot shortly on board. Although we made sail, we were too late to save the high water over the bar; brought up until the morning. While at anchor observed numbers of curious-looking snakes floating past; they did not appear lively, and the pilot pronounced them to have been washed out of the paddy-fields. Had one caught in a bucket. It appeared more dead than alive, and it was with difficulty that we discovered its mouth and something like eyes; it was a brownish colour, about a foot long, and as transparent as a jelly-fish: some of us thought it was a piece of seaweed, even after handling.

The tail end appeared more lively than the head; at

different parts of the body it had the appearance of having been ripped in two by a piece of thread tied round the body. Some one on board had read in some book that if you broke these snakes at their apparent joints, each piece became a separate snake. The head was considerably thicker than the other part of the body ; it tapered gradually to the tail. While moving in the water it looked like a lively and dangerous animal, but in a basin of water it was almost inanimate. 1867.

Soon after 9 A.M. weighed and steamed into the entrance of the river Min. Carrying the tide with us, we made rapid progress through a tortuous channel until we came to the contracted entrance of the Kiu Pai Pass, when nothing can be prettier than the scenery, which again opens into a wide expanse for three or four miles, and then the channel enters between high rocky hills, not unlike the best parts of the scenery on the Rhine. June 5.

Three miles of this brought us to Pagoda Island, where we anchored. The city of Foo-chow is some ten miles higher up, but to be approached only by small craft. From this port three clipper tea-ships started last year, performing the most extraordinary sea race on record, the three ships arriving in London within a few hours of each other. Several are now loading and two or three are already off—beautiful ships, reminding one of fine old sailing days of *Dido*, which class of ship they greatly resemble.

On June 7, steamed down against the tide, and steered for the Yang-tse-Kiang. June 7.

Having picked up a pilot off Gützlaff Island, we came to in the evening off Woosung, doubtful whether, with our draught, 20 feet 2 inches, we could proceed over the bar. June 9.

1867. June 10. Having transported some of the guns forward, we crossed the bar and steamed up to Shanghai.

Shanghai. Little like the place we took possession of twenty-five years ago. It is difficult to recognise the Chinese element at all in this great commercial port; even the pilots are European. The buildings, roads, carriages, consular flags, merchant steamers, as well as those vessels propelled by rope and canvas, all tend to hide from sight that Shanghai still belongs to China. French, American, and Prussian men-of-war are here. No saluting on account of close quarters.

Landed in afternoon; kindly taken in by George Fitzroy and his wife, having known him from the time he was of the same age as a sweet little girl resembling what he was. The comfort and quiet of this place is what I wanted. Mrs. Fitzroy is a charming person. Although requiring quiet, had not time to frame an excuse before I found myself engaged to dine with Mr. Winchester, the Consul, to meet Sir Rutherford Alcock, who is here making his annual tour of visits to the Consulates at the Treaty Ports; with him are Mr. Conolly (very tall) and Major Crossman of the Royal Engineers, employed by Government to inspect and report on all buildings within its jurisdiction, naval, consulate, colonial, or military; also my old friend Wade, once of 98th, perhaps the most efficient scholar and interpreter in China.

Flag in *Rattler*, June 11. A court-martial detained the *Pearl* and *Rattler* (in charge of station). *Argus* also here, attending on the Minister, with a new commander just appointed in Hallowes.

Algerine, with a smart little lieutenant, Domville, will proceed south as soon as her commander is clear of the doctor. We have also *Acorn*, hospital ship, Mr. Roe in charge, an intelligent surgeon.

Walker & Boutall sc.

Although not well enough to enjoy dinner at Consulate on Tuesday, was pleased at meeting Sir Rutherford Alcock, when we arranged for my visit to Peking. 1867. June 13.

We have a coal depot and store-houses here, away from any river frontage, and as inconveniently situated as a place of the sort could be. An advantageous sale, as well as purchase of a more suitable site, might now be made, but the Admiral is not invested with the necessary power.

The Vice-Consul, Mr. John Markham, has promised me some good shooting, three days' journey from this, in the proper season, after September. Heard of the failure of the house of Dent and Co. Independent of the ruin of so many poorer people, that of John Dent causes universal sympathy and regret.

Shifted flag from *Rattler* on board *Manila*. At noon sailed, having written the Commodore of my intention to go to Nagasaki, which may reach Hong-Kong in time to save his going to Shanghai. Yesterday the Fitzroys had a dinner party, including the Minister, the *attaché*, Conolly, Wade, and Commander Swan. Birds'-nest soup. Flag in *Manila*, June 15.

Sir Rutherford Alcock.

Had conversation with Sir Rutherford as to the next steps towards the suppression of piracy. We agreed that

1867. the disarming, as far as heavy guns were concerned, of all traders was necessary. He thought the Chinese Government were sincere in their expressed wish to put it down. The promised co-operation with other European Powers is necessary to prevent jealousies. In searching junks for guns the presence of a responsible Chinese authority necessary. Respectable interpreters should be found for our cruisers.

After I have consulted with my brother Admirals of France and United States, Russia, Prussia and Netherlands too, if I can get them, intend to address Sir Rutherford on the subject, and get them to do likewise to their respective Ministers. Sir Rutherford agreed with me that the small Portuguese settlement of Macao was a nuisance—the haunt of pirates: the centre of that diabolical trade in kidnapped coolies, worse in its features than the traffic in slaves. Besides, the Portuguese have no legal right to Macao.

To enjoy a visit to Peking one should go up about the middle of September, so as to have a walk on the hills where all the Foreign Ministers reside during the hottest of weather, returning to Pekin the last week in that month. Mr. Conolly seemed to think that he could easily obtain some of the crossoptalon, the species of pheasant so coveted by Lord de Grey.

Nagasaki, June 18. Entered the deep bay which forms the beautiful harbour of Nagasaki. Feeling still invalidy, took advantage of a lull to land in a boat brought off from shore by Mr. Alt, and proceeded at once to his prettily-situated residence high up on the side of a hill. Flag was shifted to *Pelorus*.

Flag in *Pelorus*, June 30. On 24th the weather held up and we formed a riding party of six—Haswell, Risk, Lindau, Norton, Alt, and self—and landed where the ponies had been sent, and rode to the village of Tokito. Nothing can be prettier

than the scenery, while every available flat was under cultivation, chiefly padi ; the fields, with their mud banks, were small, but the irrigation perfect. Natives simple and civil to a degree. The village, prettily situated on the bank of what appeared to be an inland sea, was inhabited by fishermen. Our ponies were entire and savage, kicking each other whenever opportunity offered ; roads not much near Nagasaki, but particularly good when we got within Prince of Omera's territory. 1867. Nagasaki.

Risk led the way on a pulling pony, much against his will. On our return, tide being out and boat unable to come up to the spot at which we disembarked, we rode home through the town, the most curious feature of the ride being the facility with which the ponies travelled up and down a steep flight of stone steps.

Had one short afternoon in the china and curio shops. Market in everything spoilt since the influx of Europeans ; prices higher, and china, particularly that called the egg china, much inferior to what I had formerly received from here. Mr. Lindau gave me a magnificent specimen of the teredo or borer—the largest I have seen.

On the 26th *Salamis* arrived, having the Commodore on board on leave. Shifted flag. The pending troubles in Japan appear to have excited the Saimonirai to renewed animosity against Europeans, and it became necessary to restrict the leave of the men, and to oblige officers to carry revolvers. I think my secretary, W. B. Risk, and nephew, Dob Crosbie, are now alive owing to this precaution ; for one afternoon, returning in company from the native town of Nagasaki, a two-sworded man, heated by liquor, threw up his sleeve and was proceeding to Flag in *Salamis*, June 26.

1867. draw his sword, when Risk's revolver made its appearance, and the Saimonirai swaggered past. A few moments later, a number of Europeans in hot pursuit of the same man, informed them that he had cut down some people in the settlement, and the Portuguese Consul had barely escaped with his life.

Flag in *Salamis*. Inland Sea.

4 A.M.—Weighed; dirty weather. So left the pretty scenery to keep for some more auspicious day. Made for Spex Straits, through which passage nothing can be prettier, but Japan is a new and interesting country, with—apparently—everything within itself, while the wants of the natives are few, and all appear happy and contented; a state of things to which the boasted superiority and civilisation of the European will speedily put an end.

Beautiful pasture appeared on most of the hills, but beyond a few bullocks and buffaloes as beasts of burthen, and for agricultural purposes, cattle are not required by these simple people. They look strong and healthy, but eat no meat.

On emerging from these narrow and winding Straits, in which there is depth of water for the largest ships, we made the entrance to the Inland Sea through the Straits of Shimonoseki; the rain kept off, and the sea without a ripple, the *Salamis* made light work. As we entered the Straits, in addition to the ever-changing scene of hills and valleys, wood and pasture, coves, inlets, and snug anchorages, the scent of flowers was wafted off.

July 1. Daylight, got under weigh from off Kokura and steamed through the Straits; a strong tide against us gave time to enjoy the scenery and examine the numerous curious-looking trading vessels, arriving, departing, and at anchor off the town of Shimonoseki. After passing these we came to the dis-

mantled batteries which Chioshiu, the Prince of Nagato, considered strong enough to guard the Inland Sea against all foreigners, but which in 1863 Admiral Kuper, assisted by the French, proved to the contrary, and by treaty afterwards stipulated that the fortifications should not be rebuilt, an agreement which has been strictly adhered to. After passing the Straits and the weather continuing dirty we ran for the island of Hime Sima, and came to off a large fishing village. 1867.

Weighed at 4.30 and steered to the eastward through this beautiful Inland Sea, altering course occasionally as we threaded our way between the islands, bringing up in the afternoon on the south side of Cape Kadzitoi, a snug anchorage, near a fishing village, but the boats had not come in. Tried our seine on a sandy part of the beach, but without success. Natives venturing alongside and afterwards on board with much coquetting,—simple, quiet, good sort of people. Got a pretty bivalve and a helix that must have been washed from the land by the rains; with more time some fine shells might be collected. Inland Sea, July 2.

4.30.—Weighed and stood to the eastward, passing islands on both sides with all the appearance of a pretty, moving panorama—water perfectly smooth. Numerous native boats about, some fishing, while others were under their grotesque but picturesque sails. July 3.

4.30 A.M.—Weighed: Fine weather. Sun shining, it being just before the time of high water, met the last of the flood, and passed through the Naruto (Japanese for gate of the sea), ran alongshore to the S.E. Coming into the open we met a strong breeze and head sea. By the morning we had again run into fine weather. July 4.

1867. Yokohama to Yedo, July 5.

At 4 P.M. we came to in Yokohama, but on receiving a letter from Sir Harry Parkes, inviting self and three friends to Yedo, weighed again and ran the distance to Yedo, 15 miles, in an hour and five minutes. The French admiral, Rose, in the *Guerinere*, had saluted my flag as soon as they could well make it out. *Perseus* returned, *Basilisk* and two gunboats in the anchorage. Commander Stevens ill on shore in hospital. Several men-of-war of various descriptions, wearing the Government flag of the Tycoon, or more properly Shogoon, which I trust we shall have the means of licking into shape. The British Government well represented in Sir Harry Parkes, who appears to be very properly and prettily mated, with three children here and two at home, one of those here a fine and handsome boy, same age as my Colin.

Harry Parkes.

Yedo, July 10.

Yesterday was fixed for our visit to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, an office lately decided upon, at the instigation of Sir Harry. We formed a respectable *cortège*. The Minister with his staff of three, Commodore, Secretary, Flag-Lieutenant and self. Orders—cocked hats and side arms. We were all well mounted, escorted by our guard of eight lancers, two of whom preceded. The rear of all was brought up by a native guard, mounted on disreputable-looking ponies. Notice had been

given of our intended visit, and the usual curiosity exhibited. Our route to the castle lay through some three miles of town. We were properly received. Guards in the entrance kneeling. In the audience chamber table and chairs to suit such visitors provided. Tea, tobacco, saki, pipes and sweetmeats. 1867.

Conversation commenced, as in all civilised places, about the weather; then, naval matters, site for the buildings, for the instructing officer to live in, assurances of good feeling, etc., during which a couple of hours slipped away, when we returned as we came.

Was struck with the ease and gentleman-like bearing of these Japanese officials. Their costume dark, and nothing imposing about it, as in case of the Chinese. Hearing that I was about to return to Yokohama, my visit was returned this morning by the minister and officials connected with the Naval Department.

We had another ride yesterday, as we have had each day, through this wonderful and interesting city. We rode to the bridge, from which distances to all parts of the kingdom are reckoned, by the outer mole, through such pretty scenery of water, green banks and trees, that after having made a tour of some five-and-twenty miles, it was difficult to believe that we had never been outside the town of Yedo. During the day the following little event unfortunately occurred :— Yedo, July 11.

The minister is not allowed to move without being followed by a dozen of these ragamuffin guards, which the Japanese Government maintain are necessary for his protection, but which are nothing more than mounted spies—now and then, when we were trotting, one of these fellows would pretend to get excited and dash past the minister.

1867. Each day some of them had been checked and ordered back to their places in the rear; but yesterday one of them, whether from over-excitement or impudence is not known, dashed past me, and was stopped by Sir Harry Parkes, who applied the crop of a heavy hunting whip across his shoulders and held the same over the head of the officer or man in charge, threatening to serve him out also if he did not keep his men in better order. Sir Harry then made one or two mounted orderlies turn the whole native squad of twelve into a side road; one that led to the inner route. They scampered off, a ridiculous and ignominious retreat.

However, before we got home, we saw four following, but at so respectable a distance that a looker-on could not have discovered that we were the objects of their observation. The only pity was, that the minister did not leave the dirty work of inflicting the chastisement to one of the orderlies or one of his staff, who all looked as if they would have liked the fun.

Yokohama, July 22. At sea in the *Salamis*, *Serpent*, surveying vessel, Captain Bullock, in company. Sir Harry Parkes to follow in *Basilisk*. Our object to meet at Hakodadi, then proceed north and to the West Coast and decide on the best port for trading purposes. Harbour, with calls to make, visitors to receive, exercise to take, curio shops, etc., is not the place to keep up a journal. After six days at Yedo, partaking of the hospitality of Sir Harry and Lady Parkes, the *Salamis* arrived and took us back to Yokohama. I was promptly called on by the French Admiral Rose, one of the most agreeable of Frenchmen, his chief of staff, Flag-Lieutenant, and all appeared to be of same stamp.

I visited Monsieur Leon Roches, Minister Plenipotentiary, on whom, I was informed, I ought to call; likewise a good fellow, and who appeared to be, as described by his countryman Rose, more of the Zouave Colonel than the Diplomatist. There is more to see and be amused with in Yokohama than at most places. The Club is well managed by a ci-devant marine officer, W. H. Smith, but that which makes the society and place most agreeable is the presence of the 2nd Battalion of the 9th (Norfolk Regiment), commanded by Colonel Knox. After having given me a grand entertainment (proper word, I believe) we were made honorary members of their mess. Then a party was formed to visit the statue of "Daibootz," a Great Bhudda. We were four sailors, with eight from the garrison, the distance about 15 miles. Ponies were kindly lent to most of us, Mr. W. Davison, P. and O. Agent, mounting me. 1867.

We got away at 7.30. Most of the journey was performed Indian file, one of the officers of 9th, well acquainted with the roads, leading the way; but what made the single file more necessary was the viciousness of the Japanese ponies, who obstinately refused every attempt on our part to get them to associate with one another; a stamp, a scream, and a kick follow in quick succession, if you are for a moment thrown off your guard by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, which for constant variety I never saw equalled. July 24.

About three hours brought us to the once celebrated (in Japanese annals) city, now village, of Kama Kura, passing through which, and by the entrances to grounds surrounding sacred temples, we came to the end of a straight bit of road where a path turns off abruptly to the right, leading to the famous

1867. bronze statue, but here we dismounted to examine the spot and have again described to us the cruel murder which took place in 1864 of two fine young fellows of the 20th Regiment, Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird, who were cut down by some fanatical Yakonie, while returning from a visit to the Great Bhudda.

The assassins were eventually executed in front of the English camp; one of them requesting to chaunt a song before being executed, prided himself on what he had done and would do again if he lived, and cautioned his countrymen that the foreigner would take the country from them. Had this fellow died fighting he might have been a patriot; as it was, he and another committed a most dastardly murder on two unarmed gentlemen by lying in ambush and striking behind.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

Daibootz

We dismounted when near the statue, and, leaving our ponies, entered a shrubbery by a path which, taking a turn to the left, brought us suddenly, at the distance of about 100 yards, in front of Daibootz himself. It is a huge and imposing spectacle, built, not cast, of sundry pieces of bronze, but so beautifully put together that joints are imperceptible at first from the outside. It is only on going inside that you see how it was riveted, in much the same way as we should (forgive the comparison) a huge boiler. The inside, too, has been desecrated by the usual number of Saxon names. 1867. July 24.

Several of our military friends, who had previously seen this gigantic statue, advised our not taking our eyes from the ground until close up to it, but that is a mistake ; you are astonished at the size, but it is only at a distance you see the beautiful proportions of the whole figure. The rising ground and green foliage at the back add much to the effect, and the best view is that which the people who erected it intended you should have, by the turn given to the path when it first appears in view.

On our way back we visited the Temple of Hakiman, the largest of the hundred in the neighbour-

1867. hood. It is curious and handsome. The site, too, as in all the temples of both China and Japan, is well chosen for its picturesque situation, as well as for the view to be obtained from it. But these temples are the work of men's hands, and not to be compared with the beautiful scenery through which we afterwards passed on our return home, by another route.

About noon we arrived at the village of Kanasawa, situated on the edge of a circular and nearly land-locked bay of the same name. At one of the clean and comfortable tea-houses we found ready a most excellent luncheon, sent early and provided by the messman of the 9th, to which ample justice was done by twelve hungry men: a siesta afterwards and a ride home in the cool of the evening.

A few short years have wrought a wonderful revolution in the political state of the Japanese and their feelings towards foreigners. We appear to be welcomed everywhere by smiles and good temper, especially by the lower orders.

The Daimios, who would a few years ago have put their Shogoon to death for entertaining the idea of permitting foreigners to trade, are now quarrelling among themselves as to whose port shall be the first opened to trade. These feudal chiefs are tenacious of their independence, and no longer live with a portion of their family within the precincts of the castle and moat at Yedo, but excuse themselves by stating that troublous times oblige them to keep their retainers with them and ready.

They seem to be ignorant of the fact that nothing will tend more to sap and explode the whole feudal system than the introduction of the foreigner with

our free notions, although differing materially from one another in our ideas of freedom, yet all tending to undermine a system similar to our ancient feudalism. 1867.

The United States, with their prohibitive restrictions on commerce and despotic governments, are the loudest in their call for Free Trade, and were the first to compel the Japanese to open their ports to the foreigner. France, that "grand nation," governed by force of arms, will allow herself to be second to none in free intercourse with the Japanese. Holland no longer eats dirt to be allowed to monopolise the whole trade; and, unable to compete with other nations in free notions of commerce, is fast retiring from the Japanese waters. Imperial Russia seems afraid of contamination with any traders. England, I believe, while she feels the hardship of enforcing our trade on these primitive and would-be exclusive people, is obliged to go with the stream, and as yet enjoys two-thirds of the whole commerce. Certain ports are open, and carrying on a thriving trade, and others are to be opened in January 1868.

The apple of discord has been thrown among these warlike Daimios, who, finding that their whole strength united can no longer keep out the foreigner, are likely to divide and quarrel among themselves. Several of these princes are far more powerful than the Tycoon himself, but the Tycoon is nominally the head of the Government, and each quarrel among the Daimios adds to his strength. The Tycoon is now at Osaka, ready to put down any single-handed Daimio, some of whom have threatened hostilities, fancying themselves aggrieved in not having been sufficiently consulted in the selection of the Treaty Ports: whether matters are to pass quietly on, time only will determine.

1867. As yet, beyond the visit I paid to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, I have seen none of their great men. The French, who, through their Minister, it is said, have got contracts for building docks and clothing the army for the Tycoon, have invested large sums of money in the country, so much so, that in case of civil war their interest will be to support the Tycoon, and they would persuade him that by a powerful army alone can he hope to govern and put down the turbulent chiefs. *Our* advice is to get up a respectable navy and make timely concessions. With their splendid harbours, mineral wealth, and vast resources, the Japanese ought to become a great maritime nation; while, beyond working artillery for their batteries, their soldiers will only weaken their resources and cut one another's throats. What different views different people take!

But to return to where the journal places us at sea after leaving Yokohama.

Flag in *Salamis*, July 22. *Serpent* led the way into Sendai Bay; she having communicated with some native fishermen found no safe entrance into the inner bay of Matsu Sima; so, to obtain protection from an easterly gale, we stood out again and found our way to the northward of an island, for which, as yet, we have no name, and stood on until we gradually shoaled our water to four fathoms, beyond which we did not venture, and came to for the night, perfectly secure against any wind.

July 23. Weighed at 8.30 and followed the *Serpent* round Sendai Bay, when I signalled her to pass through an inviting-looking passage formed by the mainland and Kingkasan or Gold Island. I was so struck with the beauty of country, the cultivation and apparent civilisation, that we determined on landing, and came to for the night. On the left the hills had been

cleared and a number of brood mares, with their foals, 1867.
were seen in different directions. On the right was a beautifully wooded island, with herds of deer feeding in the cleared spaces. Guns were immediately got ready and parties told off for a glorious afternoon's sport, and orders sent for the interpreter to get permission from certain houses we saw peeping through the trees.

Our messenger was forestalled by the going on board the *Serpent* of a priest who informed them that the island was sacred and dedicated to the Bhuddist God; that the deer were all tame and never killed, and that not so much as a stone was ever permitted to be removed; in fact, that any one attempting to commit such a sacrilege would surely die. He said there was gold among the sand on the east side, but that was guarded by a great serpent. A party went on shore at the invitation of the priests, and while they were inspecting the interior of the temple a fine stag walked in and ate several sheets of white paper from the hands of the strangers. None of the deer are ever killed, nor is one allowed to pick up the antlers they shed, which were seen lying about.

The Commodore and self landed on the opposite shore to inspect the more wild-looking horses. These we found as tame as the deer. They were but ponies, but some well-shaped mares among them. In climbing the hills I put up a hen pheasant, and I daresay there were others. The covert was good, but we had neither guns nor dogs.

On returning on board I found the priests, who had ascertained who I was, waiting to receive me. They appeared poor, civil and good-tempered, bringing an offering of small fans, descriptions on paper

1867. of their temple and island, also some nasty drink called saki. They seemed to enjoy some champagne! Should there ever be hostilities between us I shall know where to find some good fat venison. We weighed again before midnight and followed the *Serpent* to the northward.

Nanbu Harbour, July 24. 10.30.—Made the entrance to Nanbu Harbour, when *Serpent* led us into as beautiful a haven as can well be imagined. Land high, bold, and wooded on both sides. Entrance about half a mile wide. Water, as signalled from *Serpent*, gradually decreasing from 50 fathoms, but too deep for anchoring for full 3 miles, and it was not until we had made a turn to the westward, and were completely land-locked that we got any soundings with the hand leads. Scenery such as Rio Harbour would be if the blue mountains were brought closer.

We brought up in a snug anchorage in 5 fathoms, close off a considerable fishing village called Yamaba. Natives appeared nervous and cautious at first, but gained confidence when they found the Japanese officers on board the *Serpent*. A seining party landed on a low sandy island and caught some small but sweet fish; some of them had the peculiarity of not spawning like most fish, but of producing a number of little plump fish like themselves, about 2 inches long, that swam and cut about as if they had never been confined!

On returning on board I found that the head of the village had sent his small present on board of stinking salt fish. The gunning party had shot ducks and seen pheasants, but it was the wrong season: the natives, of their own accord, never disturbing the game between the months of March and September. Had we given permission, our decks would have

been crowded with the villagers from morning till night, but we allowed them on board only occasionally for an hour. 1867.

Before I was up a present of saki in a neatly japanned little tub, two parcels of the dried sea-slug or *bêche de mer*, done up in paper bags on a japanned tray, were brought off by the principal traders of the place. Mr. Aston came from the *Serpent* to interpret; they smoked their pipes. I gave them a couple of small bottles of eau-de-Cologne, and wrote my name on their fans; they went away delighted. Nanbu Harbour, Japan, July 25.

Suttie, who had been on shore early, shot a fine swan, and Pusey had killed an animal the doctor pronounced to be a fennec; it was very savage, and showed fight with the famous dog Carlo, after having been badly wounded; it had a small foxy head, a short brush, and hair long, like some Scotch terriers. He was not sweet!

Leaving the *Serpent* to sound round this splendid harbour, particularly one of refuge should a vessel be caught in those gales so prevalent on this coast in winter months, at 10 A.M. we cleared from the numerous native boats and steamed out of the harbour. Weather and climate much the same as in our own dear isle at this time of year.

In the Straits of Sangar we met a strong westerly breeze, and that, with a lee set, obliged us to get steam up in the other two boilers. We came to in Hakodadi Harbour. Found a whole fleet of Japanese junks with but few European vessels. There is not much to attract in the town, shops containing nothing but what was imported. A fishing-party was immediately formed to start on the morrow for the Lake Cuoma, situated beyond the hills that rise from the plain. On the north side of the harbour, at a Hakodadi, July 26.

1867. distance of about 20 miles, a river entering the sea on the east side was said to be full of salmon and trout.

The European residents were particularly kind in providing us with ponies, while Mr. Deas most good-naturedly offered to accompany us. Half a dozen pack ponies were provided to carry on our commissariat and a change of clothes; these were to have started some hours in advance, but the usual mistakes were made of not equally dividing the packages, and after landing, beer cases had to be opened and repacked, smaller loads being more conveniently balanced on the packs.

It was a little after noon that our party of seven, in addition to servants, got fairly under weigh. We enjoyed our ride along the shores of the harbour, and then on the plain, which almost imperceptibly begins to rise towards the mountains, over which our route lay.

The Commodore and self were properly mounted on the steadiest of the ponies, although mine, "Punch," would allow none to pass him. Risk, with his usual luck, was on a runaway; Atkinson, who had but once before been in a saddle, was on an amorous pony that endeavoured to get at every herd of brood mares, of which there were many feeding on the plain, and at last got into difficulties by meeting two mares and a foal just as they were crossing the road from their straw-yard. A scream and a fight; one horse was kicked clean over, while the other two pawed and bit each other savagely.

The youngster got out of the fray unhurt; then there was a chevy over the plain to separate the combatants and catch the runaway! As we approached the high land we got enveloped in mist and rain, and

were obliged to abandon a short cut Mr. Deas was going to take us and return to the beaten track. The road was tortuous and slippery; numerous rivulets crossed by rickety planks, but these extraordinary ponies scampered along considerably faster than I liked or could help, without a fall, although with frequent slips of a yard or two. 1867.

From a Sketch by Commodore Jones, 1867.

Crossing a River in Japan.

On arriving at the top of a steep ridge, which showed like a gap in the mountain, the mist held up and gave us a view of the plain we had traversed, with Hakodadi and the sea in the background, which has not been inaptly compared to Gibraltar, as seen from Spain. On the other side we have a view of the lake, with a volcanic mountain in the distance smoking.

We had started too late to reach the fishing stream, so pushed on to a tea-house on the north

1867. side of the lake: clean and comfortable; here we did ample justice to our picnic dinner and enjoyed ourselves, as I fancy only sailors can; at least we do not get enough of this sort of life to make us indifferent to its (to me) many charms!

July 27. The next morning we started for another of these comfortable and convenient tea-houses, situated on the shore of Volcano Bay, near the mouth of the Salmon River, the sportsmen intending to dismount some 4 miles above and fish their way down. Luckily, the party who led did not know the intended spot, and continued on until they reached the house at which we intended to rest. This brought the whole party on, when it was ascertained that we were two months too early for salmon, and there was not a trout left above 3 inches long. In the evening our party was increased by Lieut. Rose and Mr. Read of the *Serpent*.

The scarcity of fish in no way interfered with our enjoyment. We were all early in the saddle. Started on our return by 9 A.M., a lovely and refreshing morning with a 30-mile ride before us, but as we got on to the plain on the other side the wind got up and the rain came down as it can in this country. But the comforts of home on board with a warm bath made the rain only another variety in our fun.

July 29. We found a French man-of-war, *La Place*, from Yokohama, probably sent to see what we were after. She landed two ugly priests, anxious to commence their work of mischief. The Russian gunboat *Garnastai*, commanded by a fine fellow, Count Lütkee, his mother English, also from Yokohama, on his way north. I had to receive visits from the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor—two gentlemanlike, agreeable fellows.

Landed with Commodore to visit Mr. Alfred

Howard and look at his curios. A nice collection of bronzes as well as pictures and small ivories. A small collection of shells! 1867.

After having received and paid above visits and invited Mr. Mitford of the Legation to come with us, at 5 P.M. weighed, with the intention of inspecting the coal-mines, said to be of good quality, at Twanai, and then rejoining the Minister at Nigata: the necessity of economising fuel not permitting *Serpent* and *Basilisk* accompanying us. July 30.

As we stood into the bay, at the bottom of which Captain Bullock had marked as about the spot we should find Twanai, we were puzzled at the number of villages, but after stopping and firing a gun he observed a boat coming out from the village we least expected, and Mitford soon recognised his friend Mr. Gower, the gentleman who had undertaken the contract from the Tycoon Government to work the coal-mine so many years. We found no shelter near the village. Twanai, July 31.

Opposite the valley up which the principal mine is situated, the coast is rocky, but the season being fine we came to in 10 fathoms off the village of Tomari, where Mr. Gower resided for the present. The town and harbour of Twanai, to which the coal, when worked, must be sent for re-shipment, is seven miles further to the eastward: a bar harbour, but with a snug anchorage, protected by a sand-bank; with six or seven fathoms inside. Yesso Island.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

The China Command

1867 Flag in *Salamis*, July 31.

We had heard much of the bears in this island of Yesso, and Mr. Gower was pressed for information. There were plenty of them, and two had been down for several nights running to rob a hut on the beach, only half a mile distant from the village, of salt fish.

Lieutenant Pusey, a keen sportsman, having obtained a guide, undertook to lie in wait for these bears; he found their traces, the marks where they had removed the thatch to get at the fish, and patiently remained until daylight, but Bruin did not put in an appearance. Pusey was, however, sanguine enough to try again the following night, with same success: the whole country round was either covered by forest or was one mass of rank vegetation over six feet high, from which it would have been impossible to have dislodged any game.

During the two days we allowed ourselves, weather permitting, to remain, one was to be devoted to a ride to Juranai, where we were to see the aborigines, the other to visit the coal-mines.

Aug. 1. We landed, a party of six, and proceeded to Gower's house, where he and his friends, the Japanese officers, had provided ponies. Another party had gone to haul the seine off the mouth of a river two

miles to the eastward, up which we had heard of trout and salmon. Our ride, although hot, was an agreeable one, enlivened by the addition to our party of Mitford. On arrival we found the Japanese Governor, a man of no great rank, had kindly provided a feast at his residence. The Japanese are proverbial for their cleanliness, and floors covered with mats. We found this second to none in that respect, and we voluntarily, before entering, kicked off our dirty boots. With the exception of sweetmeats and cakes, a Japanese feast is a nauseous thing : sea-slugs, stale fish, uncooked ditto, and scuttle-fish do not suit the English palate. 1867. Japan.

We walked afterwards to that part of the village where the Jonos dwell. They are an extraordinary-looking race ; short and square built, but the great peculiarity is their shock head of hair, which extends to their face and body. Their houses were cleaner than other savages, but that is probably owing to the force of example set them by the Japanese. They live chiefly by hunting the bear, which they are allowed to do under certain restrictions. One is that the skins are sold to the Government. Each village has a pet bear which is made much of, but off which they eventually have a grand feast and consume much saki.

The only curio obtained was one presented to me by the chief—a slip of wood, the size of a large paper-cutter, but carved on it were the figures of a Jono and a bear, while between them was a plate of fish and a bowl of saki. The use of this instrument was to lift the hair of the upper lip so as to clear the way for the bowl of saki, which it was essential should be drank at the feast of the bear. During the operation of the cutting up and cooking of the pet

1867. for the feast, the old women are allowed to howl and cry.

Friday, Aug. 1. I joined the party to see the coal-mine. Suttie and the Commodore preferred trying their hand at the salmon, which were just arriving on the coast.

An agreeable and pretty ride of two miles along a valley down which a small rivulet runs, and up which the tram or railway is being constructed, brought us to the coal-mine, into which—more to please Mr. Gower than myself, as nothing can be more uninteresting—I crept, half-doubled, through mud and water. After expressing my satisfaction, and taking a long and patient look at the adjacent hills covered with timber and brushwood, and rendered still more interesting to Mr. Gower by the vast seams of coal underneath, the line of which he seemed to know as exactly as if the mountain was of crystal, we wended our way back on foot, collecting several specimens of the land helix.

When we got back, a swell from westward had set the *Salamis* rolling, and made us anxious about the party who had crossed the bar to fish the river. About 7 P.M. they were seen coming off, but not without having been swamped, with the loss of rods and other gear. A heavy roller filled the boat. They wisely sat still until the two following waves had broken over them, and then jumped out and hauled their boat. They were assisted by the kind natives, who refused any remuneration for their trouble. We took leave of our kind and obliging friend, Mr. Gower, who, after having come on board to see me off, hurried on shore again to send assistance over the hills to the missing fishing party. We got under way at 7 P.M., and proceeded to the southward under easy steam.

Just before sunset we made out the smoke of two steamers, which proved to be the *Basilisk* and *Serpent*, preparing to take their departure from Nigata; but making us out, did not weigh. Captain Bullock having left with us directions where our boats might safely cross the bar, they left soon after daylight. 1867. Aug. 4.

Nigata is a large town, situated on the left bank, about three miles from the mouth. It belongs to the Tycoon, and but for the insuperable objection to a bar, and the exposure to all winds from N. to S.W. in the anchorage outside, it would most likely have been one of the new Treaty Ports. As it is, it carries on a large trade with junks. Nigata, Japan, Aug. 5.

The Governor had sent off officers with the usual compliments, whom we met as we proceeded on shore. I had left the ship as early as 8.30, fearing the Governor might have come off to wait upon me himself, but I believe he had no intention of doing anything of the sort. The officers we met turned about and accompanied us, not only to the shore, but never left us until we were again afloat; they were spies, but under the happy delusion that we imagined them to be a guard of honour! However, they did not molest or interfere.

Our object was to see the town and shops, and they took us to them. The town is clean, intersected by canals, and the population, although naturally anxious to see the strangers, did not molest us in any way. On our way back we were requested to visit a rather imposing temple, but thinking it was an attempt to get me to call on the Governor, whose duty it was to wait on me, I passed on. But afterwards, on their explaining that if I would walk in and partake of refreshment, the Governor would call on me there, I went back.

1867. Tables and seats had been prepared for us, and after we had had some tea and fruit, and had waited about a quarter of an hour, the mob at the entrance gate was dispersed, and running footmen came in advance, announcing the Governor's approach. He arrived, mounted on a remarkably nice strong pony, but dismounted at the end of the road and approached on foot. We, directed by Mitford, rose to receive him. The usual commonplace conversation took place as to weather. How old we were, and how well we all looked; all of which was taken down in writing, before we took our departure. I was rather struck with the appearance of the Governor, apparently superior in intellect to the generality of his countrymen. Good-looking, and said he was fifty.

We got under way at 3 P.M., intending, according to agreement with Sir Harry Parkes, to go to Ongi, a small fishing village near the south end of the Island of Sado, about thirty miles; but on nearing the land, we made out our two consorts at anchor off a village, which proved to be Oda. We came to with them and remained for the night.

Aug. 6. Weighed together at 5 A.M., Sir Harry having made arrangements to meet the Governor at Ongi, a small bay on the south-west side, and then to visit the gold and silver mines, some five miles distant, on foot. I preferred stopping at Ongi, having heard of hares and pheasants in abundance.

We came to in a snug little port, which required some caution in approaching, but was protected by rocks sufficiently numerous and high to break the force of a heavy sea. The favourable reports of game produced many sportsmen, but the weather being sultry, vegetation high, and no dogs, I waited the result. The return was 1 hare, 1 pigeon, 2 ducks, and

8 pheasants; total, 12. We weighed as soon as they came on board, and stood out under easy steam. 1867.

8 A.M.—Came to in four fathoms off Manao. Found a steamer with the Daimio Kaga's flag flying. Hitherto we had visited only such ports as belonged to the Tycoon. We were now in that of one of these feudal princes. Whether this will be the treaty port to be opened on the west coast, some one besides the Tycoon will have to be consulted. Manao, Aug. 7.

About midday *Basilisk* and *Serpent* arrived. The authorities on shore had sent off to the capital notice of the intended visit of our Minister. Prince Kaga had not hitherto shown any friendly disposition towards foreigners. There is no doubt but that this, his Port of Manao, is the best situated and the finest harbour on the west coast. The other port of Oösima, and next best harbour, about 100 miles to the southward, is likewise a Daimio's port, but too near to Osaka. Nigata would do well if no vessels larger than junks wanted to enter the river: no safe anchorage outside. The Tycoon has faithfully promised to open whatever port on the west coast we may decide on.

It was on the morning of the third day, Friday 9th, that a dozen of the Daimio's officers arrived, and immediately waited on Sir Harry Parkes on board the *Basilisk*. The interview was long, but not satisfactory. They were satisfied with what trade they had, and did not wish theirs to be made a treaty port. They were very civil and polite. Their Daimio was ill, and on that account could receive no one: no encouragement. But I have a great idea that our Minister will carry his point, although I do not see my way. Nothing would unite these Damios so soon as an attempt on the part of the Tycoon to Aug. 9.

1867. coerce one of them; besides, the Tycoon has had a lesson. Seaton and Mitford were sent overland to Osaka to wait there our arrival: a perilous journey I should think. At 5 P.M. we got under way for Nagasti, to be followed by *Basilisk*. *Serpent* left to survey the harbour.

Nagasaki, Aug. 12. On arrival in Nagasaki Harbour, heard of the cruel murder of two seaman of the *Icarus*, Lord Charles Scott. The poor fellows had fallen asleep outside a tea-house, when some passing Yakomins slashed their bodies with their two-handed swords, almost cutting them in two. My first step was to communicate the facts to the Hon. Minister in Japan, in the hope that the crime might be traced to its source. Suspicion fell on some of Prince Tosa's retainers.

Charlie Scott.

Whilst here we visited a Daimio, the Prince of Awa. We were received in a magnificent feudal castle, with drawbridges, moats, etc. I was accompanied by two or three members of the Legation, Suttie, Secretary and Flag-Lieutenant. On first arrival our presents were sent in, and then we were presented to the Prince. A dinner followed; the Prince took the head of the table; his guests were arranged according to rank. Half-way down, the table was depressed some feet below the level of the

upper table, and here his subordinate officers were entertained, illustrating the "below the salt" of our feudal times. The officer plied us with warm saki, but its effects showed sooner on our tempters than on ourselves. 1867.

Dinner was followed by a speech from the Daimio, who welcomed us to his territory, and, pointing to a recess full of Japanese curios, expressed a hope we would take with us some specimens of the manufactures of the country, as indeed we did, none leaving without a present.

Then followed Japanese theatricals, which of course we could not follow. On retiring to rest we found that a four-poster bed had been rigged up for each of us. A huge tub of cold water was provided, and a pint bottle of champagne was on each dressing-table, the Prince having evidently been informed that such conditions were essential to the everyday life of an Englishman.

Weighed and stood to the south-east. Sept. 1.

Came to off entrance to the Peiho. Sept. 25.

Stood into river, passed Taku Forts, and after the usual grounding at the bends and fouling of junks came to for the night. Sept. 26.

Moored off the British Consulate Tientsin. Received with the greatest kindness by Sir Rutherford and Lady Alcock; under their auspices saw much of Peking, which to the ordinary barbarian is not allowed. Peking, Sept. 27.

Our visit was specially marked by a most enjoyable riding excursion to the Great Wall of China. The party consisted of our Minister, Lady Alcock and her charming daughter, Miss Lowder, Conolly, one of the Secretaries of our Legation, Risk, Suttie, and Harry Stephenson. Riding in easy stages, the native

1867. servants were always one stage ahead, so that on arrival, after a refreshing bath, we found a table arranged with every possible luxury. Striking almost due north we stopped for the night at Cha-ho. Thence to the Ming Tombs, approached through an avenue of animals of colossal proportions, carved in stone—elephants, camels, and horses; and that they were not without artistic merit is proved by the fact that some of our horses whinnied and approached these stone representations in evident recognition.

Oct. We slept that night at Nankow. Next morning rode to Kou-li-yeng, our halting-place for the night. Next day to Miyü-hsien, where we had an admirable dinner.

Ku-pee-Kou, by the Great Wall of China, was the turning-point for home, visiting on the road Chao-tu-Chiang, Loo-shan, Niulang-shein, Saw-Chia-tieu and Semho, our last halting-place before re-entering the hospitable legation at Peking. We varied the amusement by an occasional raid on the wild geese and partridges met with on the road.

I was much impressed by the evidence of former splendour and prosperity—temples carved in marble; baths fed by natural hot springs; all in decay and covered with dust inches thick, the collection of centuries—so much so, that names inscribed on the dust, with dates many years previously, were as sharply defined as if written yesterday.

Oct. 25. This delightful visit over we returned to Nagasaki, calling *en route* at Cheefoo. A short stay in Japan, and we went south again, anchoring in Hong Kong on November 10, when I shifted the flag to *Princess Charlotte*. Then to Shanghai, where old memories and old friends clustered round me: the scene of many a stirring day in the *Dido*. Again to Japan, and further cruises on that beautiful and interesting coast.

CHAPTER XC

The Outlook for the New Year

Commencement of another year. My flag at the fore, flying on board *Rodney* in Corvé Bay, near Hiogo. *Rodney* nearly twelve months in commission, while I have been nine within the limits of the station, having assumed the Command-in-Chief at Singapore in March 1867. Thanks to the speed of the *Salamis* I have been enabled to visit all the important points of the China and Japan part of this extensive station, besides paying an agreeable month's visit to Peking and its neighbourhood. And I hope before leaving this part of the world to have a second peep at Nankin: four and twenty years since I was there in *Dido*. The event for which we have been preparing since my arrival has been the opening of Osaka, Hiogo, and other ports for commercial purposes. 1868. Hiogo, Jan. 1.

The necessity or advantage of opening these ports seems doubtful, but they were mentioned in the former treaty, and all the foreign ministers, however they may disagree on other points, seem united in the necessity of teaching the Japanese that treaties must be respected, and not lightly set aside. Owing to the political state of affairs in Japan, the weakness of the Tycoon power, and strength of the Independent Feudal Chiefs, as well as the uncertainty of the

1868. strength of two parties styled among themselves the "Admission" and "Expulsion" parties, it was deemed advisable to appear before Osaka and Hiogo with an imposing force. Our Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, had come from Yokohama in the *Adventure* troop-ship, Captain Hickley, with a guard of fifty of the 9th Regiment, besides his twelve mounted policemen in Lancer costume, and a large staff with the Legation of Consuls and interpreters in addition to the Attaché. The Americans made a good display of pennants, but France, afloat, was represented by one man-of-war, while their Minister, M. Roches, tried to emulate our Minister by a guard of marines at Osaka.

The Tycoon was at Miako endeavouring to carry on the government, opposed by Prince Satsumali Li Tosa and other powerful Daimios who had collected a sufficient number of retainers to threaten the power of the Tycoon. What their object is has not been ascertained. Most parties appear to agree as to the necessity of doing away with one of the two heads. The Tycoon invites a council of Daimios and expresses himself willing to be guided by their decision. The majority of Daimios decline attending this council and shut themselves up in their castles. The 1st of January arrives, and the ports of Osaka and Hiogo are open to foreign trade. Salutes are fired from the ships-of-war off both ports, and no demonstration or disturbance takes place.

Jan. 6. On the 6th *Basilisk* sails with mails for Hong Kong; *Salamis* for Chusan, to wait me there.

Jan. 7. On 7th I go over in *Sylvia* to visit and consult with Minister at Osaka. Land at foreign settlement, where we find horses to ride (4 miles) to the Legation. On coming on to the open space that surrounds the castle, met a number of troops arriving

in various and curious costumes. These proved to be the Tycoon's guard and retainers, he having retreated from his castle at Miako; the subsequent explanation of which was that Satsuma had surrounded the Mikado's Palace with his troops, and thereby was in possession of the Mikado's person: representing the seat of government. The Tycoon stated he had removed his troops at the order of the Mikado. Mikado is a child, but Satsuma had placed his own people as the advisers of the crown, and the Tycoon, too patriotic to shed blood and plunge his country into civil war, retired to his castle at Osaka. 1868. Jan.

I expect that the Tycoon is not deficient in courage; among the Japanese I have not seen a man more princely and determined, a good-looking man, apparently about thirty years of age. He, I think, is aware of much discontent among Prince Satsuma's followers; their swaggering and overbearing manner causes them to be hated by the inhabitants; they are some 300 miles from home, and when food gets scarce will have to disperse. The Tycoon will "bide his time," and eventually be recalled when they cannot do without him. The foreign ministers waited on the Tycoon, and received in reply an explanation worthy of a more civilised nation!

On Thursday 9th we were to return to Hiogo by the *Sylvia*, having had the *Rodney's* steam launch sent to the settlement to take us over the bar. Owing to a continued fall of rain and difficulty in getting coolies, it was late in the afternoon before we got away from the Legation. We, a large party, consisting of Captains Stanhope and Brooker, Mitford, Attaché, Captain Gibbs, Harry Stephenson, Adolphus Crosbie, Bradshaw of 9th Regiment, my servant Jan. 9.

1867. Fuller and others, descended the river in native boats from a creek at the back of the Legation.

On arriving at the settlement we found a fresh breeze from southward and a ripple on the water, although 2 miles from the mouth, sufficient to show that the bar would not be quite smooth. In addition to *Rodney's* launch we had the steam cutter of the *Sylvia*, which we took in tow. By the time we reached the mouth of the river it was too dark to judge of the state of the bar, although we could plainly see the white tops of the waves against the darkness beyond. We could also discern the ships-of-war at anchor outside.

Corvé Bay. Having a strong ebb tide, stronger perhaps from the late heavy rains, we pushed on, and in a few minutes found ourselves plunging into a head sea, the rollers breaking heavily. We saw at once that retreat was too late, our only chance being to have steerage way enough to keep the boat's head to the sea, which at every plunge broke angrily into her, threatening to extinguish the fires. Our only propelling power lay in steam, as, with the engine in the boat, no room is left for the oars to work, only a portion of the crew being sent on such occasions.

Besides, we all knew that in case of the boat filling, the weight of the engine was sufficient to take her down like a stone. We were not long in casting off the *Sylvia's* cutter to take care of herself. We hoped to find less sea when once across the bar. In that we were mistaken. In spite of pumps and baling the water was gaining on us, and as the boat got heavier it appeared as if each plunge must be the last. We had, too, the mortification to see that the current had carried us past the *Sylvia*, and we dared

not turn the boat's head in that direction without certain destruction from the seas that would inevitably have broken over her broadside. 1868.

The next few were anxious minutes, until we came under the lee of *La Place*, French frigate, which providentially lay just on our line ahead. We were drenched, bitter cold, and those who were not sea-sick very hungry. Nothing could equal the kindness and attentions of Captain Emot and the officers of *La Place*. To get on board the frigate was out of the question, although she rigged out her spanker-boom with a Jacob's ladder suspended from the end.

However, by means of waterproof cases they supplied us with all we required, even a tin of sardines, which the natives helped to get rid of, and mulled wine. Between 10 and 11 P.M. a lull took place, and we succeeded in getting to the *Sylvia*, and in the morning weighed for Hiogo, having first ascertained that the cutter was safe inside the river. Hiogo.

We afterwards heard that within a minute of being cast off she filled with a second sea, but being fitted with air-tight compartments as a life-boat, she was sufficiently buoyant to bear the weight of the engine. By holding up the portion of an awning in the fore part of the boat they succeeded in getting her head round, and drifted in again before the wind.

The following morning Admiral Bell, the American Commander-in-Chief, attempted to cross the bar in his twelve-oared barge, which capsized, when himself, Flag-Lieutenant Read, and ten seamen were drowned. We sailed in *Rodney* on the 11th; arrived at Yokohama on 13th.

On 19th went in *Firm* to visit the Naval Yard establishment for instruction of Japanese under the able management of Commander Tracey, assisted by Yokohama, Jan. 19.

1868. Lieutenant A. K. Wilson and a competent staff, of an engineer, warrant-officer, and seamen gunners. The pupils consisted of between seventy and eighty Japanese lads, all the sons of officers and respectable people, each lad wearing that distinguishing mark of rank, two swords. The College was a long, well-arranged building, with cabin, and bunks like those on board passenger ships: each cabin containing two students. Baths, cook-houses, etc., arranged after their own fashion, but the indoor instruction was carried on at tables with seats. They had their rigging and engineer lofts, a section of a frigate's maindeck with portholes and guns. This was rendered necessary, as, although the establishment bordered on the sea, the water was too shoal to admit of any man-of-war approaching near enough to be available for such purposes. They had, however, a small brigantine moored close by, and boats to teach them the practical part of a seaman's work.

No nation ever went through such changes, and so great a revolution, although still incomplete, in so short a time and with so little bloodshed. But internal dissensions must ensue, and the Saturday night of our arrival and the greater part of Sunday fires were blazing in five or six different parts of the city. This proved to be all property belonging to Prince Satsuma, who was domineering it with so high a hand over the Tycoon at Miako. A steamer of his that attempted to go to sea was chased and attacked by three of the Tycoon's vessels-of-war. Although there did not appear to be much damage done, it is the beginning of a Civil War which must decide which is to be the strongest and ruling power. Much has to be done, and that strongest of all earthly powers, the majority of the

people, has not as yet been thought of as having anything to do with their differences. It will be curious to watch the progress of events. 1868.

The most influential and dangerous party now are the ignorant, idle, lazy, two-sworded followers and retainers of the Daimios and Feudal chiefs—scoundrels who are alike a curse to their masters as well as the people. The fires at Yedo were extensive, and so near to the British Legation that two young students, a Mr. Easlim, and their guests, two American gentlemen by name of Hunt, thought it advisable to clear out. Having deposited their goods on board the *Firm*, they came to the Naval Yard establishment for board and lodging.

We were disturbed just as we were preparing for dinner by the body of one of the American gentlemen being borne in on the shoulders of five men, and badly wounded. He was laid on the floor and search made, but no wound being discovered, he was given some hot brandy and water, when it transpired that his revolver had accidentally gone off in the pocket of his *pants*. He sat up and ate a very good dinner, but blood having been discovered under his chair, it was thought advisable to make a further examination on our arrival next day in the *Firm* at Yokohama.

The English mail having arrived at Yokohama on 20th, we sailed the following day, and arrived off Jan. 21.
Osaka on the 24th, in time to cross the bar before Jan. 24.
dusk, when I proceeded to the Legation, *Rodney* going on to Corvé Bay. News had already reached Osaka of the burnings and doings at Yedo.

On 26th took leave of Sir Harry Parkes for Jan. 26.
a while; my intention to leave Captain Stanhope of *Ocean* in charge. The Tycoon's troops, some 2000

1868. strong, marched this morning for Miako. Reports of disaffection on part of Satsuma's followers; most likely provisions failing.

Jan. 27. Shifted flag to *Adventure*, and took leave of Japan for a while. *Rodney* to follow.

Feb. 1. Arrived at Shanghai. Made arrangements with regard to the new Naval Yard to be established on the right bank of Woosung River.

Feb. 6. Shifted flag to *Salamis*.

Hong Kong, Feb. 10. Arrived at Hong Kong, 10.40 A.M. *Rodney* arrived 2.30 P.M. Shifted flag to her. Each successive mail from northward brought accounts of the movements of the Civil War. The troops whom the Tycoon had sent against the disaffected princes had been met by Satsuma's followers and dispersed. The Tycoon, taking fright, had departed for city of Yedo, leaving his magnificent castle to be burnt. The Foreign Legations had quitted Osaka the best way they could, and retired upon Hiogo under the protection of the ships-of-war. The Tycoon's want of courage and retreat greatly disgusted Monsieur Roches, the French Minister. The French having embarked large sums in the construction of docks and other works, were pecuniarily interested in the stability of the Tycoon's Government. M. Roches retired to Yokohama, and would likely have continued his retreat to Paris, had he not been stopped by the newly-arrived French Admiral, Monsieur Ohier.

Other wavering Princes declared for the Mikado, in whose name Satsuma, Tosa, Chion, and other Daimios carried on the war against the Tycoon. Among them the Prince of Bozin came up from the westward; his line of march lay through Hiogo, and skirted the territory which had been allotted and

already taken possession of by the foreigners. Prince Bozin's advanced guard had gone on, and when his main body came up and were abreast of the Foreign Settlement, the not uncommon order for all to prostrate themselves was given. Two French seamen who were on the road attempted to cross the line of troops and were charged with spears. In the confusion the officer in command of Bozin's troops gave the order to fire, an order which was immediately obeyed; but, as in all probability it was the first time the Japs had ever to fire in earnest, no great damage was done, but the alarm was sounded: the Minister's guard of fifty men belonging to the 9th Regiment turned out, marines and seamen from our man-of-war (*Ocean*) hurried on shore. 1868. Japan. Flag in *Rodney*.

Just as the disturbance commenced, Sir Harry Parkes, with Captain Stanhope, was returning from a walk, attended by two dismounted men of the Body Guard. They made for the Consulate across the open space which had been cleared for the Foreign Settlement, and afforded capital pot-shots for the excited Japs, who for a few minutes had it all their own way; but by the end of that time the 9th were advancing, and in a few minutes afterwards Parkes was out at the head of his troopers, and the Japs, in full retreat, throwing away all extra weight, dispersed towards the hills with the agility of monkeys. Parkes came up with, and captured, three brass guns. Two French and one American had been wounded.

Nothing could have happened worse or more inopportunely for the disaffected chiefs, whose last wish it was to offend the foreigners, while we (the foreigners) made a very grave affair of the whole business, demanding ample apologies from the

1868. Mikado himself, and nothing short of the execution of the officer who had given the order. All this was conceded, and eventually carried out.

. . . . . .

Mr. Mitford of the Legation, whose duty it was to attend the ceremony of Hara-Kari, sent me a description of it, which is inserted later.

. . . . . .

Feb. 22. Complimented Americans by firing Royal Salute, anniversary of General Washington's birth. Flag in *Rodney*.

Mar. 12. *Tamar* arrived with 10th Regiment for Yokohama.

Mar. 18. French frigate *La Place* arrived with Admiral Ohier.

Mar. 21. United States S.S. *Hartford*, Commodore Gouldisborough, sailed ; cheered him on quitting the station.

Mar. 25. Weighed under plain sail and ran through the Lyemoon Pass.

CHAPTER XCI

HARI-KARI

MY fair readers, if I have any, are advised to skip the next twenty pages, which deal with tragedies upon which I reported officially at the time. 1868. March.

Mr. Mitford, who was present at the ceremony of Hari-Kari, sent me the following account. The officer's name was Taki Zingaburo. The ceremony took place on March 2, at 10.30 P.M., in the Temple of Siefukigi, the headquarters of Satsuma's troops. The courtyard was filled with soldiers, and lighted by fires and lanterns. The witnesses were conducted into a room in the temple, where Ito Shunski (formerly interpreter on board the *Rodney*), the provisional Governor of Hiogo, came soon after, and, having taken down their names, told them that himself and another officer, on the part of the Mikado, two of Satsuma's officers, two of Choshin's, and a representative of the Prince of Bizen, would act as Renshi—sheriffs or witnesses. Seven were appointed, probably that their numbers might agree with those of the foreigners.

After a short delay, they were invited to follow the Japanese witnesses into the principal hall of the temple. On the raised platform, immediately in front of the high altar, was placed a rug of red felt.

1868. The temple was dimly lighted with tall candles. The Japanese witnesses took their places on the left, and the foreigners on the right, of the raised floor. No other persons were present in the hall.

April. After an interval of a few minutes, Taki Zingaburo, a stalwart, noble-looking fellow, walked into the hall, attired in his dress of ceremony, accompanied by his Kaishaku and three officers in their jimbasri, or war surcoat. (Kaishaku is one to whom our word executioner is no equivalent: the office is that of a gentleman, usually filled by a friend or kinsman of the condemned. In this instance the Kaishaku was a pupil of Taki Zingaburo, chosen for his skill in swordsmanship.) He advanced slowly, with the Kaishaku on his left, towards the Japanese witnesses and bowed before them; then, drawing near to the foreigners, he saluted, with perhaps rather more show of respect. In each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned.

Slowly, and with great dignity, he mounted on the raised floor, prostrated himself before the high altar, and then seated himself on the felt carpet with his back to the altar, the Kaishaku crouching on his left.

One of the three attendant officers then came forward, bearing a tray, on which, wrapped in paper, lay the dirk. This he handed with a bow to the condemned man, who received it, reverently raising it to his head, and placed it in front of himself. After another profound obeisance, the condemned man, in a voice of some emotion, and with just so much hesitation as would be natural to a man about to make a disagreeable confession, but with no sign of fear, said, "I, and I alone, unwarrantably gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Corvé as they

tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel myself. 1868.
And I beg you who are here present to do me the April.
honour of witnessing the act." After delivering this speech, he allowed his upper garments to slip down to his girdle—carefully, according to custom, tucking his sleeves under his knees, that he might die as a Samarai should, falling forward. Deliberately, with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him. For a few seconds he seemed to collect his thoughts, and then stabbing himself deeply below the waist on the left side, he drew the dirk slowly to the right. As the dirk reached the right side, he gave a slight cut upwards, and then lent forwards, stretching out his head.

An expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, and the Kaishaku, who had been keenly watching every motion, sprang to his legs, and poising his sword in the air for a second, with one stroke severed the head from the body, during a dead silence. The Kaishaku having wiped his sword, bowed solemnly to the witnesses and removed the dirk as a proof of the death of Taki Zingaburo, aged thirty-two. Ito Shumski and the other representatives of the Mikado left their places, and advancing to where the foreigners sat, called on them to witness that the execution had been faithfully performed.

The ceremony, to which the place and the hour gave a most solemn effect, was characterised by that extreme dignity and punctiliousness which are the distinctive marks of a Japanese gentleman of rank, and it is not unimportant to note this fact, because it carries with it the conviction that the dead man was the officer who committed the crime and not a substitute. I am happy to think that Captain Stanhope

1868. did what he could to save this man's life, but he was in a minority.

This execution was soon followed by a frightful tragedy. At Hong Kong, on March 23, I received a letter from Captain Stanhope of the *Ocean* off Osaka, informing me that on the 8th the French corvette *Dupleix* had sent her steam launch, accompanied by her whale-boat, to Sakai, a small town about six miles on the Hiogo side of Osaka, to wait there for Captain Roy of the *Venus*, and the French Consul. The steam launch had been lying some time alongside the wharf, and the townspeople had come down and been very civil to the crew. After a while, at about 5 P.M., the engineer and coxswain of the launch asked the midshipman's permission to go up for a stroll.

The lieutenant, who was in the whale-boat, had been up for a walk an hour or two previous without so much as having seen a two-sworded man. The mid granted permission, but the engineer and gunner had not gone far before some two-sworded men seized and tried to secure them; from these they broke away and made for their boat; as they did so they were fired on by a number of armed men. The coxswain was shot and fell into the boat; the engineer jumped overboard and got to the off side; two more cut the bow and stern fasts; the stoker tried to turn the engines ahead and was immediately pierced by three bullets; the steam-pipe was likewise shot through; the mid in charge, with six men, jumped overboard.

The First Lieutenant in the whale-boat, who was just outside taking soundings, pulled in and was fired on by some seventy or eighty men. He had one man shot down, and having no arms, he did not advance farther; in meantime the steam launch drifted out

and was taken hold of by the whale-boat and towed out of range. Having made sail on the launch, and leaving the engineer, who was the only person on board not wounded, to steer, the Lieutenant proceeded to report matters on board his ship, the *Dupleix*. Out of sixteen men in the launch and five in the whaleboat only five with them were not hurt. The captain of the *Dupleix* sent a petty officer to report matters to Captain Stanhope; while he proceeded with his remaining boats armed to Sakai to try if he could find the mid and six men who had jumped overboard, not being aware of the force the Japanese might have, and not wishing to compromise the Foreign Ministers residing at Osaka.

1868. Japan. Osaka.

It was not the intention of Captain Du Petit Thours to attack the place, but he requested Captain Stanhope to acquaint the ministers with the state of affairs. Captain Stanhope immediately sent Lieutenant Rougemont in his steam launch with a letter to Sir Harry Parkes, offering to send boats for their embarkation, and the *Cockchafer* gunboat to cover them. The *Rinaldo* he sent to Hiogo to protect foreign subjects in case of an outbreak there.

The Captain of the *Dupleix* returned from Sakai at about 11 P.M. without having learnt anything of the missing men, not having been able to land. He saw many Japanese in the fort, while others were running down to field-pieces at the landing-stage.

Ocean's steam launch returned from Osaka at 6 the following morning, bringing off Captain Roy of the *Venus* and Captain Creighton of the U.S. *Oneida*, also a letter from Sir Harry Parkes, declining, with his usual coolness, to embark immediately, saying that the Japanese Minister had been to him to express their deep regret at the outrage, and declared

1868. that the Mikado's Government would give full satisfaction.

On the 9th March the French and American Ministers embarked. The French Minister having demanded that the officer and missing men should be given up, whether dead or alive, in twenty-four hours, their bodies were taken alongside the *Adventure* in a Japanese boat, which was at once towed to the *Dupleix*.

On the 10th Sir Harry Parkes embarked on board the *Ocean*, all the Foreign Ministers being then afloat.

The funeral of the French midshipman and the ten seamen who were killed by the Japanese took place at the cemetery at Hiogo : all the usual honours being paid by the officers and ships-of-war present.

A newspaper report goes on to state that the French Minister, Captain, and officers grasped each other's hands over the graves, and called on the Almighty to witness the vows they then made not to rest satisfied until they had avenged the blood of their murdered countrymen.

The French Minister then took into consideration the ultimate demands he intended to make, which he would submit to the other Foreign Ministers before presenting them to the Mikado's Government. These demands are not likely to be either mild or pleasant to the young Mikado's newly formed Government, and, considering Monsieur Roches' interest in the Tycoon, and proportionate aversion to his opponents, unless mitigated and smoothed down by Sir Harry Parkes, the ultimatum will, I think, be very embarrassing, and who can see the end of it or the Civil War either. A raw is established, and will be worked.

In the meantime, preparations on the part of the

Mikado's Government still continue for an advance on Yedo, and likewise on the part of the Tycoon to resist. Then, again, neither Chiefs appear to have much control over the two-sworded ruffians, their followers. An attack by both sets united on the foreign settlements at Yokohama would show little less judgment or recklessness of consequences than the insane attack on the foreigners at Corvé, or the French boat's crew at Sakai.

1868. *Written on board* Rodney, *March* 29, *off Breaker Point*, en route *to Yokohama.*

CHAPTER XCII

The China Command

1868.

Flag in *Rodney*, Yokohama, Apr. 6. *Rattler*, Commander John Swan, arrived, a good fellow, but subject to fits. Obliged to send him to hospital. Prussian frigate, saluted under her new flag.

Apr. 25. Poor Swan departed this life.

Apr. 26. Appointed Harry Stephenson to command *Rattler* and Keppel Garnier to be Flag-Lieutenant.

May 9. Proceeded down the bay, *Rattler* in company.

May 17. Came to in Corvé Bay.

May 18. Weighed; stood over in company. Japan flag in *Rodney*. With *Ocean* to Osaka. Flag saluted by the French frigate *Dupleix*. Came to off the bar. Self and Captains were presented to the Mikado by Sir Harry Parkes. With Minister, accompanied by staff, we were carried up through the streets, crowded with Japanese. Sir Harry Parkes presented credentials, and we were introduced severally to the Mikado. All the chief nobles were prostrate in his presence, their heads touching the ground. The Mikado appeared to be a lad of sixteen. The streets were lined with kneeling Japanese.

Osaka, May 23. Japanese princes and great officers visited *Rodney* and *Ocean*.

Weighed under steam. Came to off Nagasaki. 1868. May 25.
Japan may well be called the "Gem of the Sea" from her geographical position, her magnificent harbours and inland sea, the approaches to which might be rendered impregnable. It is a rich country, with mines of coal and iron, fisheries, and a vast maritime population. Japan is coveted alike by Russia, America, and France; and its possession would enable the power holding to monopolise the whole trade in China.

The Japanese naturally fear the steady march of Russia towards Japan. They see that in ten years China has yielded to that country 900 miles of coast, all tending towards the possession of Japan, which has harbours open at all seasons of the year, while Russia's boundary line on the islands off the coast has brought her to the door of Japan.

It is apparent that if we maintain a proper position in Japan, in consideration of our vast Eastern trade, England and other nations, not wishing to acquire territory, will always be in a position to preserve the integrity of Japan.

America has discovered that Yokohama is the most convenient place for a depot of coal for her 4000-ton Pacific steamers, and the United States Senior Naval Officer informed me that they intended to establish store-houses at Nagasaki for their men-of-war. Russia has already a small dockyard at Nagasaki.

The French have been, and are still, constructing docks, and have established, at the Japanese Government's expense, a small colony at Yokosha, near Yokohama.

At present we have as good a footing in Japan as any other nation; our trade exceeds that of all others,

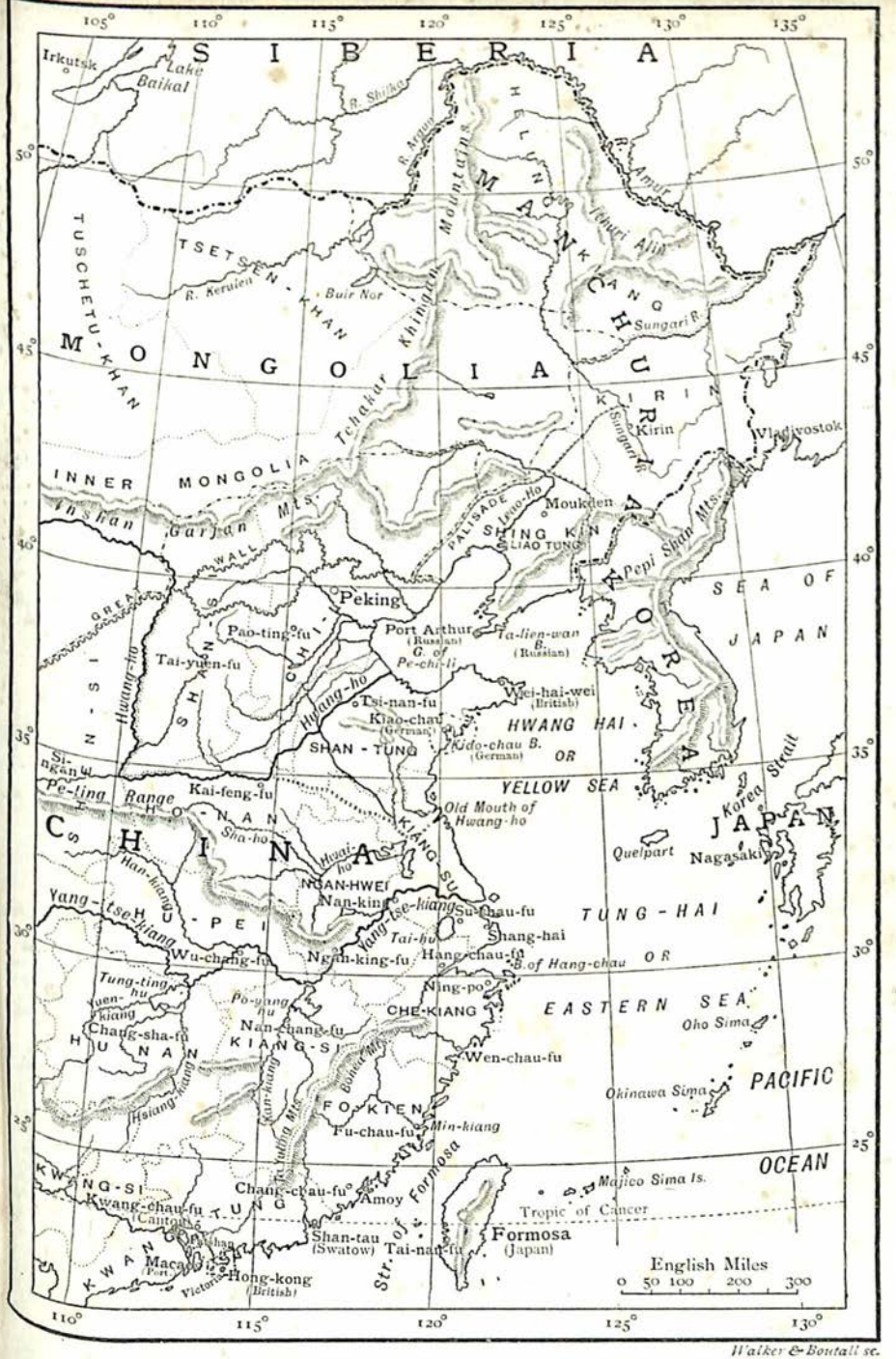
1868. and more British capital has been invested. I am urging upon the Admiralty the necessity for building a naval hospital at Yokohama, owing to its salubrious climate, and also a bungalow for the use of the Naval Commander-in-Chief, as there is nothing of the kind on the station.

It was proposed last year that I should visit the Gulf of Tartary and the Amoor River this summer. While at Peking in September, got Sir Rutherford Alcock to speak to the Russian Minister, Monsieur A. Vlangali, as I did myself afterwards, requesting him to mention my intention to the Governor at Nicolai.

Our party was to have consisted of George Fitzroy, with his wife and children, Conolly, from the Peking Legation, and the Commodore. Fitzroy had remained too long in Shanghai, and was obliged to start earlier than he intended for a cruise in the P. and O. *Benares*. They had reached Yokohama the day before I arrived from Hong Kong in the *Rodney* (Mrs. Fitzroy was with him, the children remaining at Shanghai). I persuaded him to embark immediately on board *Rodney*, where he could have the advantage of the best medical advice. Doctor Hill took charge of him. We sailed from Yokohama on May 19, and arrived at Nagasaki, May 28, passing through the inland sea, and unfortunately landed Fitzroy apparently no better than when he embarked.

The *Salamis* arrived on 11th from Cheefoo, bringing Conolly, who had found his way from Peking. *Basilisk* (6), Captain Hewitt, arrived on 14th, bringing our mail and the Commodore. Dr. Hill pronounced Fitzroy in too precarious a state to embark, and kindly volunteered to remain behind.

We had two other passengers, who promised to be of much use to us in Russian waters. One was



Walker & Boutall sc.

1868. a Mr. Esche, the tenant of a large extent of the coal district in the Island of Saghalien, himself a German, but speaking the Russian language fluently; the other, Mr. Adams, the contractor, who had before been attending a Russian squadron in these seas in that capacity, a kind-hearted jolly personage, known in the gunroom by the name of "Beef and Vegetables."

From Sir Rutherford Alcock I received a letter addressed to himself from the Russian Minister, Mr. Vlangali, stating that he had written to Admiral Jean Furnhjelm, Governor of the Province and Coast, on the subject of my intended visit, that although he had not yet received an answer, he was sure that orders would everywhere be given, "pour faire à votre Amiral tous les soins qui lui sont dûs."

June 3. Leaving the *Rodney* at Nagasaki, I took a week's cruise in the *Sylvia*, surveying vessel, Commander Brooker, during which we passed through Hirado or Spex Strait, Commander Brooker having just completed a survey of it.

June 17. Soon after daylight we weighed in *Rodney* and steamed out of Nagasaki Harbour, steering for the beautiful passage through Hirado Strait, which, since Brooker's excellent survey, I considered perfectly safe with so good a Staff-Commander as we had in Harris. Successfully performed this feat. *Rodney* must have been by far the largest ship that ever went through. We then shaped a course to the westward of Iki, through the East Korea Strait, and to the northward along the Korean coast.

Novogorod Harbour, June 20. Came to in Novogorod Harbour. In spite of the survey of Posietta Bay, the entrance to the harbour is difficult to find on a first visit; it is narrow, but safe. The settlement, consisting of half-a-dozen

huts, did not look inviting, but the scenery round was fine: hills covered with fresh green pasturage and brushwood, while well-sheltered harbours within extensive bays were seen in every direction. I was waited on by Major Pfingsten, the officer in temporary charge. He had with him a garrison of fifty men, while about nine miles inland they had a large encampment. The Governor of Eastern Siberia, General Korsakof, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Rear-Admiral Furnhjelm, were at a place some miles distant, to whom Major Pfingsten telegraphed our arrival. 1868. Flag in *Rodney*.

Close to the settlement was a coal mine, which they were slowly working with soldiers and such tools as they had, assisted just at this time by a dozen Manchurian Chinese prisoners, taken in a border warfare, in which the Governor, with his Lieutenant and a thousand men, was then engaged.

When at Cheefoo in October I heard of an island in about latitude 42° 40′ off the coast and claimed by the Russians, on which a party of about three hundred Chinese were working for gold, which was reported to be plentiful; and that the Russians had sent a gunboat to drive the Chinese away, who, being well armed, had beaten the Russians off: all this, we heard from Major Pfingsten, it proved to be true, he had only lately returned from an expedition to the island of Mayatchni (called in our charts "Termination").

Having no steamer available, he had started in a sailing vessel with 600 soldiers, including artillery, but as he was six days going the ninety miles, the Chinese received timely notice and had wisely decamped. When the major arrived he found three men only on the island: these he shot to prove who

1868. Siberia. were the rightful owners of the soil, and then returned. The Chinamen, who appear to have come from Manchuria, succeeded in stirring up their countrymen and brought on this petty border warfare on which the Governor and his lieutenant were engaged, and which will, in all probability, end in further aggression and annexation on the part of the Russians.

Whether His Excellency did not approve of our visiting his territory when he was engaged in so inglorious a warfare, I cannot tell, but the return telegraph arrived without a civil word of welcome, and with directions to the Major not to supply us with coal. The Major rather softened this by stating that they expected the Governors in their respective vessels, both of which would require coal; and certainly the small supply of about twenty tons we saw ready on the beach would not have helped us much.

During our stay fishing and shooting parties went away, but we were too early in the season. The ducks were on their eggs, and the salmon, so plentiful later, had not arrived. Ducks, geese, curlew, pigeon, and widgeon were brought on board in small quantities; two or three shots had been fired at deer and the footprints of bear had been seen; in fact, a guide who had conducted a party to the ground most frequented by wild duck had killed three bears the day before our arrival.

Tigers are numerous, but only visit the coast in the winter, during which time their hair is long and their skins handsome. There were in the camp bear and otter skins for sale, as well as a few sables, for which as much as nine dollars a piece was asked, the market value being about a tael or three shillings.

One day, mounted by the Major on capital ponies, Conolly, Garnier, Risk, and self rode to the camp, about nine miles distant by land, although two miles by water. From the *Rodney* you might land within half a mile. The ponies, with plain snaffle bits, had excellent mouths. At the camp, which was situated on a healthy-looking elevated plain on the bank of a small river, we found the same sombre-looking mechanical soldiers that we saw in the Crimea: smoke and drink apparently their only object, no games or amusement of any sort going on. 1868. Novogorod, June.

The country appeared to be well supplied with cattle, fat and in good condition, but nowhere did we see sheep. During our ride we had to cross and re-cross a river by ferry.

The Manchurian prisoners were unhappy-looking fellows. I saw them one day after returning from working at the coal-mines locked up in a wretched hut. One of the guard threw a few biscuits on the ground, which the last two men picked up, probably their only meal. The Major told Conolly that he thought his prisoners were belonging to a band of rebels that had long infested the north of China. He described the men that attacked the Russian gunboat party on the island of Mayatchni as being well organized and drilled, and he believed they had Europeans amongst them. Two of the prisoners had been liberated to treat for a ransom. Major Pfingsten had not made up his mind whether to shoot the prisoners; probably when too weak to work any longer at the coal-mine he will do so. There were two long sheds full of grain, brought all the way from Cronstadt.

The soil appears in every way adapted for either cultivation or pasture, but beyond the herds of

1868. bullocks no attempt was made to cause it to support the human beings located. The few women there were at the settlement and in the camp were of a low sort—convicts. Every encouragement was given to any soldier who would take one to wife and settle in the country, land being given gratis, but no advantage appeared to be taken of this. We were recommended not to send our clothes on shore to be washed, as they would probably be stolen.

The Major was married, his wife being the only person worthy the appellation of lady; an agreeable person, with good eyes and teeth; she came on board to breakfast and enjoyed our band.

June 26. At 9.45 P.M. steamer's lights were observed outside, and shortly afterwards our Staff-Commander piloted the *Salamis* in, bringing our mail from Shanghai.

June 27. At half-past ten weighed under steam, in company with *Salamis*. She having some defect in her machinery, was directed to Vladivostock, which Captain Courtenay in his excellent report describes as somewhat more cheery and civilized than Novogorod. Although *Salamis's* defects were nothing but what she could put to rights with her own engineers, she was to rejoin us in Castrie's Bay. Afternoon, all being well, clear of the bay, got screw up, having only just coal enough to keep us in distilled water. Stood to the eastward, and when well off shore, shaped a course up the Gulf of Tartary.

Saghalien. Usu Bay. July 4. Made Cape Lamanon on the coast of Saghalien. At 7, came to in 7 fathoms in Usu Bay. Here we found a straggling village of Ainos, all fishermen. A small stream ran into the sea, off the mouth of which their nets were arranged, forming three sides of a square, the fourth open on the land side. The

outside was about a cable's length from the shore, the two sides extending the whole length, close to the outside net. But on the inside they had another net which appeared to lie on the bottom; this they drew up every now and then, generally bringing up from thirty to fifty salmon. A few buttons or a bit of silver would buy as many as we liked to take. 1868.

We found a Japanese trading junk from Hakodadi, bringing salt and rice in exchange for dried fish and seaweed. The Russians appeared to assume authority over the more simple Ainos, and I have no doubt drove lucrative bargains. The hills and woods, with the green grass, had, from the ship, an inviting appearance which was dispelled on attempting to walk, owing to the rank vegetation and myriads of mosquitoes. The Ainos themselves were as dirty as need be. In a cage was the usual bear, petted and fattened to be killed and eaten at the annual festival amidst lamentations and rejoicings, when all get drunk who can. They had a few skins for sale, and among them Dr. Fegan, with the assistance of Adams, succeeded in getting me three tolerably good sables.

A little to the northward of where we anchored there was a larger river, apparently full of salmon; although they would not take the flies offered them, no end of smaller salmon and trout of about a quarter of a pound were landed as fast as the lines could be applied. After I had returned on board in the afternoon, I observed from the stern walk an unusual commotion among the native fishing-boats that had spread their nets off the mouth of the stream; one of our boats on its way to the ship with the wardroom officers, coming off to dinner, had been attracted to the spot. There was cheering and shots were fired. One of the cutters was ready manned, alongside.

1868. Calling the Commodore, we jumped into her, followed by Garnier, who took the precaution to bring a couple of rifle carbines—always ready with ammunition in the fore cabin. It was a curious and exciting scene. A whale had got entangled in the fishermen's net and was floundering about in its endeavours to escape. Our boats with those of the natives formed three sides of a square just outside the edge of the net, that side next the shore it being unnecessary to guard. Every minute or so the monster raised his huge head to blow—I expect as much to look about him—and then exposed his body as he dived. On each occasion he was assailed by shots, spears, and lances. Although I had seen thousands of whales, I never before had been within boat-hook's length of a live one. Each time his head appeared the Commodore and I sent a rifle bullet into it.

While the natives plunged lances, the beast spouted blood and water; twice he tried to hoist the cutter, but with the crew we were too heavy for him, as he only tilted us on one side; this work had lasted nearly half an hour, and we thought his strength exhausted, when the infuriated animal, probably pierced deeper by one of the lances, made a final effort. Lashing his tail, he dashed through the net, lifted one of the lighter native boats, out of which the crew had previously escaped, into the air, and made for the deep, leaving a wake of blood.

It is to be hoped that the poor natives whose net he destroyed will be rewarded in a day or two by finding his body. I was struck by the number of dogs there were on shore, all apparently in good condition. They were sledge dogs, and in the morning two teams of them were scampering along the beach towing boats; there was no one on shore

to guide them, and they appeared to enjoy the fun. 1868.

Weighed at 10.30 A.M. under plain sail. Observing on the chart there were two lagoons near the coast, likely for wild fowl, visited them. On standing in shore, we suddenly took the bottom; last cast in the chains was 12 fathoms. Had to lay out stream and heave off; water smooth, weather fine, but bottom foul. It was 8 P.M. before we took up our berth in 7 fathoms, about two miles from the shore. July 6.

The spot we selected for our picnic was on a bank about half cable wide that separated the northern lagoon from the sea. There was the usual bar; the sea being smooth, one of our boats passed up. We saw no natives, but near where we landed was a hut, the residence of fishermen during the last season. By the number of heads hung up to dry (as winter food for the sleigh dogs), salmon must have been large and plentiful. Eight and a half couple of wild ducks were bagged by the parties "gunning." The lagoons appeared to be bordered by long grass and sedges and surrounded by hills covered with firs; these woods were difficult to get through, not so much from underwood as from the enormous quantity of decayed and fallen timber, which was covered with moss or hid by ferns, and treacherous to tread on. Beyond the hut mentioned, I can imagine no ground better adapted for the breeding of wild-fowl. None of the pine trees appeared to grow to any size. In working his way through the wood Heneage disturbed a covey of birds, quite young, about a dozen of them; we shot one, a pheasant. July 7.

9.15 A.M.—Weighed and made sail. Our next place was to be Najassi, some fourteen miles farther Najassi, July 8.

1868. to the northward, where Mr. Esche had a small settlement and a grant of an extensive coal district; We came to in the afternoon off his house, determined to coal during continuance of fine weather. We found Mr. Esche's hut on the right bank of a small stream, the inhabitants of the settlement consisting of one Russian and a boy; they appeared happy and contented, netting as much salmon as they required for use, drying and salting others for winter food. They were occasionally visited by bears. Although provided with a double-barrelled rifle, Esche never liked to fire for fear of provoking an attack.

Najassi. However, he showed me, in case of Bruin's coming to close quarters, a formidable-looking spear, which was kept inside the house. There had been some Chinese coolies and boat-builders, but they preferred the society of Nicholai.

Green hills rose everywhere from the beach, intersected at two or three hundred yards by ravines and rivulets, while patches of coal were seen cropping out in all directions, at the foot, at the sides and tops, every convenient height for mining. The great and only drawback to this valuable property was the want of a harbour or shelter for coal-lighters. About four miles to the southward of where Mr. Esche had built his hut is a small river, inside which there is a good boat harbour; but, like all the other streams, there is a bar on which the surf must always break, except in the finest weather.

July 10. Coaling was performed by our own people filling bags and then loading alternately our pinnace and a boat belonging to the settlement, which was towed backwards and forwards by the steam launch; by these means we managed to get about forty tons per

day. While the coaling was going on, our usual sporting parties were formed. There was but little for the guns, but the salmon were in and swarming up both the streams and river to the southward. Although small salmon and trout of about six inches long were caught by hundreds with every sort of bait, no salmon of any size would look at a fly, so we were obliged to resort to other means. The stream at the settlement was ascended many miles into the interior between the mountains, the water tumbling into deep pools at ten or twelve feet distances—these were black at the bottom with large fish. To get at them a net was placed across the stream below; we, with spears and grains, standing on boulders or seated across a fallen tree, had great excitement and fun, as the salmon, started from the pool by means of long poles, made across the shallows for the nearest hole. 1868.

A score of fine fish, from eight to fourteen pounds, were taken this way in one day; but none, except those that had been wounded, could be driven into the net. Another party remained at a pool, some two miles up the stream, all night, and had great sport in spearing salmon by torchlight.

The ascent up the stream was difficult and tedious; the banks, from wood and vegetation, except for a yard or two here and there, were impassable, independently of the most formidable mosquitoes, while the stream was rapid and the large water-washed stones smooth and slippery. Nevertheless, substantial meals and everything requisite to support the inward man were conveyed up. The larger river to the southward was where there were most fish: these likewise took no notice of the fly, but the roe from the female salmon was immediately taken by a large fish, who leapt some feet out of the water on first taste of Najassi, July 11.

1868. the hook, and then making a bolt down stream, round a boulder, disappeared with some fathoms of line.

On a flat piece of ground between the sea and the left bank of the river (here deep and some sixty yards wide), there is an Aino village of fishermen, the chief more respectable-looking than the generality of his countrymen, but with the left side of his face bandaged up, having suffered from the claw of a bear. Three or four of them would go in a rickety boat, and with a small net draw one of the many pools, bringing out at each draught some forty or fifty fine salmon; these fellows were at first liberal enough with their fish, allowing you to take what you wanted for a small coin, a little cloth or rum, but afterwards, when they had got all they wanted, had the impudence to demand a dollar for one fish, so that it became high time that we should help ourselves.

The ship's seine was brought and cast outside the mouth of the river, when, in a few hauls, some five hundred salmon were taken—more than enough for the ship's company and some to salt besides.

July 18. We weighed and shifted under sail to a bay called Pilyawo.

July 19. Being the Sabbath we remained quiet, with the exception of sending a boat to communicate with a German vessel that took Mr. Esche on to Castries Bay.

July 20. Joined by *Rattler*, and the following day we sailed in company.

July 22. Came to in Tonquiera Bay, *Rattler* going to Duè to fill up coal.

July 24. Weighed at daylight and stood to Castries Bay, where we came to in the evening, finding *Salamis*.

Heard by her of the sad death at Nagasaki of poor George Fitzroy. I cannot say that it was quite unexpected, almost every one but his charming wife felt he could not recover. On our departure for the Russian coast I had left our clever surgeon Hill to look after him. In the Crimea I attended the death-bed of the elder brother, Augustus. Just as I arrived at Sierra Leone in February 1861, Arthur Fitzroy, in command of the *Falcon*, died of fever. As children at the Cape we had all four played together. 1863.

Rattler rejoining in the night, shifted flag to *Salamis*. It was a gratification to see young Harry Stephenson in all the pride of a "first command." On Sunday I dined on board his ship, and slept on board the *Salamis*, preparatory to a start for Nicholai, pilots having been most willingly provided by the officials.

Flag in *Salamis*, July 27.

Little to remark going up. Channel muddy and intricate, with the distant shore of Saghalien scarcely visible to the eastward. There were buoys at some of the angles, and beacons on the land to the westward, to place which the pine-trees had been cleared away. Our leadsmen frequently had "$\frac{1}{4}$ less 2," but we never stopped.

Snow-white fish, not porpoises—they said, were tumbling about: round snouts, blow-hole on back of head, 7 or 8 feet long, not fit for food. As we neared the entrance, occasional fishing villages were seen, with no end of salmon drying, dogs and dirt to any amount.

CHAPTER XCIII

Flag in *Salamis*

1868. Flag in *Salamis*, July 27. Nicholai. 6 P.M.—Arrived off Nicholai, 120 miles from Castries Bay; current strong against us. On anchoring, was waited on by officers from the two vessels-of-war, offering services; also an officer, in full dress, from the Commandant, wishing to know at what time I should land. Having arranged for 11 A.M. on the morrow, was received on landing by the Commandant, Captain Fukevitche, of the Navy; numerous decorations. We landed, a large party; besides self and staff, Commodore, Conolly and Stephenson. Proceeded in the first place to call on Madame Furnhjelm, wife of the Governor, who was also an admiral; daily expected from the southward. Nothing could be kinder or more cordial than my reception.

Nicholai, July 28. A small detached house, evidently the Governor's office, was placed at my disposal, everything convenient, clean and comfortable for "one party"—a guard and orderlies outside, a note from Madame stating that I should be daily expected at dinner, breakfast and luncheon being sent to my room. The Commandant then showed all the public establishments, hospital, dockyards, etc., which were all very well and wonderful for so distant a settlement.

But nothing bores me so much as this official sight-

seeing, so took advantage of the first opportunity to excuse myself, as I had friends on board *Salamis* to luncheon, and then returned to my allotted quarters, where my things had been conveyed. While putting on my "citizen's dress," a luxury in which no Russian officer ever indulges, a rather good-looking but powerful Russian girl walked in, and placed a salmon, fresh butter, caviare, cheese, sherry and port on the table. 1868. Nicholai.

The Commodore, Garnier, and Dob Crosbie rather liking the appearance of things, we changed our minds about luncheon on board. Afterwards took a stroll with Conolly. Plan of future city well laid out. Streets wide, although stumps of forest trees still retain their places. Population said to be five thousand, of which three thousand are military. The club was kindly placed at the disposal of our officers, but most of the Russians being here on punishment, much was not expected of them, and collision rather avoided.

The rooms offered were unfurnished, but speedily filled with pillows, blankets, saddles, carpet-bags, etc. A little later, party of a dozen were mounted on hired ponies galloping into the country, headed by good-natured lieutenant Peakroff of the Russian Navy.

There are several stores kept by Germans and Americans, full of "notions," in which furs and skins may be picked up, but no criterion of the proper price of things could be formed from what was asked of us, supposed, "rich English." Small parties of unclean natives, with hair uncombed, wearing their shirts outside, fastened at the waist, and sealskin boots, prowled about the streets jungle fashion. They generally have sables concealed on their persons for barter, which

1868. does not diminish the offensive smell of the uncured skins.

Flag in *Salamis.* Their mode of dealing is curious. A party of five or six walk into a room without uttering a word or appearing to take notice of anything. They squat down in an extended ring according to the size of the room, and commence smoking. After a lapse of some minutes one of them draws a sable from under his clothes with the fur inside, and chucks it into the middle of the circle. The owner of the house, who has been attending to other things with a studied indifference has (by accident of course!) to pass through the room, takes up the skin, examines the fur inside, and makes an offer, generally of cloth or tobacco. If it comes up to their idea they take it and walk off. If not the skin is returned to its savoury berth. They separate without comment.

When back to my quarters there was another note from Madame Furnhjelm, inviting Conolly and Pusey to dine there every evening during our stay.

Conolly went to answer in person, proposing that during the absence of the Admiral, her husband, we might be allowed to avail ourselves of the use of the club, dine at the *table d'hôte*, and wait on her in the evening. Such an arrangement this kind lady would not hear of. She is a fine handsome woman, of English parents, full of anecdote and information, with a family of three or four: a wonderful performer on the piano. Her husband had been Governor of Russian America, since sold to the United States. The tea she gave us was excellent, and, as I had often heard of Russian tea, superior to anything we got in China.

The Governor of Eastern Siberia is General Korsakof, a young man who commanded at Petropauloviski

at the time of our absurd expedition in 1855. He rode night and day to St. Petersburg, which he reached in an extraordinary short time, with the account of our defeat. He went into the presence of Nicholas I. a captain, and left it a general. I regret we are not to see him here, he having returned inland from Port Vladivostock. 1868.

While dressing, my servant informed me that a fine ham and two eggs had been sent for my breakfast. The ham was of the wild boar, excellent, but of immense size. July 29.

Pusey had sent the boats of the *Salamis* about five miles down to the mouth of a small river on the north bank with the seines: a good excuse for a picnic. The Commodore, Conolly, Crosbie, Garnier, and self, were kindly mounted by the Commandant; we went by a tolerably good road. They had had two good hauls, taking about three hundred fish before we got there; after luncheon the net, a small one with a bag, was laid out a few yards higher up the river, and in less than ten minutes upwards of a thousand salmon and trout were landed, independently of about three hundred returned to the river, said to be spawning. They were distinguished by an extraordinary rounding of the back.

Our dinners with Madame Furnhjelm were excellent—some strange Russian dishes, intended for our edification, but everything in English style. In the evening some ladies dropped in, mostly speaking English, and we had singing and music. The days were long, and between dinner and tea Madame took me a drive in her carriage, ponies rough, but strong and fat.

A small iron steamer about sixty feet long, and drawing only two feet water, was placed at our The Amoor, July 30.

1868. disposal for a trip up the Amoor. Some hopes of wild fowl were held out. We started a large party; two Russian officers speaking French accompanied us. The vessel was named the Russian for "Courier," and attached to the telegraph department, the line taking the right bank of the river. She was kept with the apparatus on board ready for repairing accidents to the wire. She could go 1500 miles up the Amoor, which river was of a red muddy colour, rendering the contrast great as the white, silvery backs of the fish showed above as they tumbled over.

We kept up the right bank, which rose precipitately, except at the ravines, which occurred every quarter of a mile, where there was a rivulet, a small Russian hut, a settlement, a place for drying fish or the cutting up of timber for fire or building purposes. About 12 miles up we came to a Russian village; a picnic being the principal object, a shady spot was selected, and fire lighted.

After the songs were expended, only three sportsmen could be found to proceed up the river in a canoe in search of wild fowl, while none could be found to face the wood, so well guarded by mosquitoes. Grouse were said to abound, but in all probability looking after their young broods. The remainder of us proceeded in the steamer, another mile up, to a Gilak village called Kaki. It was the season for drying fish, and anything more offensive than the smell could not be.

There were bears in different parts of the village: one, an immensely powerful brute, confined in a log-hut, from whom it took three men to draw a stick one of them had thrust through the bars, which Bruin had seized in his paw. There were two smaller ones in separate cages, and in one of the houses we

saw two young ones, which had been caught as cubs, and with the natives were quite tame, although fully aware of the presence of strangers. 1868. Manchuria.

Dogs for winter sleighs were innumerable, all apparently in good condition, and with few exceptions secured in irons. The inside of the houses had fires in the centre for cooking, and a raised platform about five feet wide attached to the wall. The interiors were not inviting; the drinking and cooking utensils were of the most primitive description, made out of the bark of the white beech.

In one hut there was the only pretty native we had seen, a young creature with an infant, whom she rocked in the most ingenious of cradles. A Russian officer, struck with the young lady's charms, purchased her on the spot, and arranged her transport to his quarters with as much *sang-froid* as if he had been ordering a case of champagne to be sent there. Conolly bought a cradle similar to the one we had just seen, but not the kid which was lying in it!

Returned to the Russian village to pick up the sportsmen. Return of game, nil. It is said this race of Gilaks is fast becoming extinct, through the ravages of small-pox.

According to previous arrangement Madame Furnhjelm came to see the ships, bringing with her the wife of Captain Riskoff of the Russian Navy, she also speaking English. We steamed up the river; but the afternoon setting in rainy, after going some 15 miles with little variety of scene, we anchored and had tiffin and then back, having recourse to whist, Madame Riskoff playing a remarkably good game. July 31.

Conolly and self had made up our minds, if we could get the use of a small steamer, to go up the

1868. Amoor and Usuri rivers so as to join the *Rodney* at Vladivostock by going about 150 miles overland after leaving the Usuri.

Flag in *Salamis.* As the time for the departure of the *Salamis* to save the mail at Shanghai was at hand, and the Governor still absent, I wrote a private note to the Commandant, asking if he could provide me with a steamer; but in Russia a subordinate dare not take the slightest responsibility; so the reply, official, and written in the best of English, was vague. He could let me have a steamer as far as Hovorafka, the junction of the Usuri, but had no power to send her beyond, and that the post horses had been removed from Bonsey on account of the border war; this was the place we should have landed at, to cross over to Vladivostock. However, a telegram announced the arrival of the Admiral in Castries Bay, so I deferred the departure of *Salamis* until noon of the 2nd, while I was prepared to depart at that hour by either route.

Aug. 1. The Commodore, Conolly, Pusey, and self, dined with Madame Furnhjelm. Just before the dinner hour the steamer with Governor-Admiral hove in sight, but this kind lady declined to excuse us; she said two hours must elapse before the steamer could come up against the stream and anchor. We, however, withdrew in time not to be present at the first meeting after three months' absence. The Admiral could not have been at home five minutes before he came in full costume to call on me, in his own house, after which we returned to tea with Madame. Admiral Furnhjelm is a hale, handsome man of about fifty, rather bald, gray hair, with very black eyebrows, manner most cordial and kind. I did not allude to the letter I had written relative to ascending the

Usuri, but His Excellency remarked that he had heard of my visit, I suppose from his wife, and that there were many difficulties, but that he would give me an answer before ten o'clock the following morning. 1868.

We had made our arrangements for either route, but, I must confess, with some anxiety as to the result. No more novel or agreeable trip could be conceived than that we had proposed by river. Aug. 2.

Precisely at the appointed time, the Admiral, with a large map, at once laid before us what he conceived to be great difficulties. The insurrection and invasion to the southward by these Chinese rebels had caused them to withdraw all the horses along the post road for the use of the troops; that the rebels, although dispersed, were not subdued, and might be marauding the country, and that beyond the point called Bonsey, he could not be responsible for our lives. Most of these difficulties could he said, in a couple of weeks, be overcome, and an escort got ready.

However, kindly placed before us as it was, it was evident we were not wanted, so we put the best face on our disappointment, thanked him all the same, but declined attempting the journey.

A parting breakfast was prepared for us, and our party having embarked, *Salamis* weighed, and soon was passing rapidly down the river, assisted by the current. The battery saluted with fifteen guns, *Rodney* having fired a similar number on arrival of the Admiral in Castries Bay without a return.

Our pilot was an intelligent young officer who had himself planned and placed the numerous buoys and landmarks, without which no one, however experienced, could guide a vessel clear of the shoals. The landmarks are ingeniously arranged, being triangular

1868. whitewashed frames, showing the rear higher than the other. To place these the dark-looking fir-trees had been felled in the line, and the landmarks were seldom visible more than one pair at a time.

Aug. 3. We anchored in Castries Bay a little after 1 A.M., and might have done the distance within the twelve hours had it not been for the dense fogs so prevalent in these seas, especially on the China side. The pilot, who had run for a high bluff, had a curious way of ascertaining its vicinity in a fog, or at night, by blowing the steam whistle; if near the high land there would be an echo.

With this assurance he suddenly put his helm hard-a-port and stood boldly in until within range of the *Rodney's* responding guns and the curious glare of the blue lights which could scarcely penetrate the fog.

Flag in *Rodney*. During the two days here made several attempts to dredge for shells, but with trifling success. The steam launch being well adapted, fishing parties away catching large quantities of whiting, which were excellent. They seized at any bait with which the hook was covered; some rock cod were caught in same way—in the seine, off the mouths of three rivers, 435 salmon and trout and 1450 flat fish. Several broods of young grouse perched in trees were seen by walking parties. During our picnics, where our dredging parties landed, I had much difficulty in preventing the men from taking the numerous young birds that were found in the holes and crevices of rocks, Jack always fancying that because the small things opened their mouths he could feed and rear them.

The greatest number were a species of diver about the size of a widgeon, with the brightest orange-coloured legs and beak, with ornamental horns or

plumes on each side of the head; the plumage black —eye, light green with small black spot in centre; narrow red edge to eyelid. The flight was rapid, like others of the species. We shot a few as specimens. Among them a bird, with a sharp-pointed bill, upper one slightly hooked, as if for extracting fish from shells, with still brighter red legs, same colour inside the mouth, plumage black, eye black. 1868.

Rattler despatched to coal at Duè and then to stop *Basilisk* with our mail at Possiette Bay. Aug. 4.

Sailed soon after daylight for Duè, off which we arrived at 3 P.M. Observed *Salamis* steaming to the southward, *Rattler* at anchor—a Russian transport apparently in a hurry coaling, the lighters grounding at low water. It being spring tides, therefore dispatched *Rattler* with what she had, and proceeded to coal ourselves, with the two lighters they had spared the *Rattler*. A convenient wooden pier enabled our people, with the use of the Russian carts that ran along a tramway, to coal pretty well. The village looked wretched and dirty. There were barracks, hospital, and storehouses. Duè, Aug. 5.

On an eminence to the northward is a tolerable lighthouse—some small gardens up the two ravines, down which the village is watered. The population consisted chiefly of convicts. Coal appeared to crop out in all directions.

The Commandant was a sort of Cossack savage of low rank, but, although generally under the influence of drink, always treated me with military respect. His garrison consisted of about fifteen persons, distinguished from the villagers by being allowed, occasionally, to shave. The women were repulsive-looking, and all wore great boots. The Commandant always presented me with an

1868. official return of the state of his garrison, which no one could decipher. Drunkenness was the order of the day. A small log-shed with a hole about eighteen inches square was the only receptacle for such as could not stand. Into this they were thrust head foremost by those that could, and from which they came out, I suppose, when able to do so without help.

The evening before we sailed some of our officers assembled for a convivial evening at the Commandant's. In the middle of a song his wife withdrew behind a screen that divided the apartment, and a few minutes afterwards a noise, as from a kid, announced the birth of a child, which proved to be the son and heir. Instead of retiring and leaving the lady in her trouble, a toast was drunk and an impromptu song in honour of the little stranger. I had called on the lady two days before and observed nothing particular except that she looked like a Cossack without a beard.

Aug. 8. Having completed coaling (coal six roubles per ton), and settled accounts, we weighed. Some twelve miles to the southward we had heard of a place, "Adnginoo," with a river, and fish and crystals to be picked up; we came to abreast of it. The river, like all others along the coast, has a bar entrance —a short distance up it is exceedingly picturesque.

Some of our party ascended in the light boats of the Gelyaks. There were the usual small villages at the mouth, with dried fish, sleigh dogs, confined bears, smell and dirt. Natives, a quiet inoffensive race, their only weapon a fish spear. One seining party had several good hauls, getting, besides salmon, what our fishermen called cucumber smelts; they certainly smelt of cucumber, and were good eating. Several fish were also taken. I pinned one down in the

river with a boat-hook. With the dense wood and covert along the coast and mountains the nearly total absence of any living thing was remarkable. High up the river, a rather peculiar mussel was found, so thick and firmly implanted that the bottom of the river had the appearance of pavement. I obtained specimens. A fresh breeze having sprung up from the westward, we hurried our sportsmen on board and weighed under sail. There might have been crystal caves in the neighbourhood, but we found nothing beyond broken stones with small pieces of crystal attached. With the dredge I had no success. 1868.

CHAPTER XCIV

The China Command

1868. Flag in *Rodney*, Aug. 14.

Came to in Vladivostock Harbour: usual salutes. Etholin, the Commandant, had promised a deer-shooting day before we left. Lately the rain had fallen regularly. The season was early, but our time and provisions were short. At an early hour *Ogle*, with fifty marines, landed to assist in driving. There was a small peninsula, the neck of which was not more than one hundred yards across.

Vladivostock.

The deer were in plenty, but not easily circumvented. Three only were seen to take to the isthmus; the remainder broke through the line of beaters, who were armed with pikes only. When our party of twelve arrived in steam launch, one of the three deer had taken to the water and escaped.

A two-mile walk through swampy ground brought us to the isthmus, where the cordon of marines was drawn. Of our party, Rose volunteered when half-way through the swamp to go back and send the launch to the next bay. He met with his reward.

Of the two deer that had been driven, one only turned up on the return, and observing the men stationed across the neck of land took to the water on the opposite side, to which the launch was coming. No time was lost in hauling the native boat, in tow,

over the land into the sea on the opposite side; the young stag swam well, but a bullet from Rose's gun divided the spine; the poor animal was brought in triumph to the shore. It was a large force to welcome the one trophy, but the excitement was great. 1868.

At sunset flag was transferred to *Salamis*, and on 29th we parted company with *Rodney*, to meet again (D.V.) in four months' time. *Basilisk* had sailed at daylight for Hong Kong with our mails and herself for return home. Flag in *Salamis*, Aug. 29.

Started for Hakodadi; arrived on 31st, but finding no coal proceeded same day. Some little excitement had been caused at Hakodadi by the arrival of one of the vessels engaged in the Macao coolie or slave trade. The old story—the coolies found they had been taken in; watched their opportunity, murdered the crew. They had evidently been to the coast of Siberia, and afterwards drifted into Volcano Bay, when some Japs brought them into Hakodadi. Hakodadi, Aug. 31.

The first person on board was Mr. Butcher, our contractor, who, finding a British flag hoisted, claimed her as his property. The American Consul being next on board discovered *his* national flag, on which he hauled down the English and substituted the stars and stripes. However, the Japs, being assured that they, in the absence of the real owner, had the best claim, took advantage of the darkness of night to take an overhand knot in the fly of the stripes and hoisted the Japanese flag: this was considered by the United States Consul a great insult to his nation; hence the excitement. A piece of absurdity in which I did not interfere, except in giving my opinion that the United States Consul had no more right to hoist

1868. his flag than our contractor had the English! However, I left them to settle it their own way.

Yokohama, Sept. 2. At sunset we arrived in Yokohama Bay; found *Ocean* and *Rattler*. Civil War progressing; the Mikado's Government in possession. Our Naval Instructors of Japanese could not go on with their work, and not caring to be paid for nothing, tendered their resignations through me to Sir Harry Parkes.

This the Japanese gladly accepted, as it enabled them to get rid of the French Military Instructors, who, through their late minister, had shown a decided preference to the Tycoon; besides, their demands for payment were out of proportion to their services. They were angry with the perfidious English for having set the example of not receiving pay for that they did not do. From information we had gained during our northern cruise, it was considered desirable that the Russians should be looked up, to the northward of Yesso, and as this was an affair in which the French minister considered they had an equal interest, the *Rattler* and *Dupleix* were told off for that service.

The mail from England arrived, bringing me the sad news of my dear friend Rajah Brooke's death; a final paralytic seizure from which he never rallied.

Salamis, Hong Kong, Sept. 24. We started for Osaka, hurried to Nagasaki, communicated with *Rodney* at Woosung, went to Shanghai, Amoy, and Hong Kong, arriving there on October 14. Here was stationed the *Princess Charlotte*, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Oliver Jones, an eccentric good fellow, who managed the dockyard and south part of the station; in the hot season he generally came on leave and joined the Commander-in-Chief in the north and cooler parts. The *Princess Charlotte* was jury-rigged, the same I had seen launched at Portsmouth when the dock

broke in September 1825. Jones kept the smaller vessels in a constant move, and I believe outdid his chief in hospitality. He was a good draughtsman as well, fond of sport; later on he ended his days in the hunting field. 1868.

Heard at Hong Kong that on August 22 and 23 the home of Mr. Taylor and other members of the China Inland Mission had been attacked, pillaged, and partially burnt. The residents were pelted with stones, one having his sight much injured, while the wife of one of the missionaries, although far advanced in pregnancy, was obliged to jump out of a window. These missionary ladies do their hair in Chinese style, and wear the Chinese costume, and look remarkably well in it—from their fairness and size, being a vast improvement on their models.

The outrages resulted from placards prepared by the literati of the district, who endeavoured to excite the rancour of the mob by proclaiming that the missionaries scooped out the eyes of the dying, and opened Foundling Hospitals that they might eat children and prepare medicine from their brains. Previous to the attack, Mr. Taylor earnestly sought protection from the local Chinese authorities, begging that the placards might be taken down, but without avail.

The *Rinaldo*, Commander Robinson, proceeded to Chinkiang and Nankin on September 3, conveying Mr. Consul Medhurst from Shanghai, whose representations resulted in a proclamation acknowledging the right of foreigners to reside in the country, and enjoining the people to respect them. A promise was also made of reparation to those who were injured.

At this stage, Commander Bush of the *Rinaldo*, having an attack of illness, started off to Shanghai,

1868. leaving Mr. Medhurst in a house-boat to settle the affair. No sooner was the protection or prestige of the man-of-war removed than the Chinese authorities became insolent, refusing to grant the Consul the interview he had a right to demand, and withdrew all their previous concessions. At the same time the literati published fresh placards, threatening to burn down any house rented by foreigners, refusing them the right of residence at Chinkiang. Mr. Medhurst, failing in his negotiation, returned to Hong Kong to await further instructions from Sir Rutherford Alcock.

Oct. 31. To Macao in packet steamer. Joined following day by *Salamis*.

Flag in *Salamis*. Affairs in Formosa, Nov. 1. After we were under weigh in Macao roads, a gunboat joined us from Hong Kong with the northern mail, bringing pressing letters for my interference in Formosa. Having previously made arrangements for all contingencies, proceeded on the route, I had arranged for visiting the southern part of the station. I had left the *Rodney* at Shanghai, with instructions to Captain Heneage to carry out the views of the Consul, Mr. (afterwards Sir Walter) Medhurst, and render him every support. Directions were also given to prepare such a force as would overawe the troublesome Tontais in Formosa. Captain Heneage proceeded in *Rodney*, *Rinaldo*, and *Stanley* in company, to Nankin, where he was reinforced by Lord Charles Scott in the *Icarus* and the *Zebra*, Commander Trollope. Mr. Medhurst was on board the *Rodney*.

It became apparent that the Viceroy, Tseng Kuo-fau, rested his faith on diplomatic fencing. The first step of our diplomacy was to seize the Chinese screw gunboat *Tien Chi* as a material guarantee for fulfilment of the claims of our Consul. One of these was

that proclamations engraved on stone should be erected in the principal places, acknowledging the full right of Europeans to reside and exercise their calling. Compensation was demanded for the injuries inflicted on the persons and property of the missionaries; these and some minor demands were at once conceded, and the gun-boat was released. 1868.

Subsequently the Consul, accompanied by a strong landing party from the ships, under the immediate command of Captain Heneage, proceeded to Yeng Cheow, where they remained until the Viceroy's concessions were enforced.

During the past year British subjects and other foreigners have been repeatedly maltreated by people connected with the local authorities at Taiwan and Takan in Formosa. The Tontai attempted to carry out a monopoly of the camphor trade. Six thousand dollars' worth of that drug, owned by Messrs. Ellis and Co., was seized. An Englishman named Haidore was stabbed. Dr. Maxwell, a missionary, was accused of murder, and the mode of proving his guilt was somewhat curious. A mob, bearing on their shoulders a native joss, carried it round the house, and suddenly stopping, the hand of the image was made to point to a certain spot, where they commenced digging.

To the astonishment of the Doctor, a number of human bones were turned up, which, of course, had been previously placed there. Notice of this "discovery" was published, stating that the bones were those of Maxwell's victims, and his house was burned down. The Consul, Mr. Gibson, when about to start for Pitows to confront Dr. Maxwell with his accusers, got information of three ambuscades prepared to intercept him on the road.

Other outrages occurred and native Christians met

1868. Affairs in China and Formosa.

with inhuman persecution. The Chinese authorities evaded our claims for redress; at one moment pretending to concede, at the next withdrawing their promises. The Tontai of Amoy was ordered from Pekin, to proceed to Formosa and settle all existing difficulties; but he coolly informed Her Majesty's Consul on his arrival that they appeared to him of so little importance, he was determined to return to Amoy without any practical investigation into the real state of affairs. Mr. Gibson saw that some material guarantee was necessary for the fulfilment of his claims, and requested Lieutenant Gurdon of the *Algerine* to occupy Amping and the Fort of Zelandia, which forts constituted the key to the capital of Formosa, Tai-wan-foo, from which they are distant some 3000 yards.

The Tontai, having in the first instance agreed that Amping should be held as a guarantee, appears now to have ordered it to be put into a state of defence. Lieutenant Gurdon observed this and gave notice to the inhabitants of his intention. He then opened fire at about 2000 yards from the pivot gun of *Algerine*. Finding, however, that he was unable to prevent the construction of earthworks—forty-one guns were already in position—he determined to surprise the camp at night. At 10.30 P.M. Gurdon left the *Algerine* in his gig, accompanied by the cutter, containing two officers and twenty-three men. He landed on the beach in a heavy surf about two miles below the town. The gig, in spite of precaution, was swamped.

Having formed on the beach, he threw out skirmishers and advanced with caution, taking advantage of every inequality of ground. When within eight hundred yards, he observed Chinese moving about the fortifications, and the moon shining brightly, he

made his men lie down under the cover of some rising ground until 2 A.M., when he made a rush, and was in the heart of the town before he was discovered. Gurdon got hold of a guide and at once proceeded to the Heptar's Yamun, the door of which he burst in before he could get at the garrison, which consisted of about fifty men. They barricaded the door of an inner apartment, extinguished the lights, and, refusing to surrender, were fired on, when some eight were killed. 1868.

It was, of course, not the time for Gurdon, with his handful of men, to show the slightest hesitation. The remainder of the Chinese soldiers broke down a door in their rear and escaped. It was daylight before Gurdon had time to take possession of Fort Zelandia and station his men, when the enemy were observed in force coming up from Tai-wan-foo, led by a mandarin carrying a yellow flag. They were received with such a deadly fire from the unerring Snider that in less than five minutes the mandarin's men broke and fled, leaving our little force in possession. The loss of the Chinese during this little engagement was twenty-one killed and thirty-six wounded, while the mandarin, unable to face the disgrace, returned to his quarters and committed suicide.

Gurdon belonged to Norfolk. He sent me some of his captured brass guns.

The result of this action was the complete submission of the Tontai. The attempted monopoly of the camphor trade was broken down. The ringleaders in the outrage against Dr. Maxwell were punished by decapitation; pecuniary compensation was made to Ellis and Company for their losses, and a guarantee given for future good behaviour. However, there

1868. was dissatisfaction at Peking. The Prince of Kung pretended to be much annoyed at the manner in which this affair had been settled. Gibson got into a row with our Minister for having called upon Gurdon to proceed to such active measures, and he was in danger of being superseded. And yet negotiations had been going on for five months, during which time the Tontais had set their own Government, our Consuls, and all Treaty rights at defiance. I, too, had been preparing, at the request of our Minister, a powerful force that would have captured the Formosan capital, in spite of its garrison of 10,000 men, when the gallant Gurdon cut the Gordian knot and spoilt my "pidgin."

. . . . .

There came in due time wiggings from the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, in spite of the success of the operations. Gurdon and I had the distinction of being traduced in the House of Commons. Subsequently, on comparing notes with our Ambassador at Peking, who had also been found fault with, we agreed how utterly ignorant our authorities at home were of the manners and customs of the Chinese, and have they not been so even since the time we are discussing? Wars have already occurred on far less provocation.

CHAPTER XCV

The Command in China

At the same time we heard of the fresh complications in China, the mail brought news of the loss of the *Rattler* on September 24, in Shakotan Bay. My grief was great. Poor *Rattler*; unlucky nephew! In the midst of their trouble the French sloop *Dupleix*, with the ever kind Captain du Petit Thours, arrived, and took them off to Yokohama. 1868. Nov. 1.

We arrived at Saigon on November 5. There was no difficulty in finding a pilot off Cape St. James. We proceeded at once up the river to Saigon. On landing, was received by the French officials with every demonstration of respect. The Governor's carriage, drawn by four grays, and a mounted escort, conveyed me to Government House, where apartments for self and staff were ready. Marie Gustave Hector Ohier was Governor and Naval Commander-in-Chief in China and Japan. He had served in the French Naval Brigade in the Crimea; but we were on different Attacks, and did not meet. His A.D.C. and Flag-Lieutenant, Comte G. F. Edmond de Grancy, likewise a good fellow; his mother was English, and he spoke our language fluently. Flag in *Salamis*. Saigon. Nov. 5.

Saigon appears to have been well selected as a Saigon.

1868. Saigon. dockyard and arsenal; situated 25 miles up a river navigable for line-of-battle ships, it might be rendered invulnerable in these days of infernal machines: a legitimate defence, as it can seldom be used except against an aggressor. In the arsenal were all the means of building ships-of-war. Several old line-of-battle lay in the river, besides an immense troopship, equal to our largest. French rulers are energetic and active. By means of convict labour, which they obtain from Bourbon, they carry on roads and raise buildings.

The site for a magnificent city, with squares and palaces, is marked out; but the great thing wanted is population, which, in spite of the assurances of the young Comte de Grancy, beloved by the natives, is now fast disappearing. In the temporary banquetting room, where I was entertained, were pictures of the Emperor and Empress, to which was added that of Isabella of Spain. Saddle horses were placed at our disposal. Visited a large breeding establishment, chiefly of Australian mares and Arab horses; but the produce were a weedy-looking lot! There was a zealous and enterprising naturalist in one Monsieur Pierne, Directeur du Jardin Botanique, Saigon, who appeared to work unassisted.

I was told that one road extended some 900 miles in a northerly direction, which must bring them not far from our Burmese possessions. We heard from the officers of the gunboats who make excursions up the river that they frequently get shots at elephants and that tigers are numerous. The sport may be good, but I should think the climate was not to be trifled with. Nothing in the shape of curios was to be obtained, with the exception of small

boxes and stands inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, in the making of which the natives seem to excel. 1868.

Sailed in the afternoon, having been escorted back as I had arrived. When taking leave of Admiral Ohier on shore, I requested him not to return my visit, as the one I now paid him was in return for that he paid me at Hong Kong, when he departed without giving me an opportunity of waiting on him. I was off the following morning for Singapore, where we arrived on the 10th, staying only to coal before paying a long promised visit to Siam. Nov. 7.

We arrived at Bankok on the 15th. The Consul-General, Colonel Knox, kindly offered me the hospitality of the Consulate. W. H. Read was already there, having come up at my request to settle some consular matters which required attention. The young King Khoulalonkorn had but recently succeeded his father, whose obsequies were proceeding. Bankok, Nov. 15.

In one of the principal temples, the remains of His Majesty were placed in a huge silver urn, from which a ribbon passed through the hands of numerous priests, whose duty it was to pray day and night for the repose of the King's soul. The ceremonies continue for a year, after which all that is left of the departed is consigned to the flames. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the young King: an intelligent and good-looking youth. Banquets and entertainments were the order of the day, and there was much of interest to see in the beautiful temples, palaces, and buildings, placed in the most picturesque scenery.

On the 18th left for Sarawak, paying a short visit, and arrived at Singapore on the 27th. Nov. 18.

Weighed and steamed to the westward. Nov. 30.

Came to in Penang Roads. Dec. 2.

1868. Dec. 8. Mail steamer arrived, bringing the wife, Colin and little May, who were quickly embarked.

Dec. 10. Arrived at Singapore, but for the duties of command, with wife and kids on board, my kind old friends made me feel doubly at home. Alongside Kampong Bahru I felt the harbour was my own: it was scarcely discovered when in the *Mæander*. I recommended it to a shifting Board of Admiralty as the fittest coaling station in the Far East.

Dec. 19. Labuan. Arrived at Labuan. Mr. Pope Henessey was the first on board; he had a grievance. The officer in command of a gunboat had declined to fire a royal salute when directed by the Governor to do so, on Mr. Disraeli becoming Prime Minister. Explained that owing to accidents no man-of-war mounting less than ten guns was allowed to fire a salute. However, I was told that the zealous Governor had dug up some old buried guns, and had his salute fired, not quite to regular time.

Vast improvements had been made since our last visit. Mr. Hugh Low, the Secretary, had married his daughter to the Governor. Low was a botanist, and had introduced that delicious fruit, the pumalo. Dr. Treacher, the late Rajah's friend, held a government appointment. De Crespigny had left the navy and become a Resident. We remained till the 23rd.

Dec. 26.. Came to in Manila Bay. Courteously received as before in *Dido*, and again in the *Mæander*. It has altered little in the past five-and-twenty years,

Dec. 31. except to become more like a town on the Riviera than those one finds in the East under our own flag. There are plate-glass windows in the shops, a handsome boulevard, cafés, and bands playing.

1869. Jan. 1. We were no sooner clear of Manila Bay than we began to experience what it was to face the north-east

monsoon. All my party were prostrate. *Salamis* was so sudden in her movements that cots were given up and beds spread on the deck. My boy was in a burning fever—caught, we supposed, at Labuan—patient and good, calling only for drink, but unable to bear clothing. 1869.

At 8.30 we came to in Hong Kong. Keppel Garnier started to ask Dr. Hill to come from the *Melville*, hospital ship. The Governor and Lady Macdonnell kindly arranged everything for our reception at Government House, where we went on arrival. Doctors Murray and Dodds were soon in attendance. After consultations, they tried to persuade us that Colin would pull through. On service, wives and children ought to remain at home! Hong Kong, Jan. 3.

However, the boy soon mended.

Nothing could have been more fortunate than the quarters into which we had been so kindly received. There was scarcely a person in Hong Kong who did not sympathise with us. Coxswain Webb was better than any nurse. Our children were much at the Bertrand's, where their charming little daughter, Louise, took kindly to them. But all this has no business in a sailor's log!

Time passed pleasantly; with any other than the true Irish hospitality with which we were entertained I should have fancied we were over-staying our welcome. The flagship *Rodney* did not put in an appearance until the 21st. She had then to make good defects, and leave was due to the crew.

We started, children and all, by the 8 A.M. steamer to pay a visit to my old friend Robertson at his Yamun in Canton. Nothing could be prettier than the passage through the Cap Sing Moon Pass, and when Jan. 22.

1869. January. we came to the Boca Tigris Forts I had much to relate of bygone days. There, too, to the northward, was the fort I, with a small squadron, in 1857, was instructed to capture, which "pidgin" was spoilt by the Chinese not wanting to fight. I have at Bishopstoke the cap and sword which the Chinese Governor threw away that he might not be recognized. After a short stop at Whampoa, we arrived at the Pier of Canton, where Robertson waited with chairs to receive us. Wenny Coke, who arrived a few days previously from the north, came with us in the steamer, and was also put up by Robertson.

Archdeacon Gray had kindly undertaken to show all there was. But we had arranged to return in a day or two, and our time would not allow of our seeing a tithe of what the kind Archdeacon wished. We, however, saw one or two joss-houses, only curious when the meaning of the various grotesque figures and inscriptions were explained. The City of the Dead was the most extraordinary. It is a walled town, surrounded by a ditch, as if it was ever likely to be attacked! It is here that all those who can afford it deposit their dead until some auspicious day for the funeral occurs, which may not be for years. Others who, having come from some distant province to hold office under Government, deposit their dead relatives in these clean and snug lodgings until they have made their fortunes, or are turned out, as the case may be.

The city is composed of one-storied houses, the streets straight and painfully quiet; some of the houses contained one, but the others two or three coffins resting on stretchers. There were joss sticks burning in most, with a change of raiment and other little comforts the departed might require, and as

there were a few priests about, I daresay the "comforts" were appreciated. 1869. Canton.

Having an appointment to meet the Viceroy at the Consul's Yamun, I was obliged to leave the sight-seers and had not time to partake of an excellent luncheon ; as it was I followed the Viceroy's train of followers, and had only donned my uniform in time to enter the room as the Consul received him with a salute of three guns.

Our interview was the same as on a previous occasion, only now, as established old friends, we were much more cordial. The children amused themselves in the small, walled park attached to the Yamun, but a change of weather and a cutting N.E. wind coming on, our experienced friend the Archdeacon cautioned us to be careful.

Went out again curio-hunting, and on our return found a despatch from the Commodore detailing an outrage at Swatow, in which some well-known, ill-disposed villagers had fired into the *Cockchafer's* boats, wounding eleven persons (some badly), and the Commodore, pending further instructions, was preparing to punish the offenders.

It was fortunate my being in Canton with the Consul, as it enabled us at once to communicate with the Viceroy, Swatow being under his jurisdiction. The boats of the *Cockchafer*, when away exercising up the River Han, were assailed by stones by the inhabitants of the semi-piratical village of Ou-teng-foi.

The Commander landed, intending to remonstrate with the headman of the village, but as he could get no one to conduct him to his house, he seized a well-dressed Chinaman who was near, and who had witnessed the outrage, that he might take him before the Consul at Swatow to be examined.

1869. Without further provocation the villagers opened fire on the *Cockchafer's* boats, who, finding themselves opposed to some six hundred Chinese, made a running fight of it, as they retreated down the river, killing and wounding several of their assailants, returning with the gunner and a boatswain's mate dangerously, and eight others, in a less degree, wounded.

I at once placed myself in communication with the Viceroy of the two Kwang provinces. That part of the department, Quang Tung, lying to the northward and eastward of Canton had long resisted the Imperial Power, refusing to pay taxes, while they themselves levied blackmail on traders passing from Chow-Chow-Fou. An imperial army of from five to six thousand troops was gradually making its way to Chow-Chow-Fou, bringing the villages under subjection as it marched.

The inhabitants of the villages of Tang-Tau and Po-leng had on one occasion roasted alive the mandarin who had been sent to govern them. They placed another mandarin between two planks and sawed him in halves. The Viceroy immediately sent orders for the army to advance, and appointed two Commissioners, with a force and a couple of gunboats, to co-operate with our forces towards the punishment of the offending villages. The Commodore was ordered to take command of the *Rinaldo*, *Perseus*, *Leven*, *Bouncer*, and *Cockchafer*, together with a party of seamen and marines from the *Rodney*.

These being soon ready, the Commodore proceeded to Swatow, with orders to make preparations, but wait the arrival of the Commissioners and Chinese forces. I, intending to follow in the *Salamis*, returned to Hong Kong, and on the 30th hoisted the flag on board her, and left same afternoon. Whether the

Flag in *Salamis*.

Commodore thought that I should personally supersede him in the command, I do not know. When I arrived at Swatow on the 31st, I found he had neglected the latter part of his orders, and the morning after his arrival, without waiting for the Viceroy's Commissioners, proceeded to land his marines and march up the banks to protect the boats which conveyed the force up the creek that led to the offending villages. 1869. January.

At 8 A.M. (28th January) an advance was made on the village of Tang-Tau, which, together with that of Po-leng, had assisted the villages of Ou-teng-foi in their attack. These three villages offered more or less resistance: at each, the inhabitants were first to open fire, and showed a bold front, but the Sneiders soon doubled up those who did not take the earliest opportunity of dispersing as our men advanced. Tang-Tau was burned. Po-leng was spared, as the inhabitants made little resistance. Ou-teng-foi, which was barricaded, had their defences destroyed, and principal houses burned. It was difficult to ascertain the amount of loss of the villagers, as they were smart in carrying off their killed and wounded, but the Commodore, thinking they were sufficiently punished, re-embarked and returned to his ships. No looting of any sort was allowed, although geese and poultry were in plenty.

Our casualties were five wounded; the worst being Lieutenant Herbert Gye, whose face and hands were badly burned by an explosion of gunpowder lying loose on the floor of a house he was endeavouring to set fire to. Lieutenant Aitkin was severely bambooed before and behind by two Chinamen who rushed on him unawares, and Lieutenant Lloyd was wounded in the foot by falling into a cleverly concealed trap

1869. January. armed with a spear and intended for greater mischief.

The next day, 29th, the headmen of the villages sent in their submission in the following terms, translated from the original :—

Humble Petition---

The Inhabitants of Tang-Tau, Po-leng, and Ou-teng-foi.

On the 8th day of this month, some children, seeing your great country's war-boats passing, were much frightened, and, racing away, foolishly excited our people to attack them, for which the great army has entered our villages and punished us.

We repent our fault fully, and, prostrating ourselves, beg, undeserved, that mercy may be shown us, and promise that men and women will, one and all, live peaceably and quietly for coming generations under your favour.

Trusting that the great Consul will grant our prayers, etc.

Of course the Viceroy, to whom I had promised that the force I was about to send from Hong Kong should wait to co-operate with his and his Commissioners, was greatly disappointed, and I expect our Minister at Peking (Sir Rutherford Alcock) will be the same.

Feb. 2. 10 A.M. — Weighed, and stood out of river Canton.

Feb. 6. Arrived at Foochow. Proceeded up river Min, and anchored off Pagoda.

CHAPTER XCVI

The Northern Ports

1869. Shanghai, Feb. 21.

Salamis arrived at Shanghai; at anchor off naval yard. When on a visit to Sir Rutherford Alcock at Peking, in September 1867, he, having been applied to by the merchants at Chin-kiang on the subject of opening the Poyang Lake to steam navigation, expressed a wish that, if an opportunity offered, I should visit and report on its capabilities. The subject of the new treaty and fresh ports to be opened having been discussed by the Chamber of Commerce here, and affairs either in Japan or China not requiring my immediate presence, I decided on gratifying a long-cherished wish of ascending the Yang-tse-kiang as far as practicable in the *Salamis*.

Mr. Swinhoe, our late Consul at Taiwan, Formosa, a scholar, linguist, and naturalist, has been selected by Sir Rutherford to visit and report on such ports as are most desirable for trade; particularly near that part of the Great River, the Poyang Lake, and above Hankow, even as far as the province of Sechuen. In compliance with the Minister's request, the *Opossum* gun-boat waits at Hankow to convey Mr. Swinhoe whither he will.

The Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, more particularly interested in the opening of new treaty ports,

1869. has selected Mr. Michi, an enterprising traveller, and well acquainted with the value of teas and silks, to proceed, at their request, with Mr. Swinhoe. Another gentleman, Mr. Francis, accompanies them. The Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai having also got the firm of Jardine and Company to lend their small steam-vessel, she will be attached to the *Opossum*, with such surveying officers as Brooker can dispatch from the *Sylvia*. Although they will hardly have time to complete a survey of the river above Hankow, they will be able to verify that of Captain Blakiston. On Monday, February 8, we left the hospitable roof of Mr. Lavers, of the firm of Gilman and Co., and started in the *Salamis*.

Flag in *Salamis*, March. The space between Shanghai and Hankow is now well-beaten ground, owing to the Company's steamers, which start both ways every two or three days according to the freights they ship, carrying a large number of passengers, the majority of whom are Chinese. The chief interest to me is that twenty-seven years ago, when in the *Dido*, we formed one of a large fleet of upwards of seventy men-of-war and transports, all of which succeeded in getting up without the use of steam as far as Nankin, which brought about peace and the signing of the treaty which bore that name.

March 9. At sunset on Tuesday the 9th we came to off Chin-kiang, promising to visit Silver Island on our return. On the following morning we found that Mr. Allen, the Vice-Consul, and several other gentlemen, among whom was a son of my old friend Carnie of former days at Singapore, hearing of my weakness that way, had prepared a shooting excursion to Deer Island, some six miles up the river.

As they could easily return with the current, we took the whole party on board the *Salamis*, and before

noon proceeded up the river and anchored off the island, a long flat of about seven miles by four, and, except at the time when we arrived, covered with long and strong reeds, which the natives were cutting for thatch or fuel, making at same time temporary, but not uncomfortable, huts to live in. There was no lack of game or sportsmen, and from the quantity of firing the bag ought to have been a large one : seven deer, and a few varieties of duck, teal, and quail, was the result. The deer were what are called "hog," with a coarse rough hair and a peculiar tusk protruding, boar fashion, from the jaw. We had an agreeable day and dined together in the wardroom, the Chin-kiang party not leaving until late. 1869.

Weighed at daylight, and came to off Nankin, but not in time to perform an excursion to the Ming Tombs; people wishing to visit these comfortably should write beforehand and have ponies or chairs ready. We mounted the city wall on the highest point of the hill to the eastward, the view from whence gives a good idea of the vast extent of water and of the desolation inside. Fresh-looking ship guns marked U.S.R.M., which I read "United States Republic Marine," were mounted and brought to bear on the only anchorage fit for ships of any size; they were about 42-pounders, of a pattern now obsolete, and had evidently been placed since the visit of the *Rodney*. Nankin, Mar. 11.

Having been on the top of the great Porcelain Tower when it stood prominent in its magnificence, I did not care to go now, as travellers do, to seek for bricks among its ruins.

I have a printed copy of a letter addressed by the Shanghai General Chamber of Commerce to W. H. Medhurst, Esq., in reply to an application from our Minister at Peking, in which they

1869. Yang-tse-kiang. enumerate the different ports they think desirable should be opened. Among them is Wu-hu. Wu-hu is situated about two miles above the mouth of a tributary stream, on the right bank of the Yang-tse, about sixty miles above Nankin.

Mar. 12. We anchored off this for a couple of hours on the afternoon of the 12th, when I proceeded up the creek with Swinhoe, Dob Crosbie, and the pilot, and landed near the walled town. The whole right bank, and part of the left, had trading junks thickly stowed side by side with ends on to the shore, which gave proof of a vast amount of commerce; while, judging from the buildings in progress, both city and suburbs were gradually recovering from the effects of the late Civil War.

It is curious to note that early travellers in China have described the country as either a "vast plain" or "an enormous fertile valley." More variation of surface, perhaps, does not appear in any country, and where we should be most inclined to look for such features, namely on its great artery, it is diversified enough to please the most exacting of tourists.

Commencing at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang, there is naturally a considerable extent of flat alluvial land, the delta of the river, where once, no doubt the ocean held its sway. But soon we come to hills and high lands, and at Chin-kiang the eye is delighted with the steep and rugged cliffs. About Nankin the country is prettily broken into ridges and hills, and before reaching far above this, mountains shut in the river on either side.

Mar. 13. On the afternoon of the 13th we passed close to Nankin (pronounced and spelt Bankin by our civil and communicative pilot, with a strong nasal twang),

such as might be found in the United States, and to which I have ceased to object. He had often passed up here during the wars in 1861, in a vessel that was always ready to supply with "munitions" the side that could pay best. 1869. Yang-tse-kiang.

He pointed out the fort close to the river bank on the east side of the Pagoda, once in possession of the Imperialists, while the rebels held the city, the nearest wall of which was not a quarter of a mile distant. There were also the stern posts to which two rebel chiefs had been chained until released by death. The city subsequently surrendered, when every living soul was put to death, and for weeks after, decapitated bodies infested the river for miles. It was on passing these batteries that Lord Elgin was fired at, on which occasion young Birch, who had been one of my youngsters in the *Raleigh*, lost an arm.

Our pilot not being quite as much at home as those who work the trading steamers, we always came to in the evening; besides, our hurry was not such as to prevent one seeing what was to be seen during daylight.

Weighing on 14th, by a little after 11 o'clock we came up with one of the most picturesque objects on the river, a rock rising abruptly, called the "Little Orphan"; but the day was dull and a mist hung over the adjacent country: the right thing would have been to ascend a small pagoda on the top and enjoy a splendid view. Shortly afterwards we saw the Orphan Rock in the entrance of the Poyang Lake, standing in bold relief, the guardian of the passage. On the left of the entrance is Hu-kau, a temple within a high picturesque wall, where resides a Chinese Admiral with his war junks. Mar. 14.

The legend of the Orphan Rock, told us by the pilot, is, that in bygone ages a Chinaman, with his wife and

1869. two children, was crossing the river, when his boat was upset in a storm. The parents at once sank, but a kind turtle rising to the surface, took the children on his back, and instead of making for the shore, appears to have swum up stream, when after a while one of the children slipped off and was drowned, when there arose the rock now called "The Little Orphan." The turtle then made for the Poyang Lake with his second charge, but before he reached the shoal the other child fell off at the spot where the rock rose out of the water called "The Great Orphan." The benevolent turtle then died too, and his broken heart formed a huge rock not far from the resting-place of the lost child.

Sunday. We anchored off Chin-kiang as the bell was tolling for afternoon service. Our appearance had caused the clergyman to delay the service twenty minutes, but as we were not informed, his kind intention was lost on us. This was one of the open ports selected on the river. Like most of the towns on the southern bank of the Yang-tse, it had been in the hands of the rebels, the effects of whose ravages were apparent. It is a neat little settlement, with European-looking houses, a Bund in front, and the handsome range of Lien-Shan mountains for a background. The merchants here had long been aware of the advantages to trade that would accrue by the opening of a port or ports on the Poyang Lakes, with permission to ply steamers either as traders or tugs. As yet the Chinese authorities, blind to their advantage, have been opposed to the use of steam in the inner waters.

Mar. 15. With the assistance of the *Faust*, a small steamboat of about forty tons, kindly lent us by Jardine Mathieson's firm at Shanghai, it was my intention

to have explored this lake, and I determined to wait her arrival. She was to have followed us in tow of one of the American steamers that run between Hankow and Shanghai. This proposed expedition caused no small sensation in the settlement. Those who could not get stowed away on board the *Salamis*, got ready their house-boats; two started for the scene of action at once, as they knew their craft were of too frail a construction to stand a tug of a greater rate than three knots per hour. 1869.

While detained waiting for the *Faust*, several shooting parties went forth, but with small results; those who went prepared only for snipe fell in with duck, and *vice versa*. However, a little earlier in the season, game of all sorts must be plentiful. Pheasants, ducks, teal, and the hog deer were to be purchased.

The steamer from Shanghai arrived on the 17th, but without the *Faust*, owing to a defect in her machinery. I therefore determined on proceeding for Hankow without further delay, promising, if possible, to explore the Poyang on my return, when we shall have the advantage of several feet rise of water. Mar. 17.

4.15 P.M.—Slipped from buoy to run up as far as we could before dark, so as to ensure our reaching Hankow on the following day.

Weighed at five. We soon came to the most beautiful scenery we had yet met with. High hills rising immediately from the bank, with woods, a great improvement on the shrubs we had hitherto passed. The Spit Rock is a peculiar feature in a narrow pass. The high-water line was distinctly marked on the rocks some twenty feet above where we were. Among the curious things we met were immense timber rafts, each with its street of wooden houses. Mar. 18.

1869. We came to off Hankow. Found *Opossum* and a Russian gunboat, an old acquaintance of the Gulf of Tartary.

The good people of Hankow are noted for their hospitality, and before leaving Shanghai, quarters were offered us in both the houses of Jardine and Mathieson, and Gilman and Co. We had agreed with Mr. Lavers to go to whichever house we should inconvenience the least, and they were to settle it between them. We were claimed by Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, old friends of Mr. Gilman. A good fellow, Mr. Beveridge of Jardine's house, expressed great disappointment at our not going to him, but most kindly took instead the whole of my staff, including Dob.

Hankow. Hankow is only separated from Wu-chang and Han-yang by the Han and Yang-tse rivers. The surrounding country is flat, and as I could not look with commercial eyes on the adjacent cities, with their numerous junks that lined the shore, especially at the junction of the Han, where they seemed to form a deadlock, I am afraid I was a little disappointed with the celestial emporium. On shore, and along the walls, the high-water mark was clearly defined; about every three or four years the country is inundated, without, however, affecting the health of the place. Our countrywomen, and particularly the children, looked fresh and blooming.

CHAPTER XCVII

Memories of Gordon

1869. Hankow, Mar. 19.

Mr. Caine, the Consul, and son of my old friend of former China days, having given notice of my intention the day previous, at 10 A.M. we crossed the river to Wu-chang, that I might pay my respects to the Viceroy. Besides the Consul and myself our party consisted of Swinhoe, Mr. Davenport, the consular interpreter, and Keppel Garnier, Flag Lieutenant. The Viceroy was Li Hung Chang, who had fought for eighteen years against the Tai-peng rebels and was considered the first general in the Imperialist Army.

Gordon had held a command as brigadier-general under him, and Li it was who so treacherously put to death Lar Wang and nine of the rebel chiefs at the surrender of Soo-chow, on 7th December 1863, although Gordon had pledged himself for their safety. The only time that Gordon was known to carry arms were the two days after the execution of the Wangs, when, had he fallen in with Li, there would have been two holes in Li's yellow waistcoat!

Besides my curiosity to see this celebrated scoundrel, I wanted the loan of a most convenient little steamer, the *Hyson*, now lying in the river, which had performed such wonderful feats in co-operation with Gordon during the war.

1869. We landed about a quarter of a mile below a pagoda, just built or renovated, on the point where the city wall touches the river. Chairs, with the official number of bearers, were found ready, proceeded at once inside the city walls to the Viceroy's Yamun. There was the usual rush of guards and deliberation before the outer gates were opened, although we were only punctual to our time.

There is a regular etiquette on all ceremonial visits as to how far you may advance in your chair towards the first door of the three apartments, at which you are met by the person you visit.

Wu-chang. I received the honour due to the highest rank, and was placed on a raised platform on the left of the Viceroy Li. Tea was ready, and another table with sweetmeats—the usual compliments of asking your age, health, and the balance of your family.

Before I proceeded to announce my intention of proceeding up the river, His Excellency hoped I would not attempt to do so, urging that the natives were troublesome and unaccustomed to foreigners, and he could not be responsible for them. I replied that I had no fear with the passport of so great a man. To this he made objections and excuses. We then gathered round the sweetmeats and replied to numerous questions about armament and guns, all showing a warlike tendency.

Viceroy Li is a tall, hard-looking man, and I should think quite capable of ridding himself and his country of any number of rebel kings, whether a British officer had become security or not. He seemed to take a great fancy to my Bath Star, and said he should recommend me to the Emperor for the distinguished order of the Imperial Dragon.

Our interview lasted for over an hour.

We took our departure for the residence of the Reverend Mr. John, one of the greatest travellers in China, at whose house we found a real English luncheon. He had a pretty, lively little daughter and a wife who shared his labours. Mr. John afterwards accompanied us to the curio-shops, which were poorly provided and inferior to those in Hankow. He gave us much valuable information from the experience he had gained in the Upper Yang-tse, and seemed to think the *Salamis* would have little difficulty in getting up to I-Chang, about 15 miles below the first rapids. 1869.

Among those we visited was the Russian Consul, who concocted a delicious beverage out of some rare green tea ; so scarce that in a twelvemonth he could seldom succeed in getting more than 120 lbs., and that went to Russia for the Emperor's use. There are several Russian merchants who have been located for years in the interior cities carrying on an extensive trade in furs, as well as silks and tea. Mar. 20.

Russians appear to have a greater facility in acquiring languages than other nations. In spite of the rain, cold, and damp, and anything but the best of meat, certainly the worst of cooking, we enjoyed ourselves.

Sunday.—We were astonished at the appearance, before tiffin, of our mail from England, four days before the expected time. Two Admirals dead, and I top of list of Vice ; *Rodney* ordered home. Hankow, Mar. 21.

There is a neat little church in course of construction. Clergyman a Mr. MacClatchy ; his wife a sister of Sir Harry Parkes.

Of course there was a race-course, an agreeable and innocent amusement, our host being among the light weights and about the best rider. The old

1869. course was outside the city walls, on a flat some 12 miles in extent with scarcely a tree to be seen. In winter, I am told, the flat is covered with bustards, geese, and hares.

The vessel that brought the mail did not bring the long-expected *Faust*, and our departure was deferred. The good Doctor Gregory kindly volunteering to look after my belongings, we left them, with the worthy Webb to help: it was not so bad an arrangement.

May and Webb.

At 3 P.M. the *Fusiama* steamer put in an appearance, with the *Faust* in tow. She was quickly in readiness to proceed, but Risk had too much work to get through, so the early morning was fixed for our next start. *En route*

Mar. 24. to take leave of the children, found them with Webb in sad distress over a string of rats secured by wire to a six-foot stick. With the *Faust* came up two surveying officers, Dawson from *Sylvia*, and Palmer, who had been serving in the *Insolent* at Chefoo. We managed to get two Chinese pilots, who knew

something of the river as far as Yoh-chow, at the entrance of the Tung-ting Lake. We had also our Shanghai pilot, Mr. Pendleton, an intelligent man, experienced in river navigation. With all this staff, and the *Opossum* some days ahead to look out for difficulties, the knowing ones were betting that I should never reach I-Chang. There is a good and well-conducted club at Hankow. 1869.

At 8 A.M. we had taken leave of the children and friends; a few minutes after we were on our way to the interior of the Celestial Empire—*Faust*, and a native boat hired by Messrs. Francis and Michi to sleep in, in tow. Cannot say much for the interesting scenery, for though the whole country is scarcely raised above the level of the river from July to October, at the present time we were twenty feet below. Except where there was a village we were steaming between mud walls, on the top of which a few natives, or a boy on a buffalo with the sky for a background, appeared, to break the monotony. When I say between mud walls, the river was seldom less than half a mile wide. We anchored at sunset, having had much bother with the hired native boat. These craft are loosely put together, and do not stand towing at any speed. This one looked like a lashed-up hammock. The woman on board with a child in her arms roared to be released, declaring the boat was filling and calling to her countrymen on the banks to come to her rescue; but when Messrs Michi and Francis went on board the boat was found to be all right, no attention was paid to her, while she continued to roar and wipe her tears with the arm of her child, while her crew joined in chorus: one of them, to prove his distress, lay on his back kicking the air with his nailed boots. Mar. 25.

1869. Tung-ting Lake, Mar. 26. At about 3 P.M. we had struck off from the Yang-tse to go down the branch that leads to the Tung-ting Lake, and five miles farther came to off Yo-chow, situated at the outlet. A high wall hid from our view the city, which appears to have been built on a bluff; for healthiness it must be as well, or better, than any of the towns we had passed. Yo-chow is the great port for the wealthy province of Hainan, and I should imagine well adapted for one of the Treaty Ports, but, opening it would shut up Hankow, where sufficient money has already been expended.

Yo-chow. There was a good assortment of trading junks; two customs Government boats were showily decorated, the Captain was entertaining a tea party. Our surveying officers landed to take sights for chronometers and soon collected a crowd, some of whom, when the officers had picked up their instruments and turned their backs to go down to the boat, began hooting and throwing stones, a number of specimens of which were brought on board; some of them quite big enough to have knocked a man off his thwart.

Observing what was going on, I ordered a blank gun to be fired to remind them that we were a vessel-of-war, and might pitch something into them that would hit harder than stones. I asked Swinhoe, who was just shoving off from the ship, to go alongside the Government vessel and demand an explanation. The Captain, who was at that moment sitting down to entertain his guests, said that, seeing the gathering of roughs that was taking place, he had despatched a messenger to the Prefect, telling him of the outrage and recommending his sending down a force to keep the peace; informing him that a great British

Admiral had arrived with a thousand men, and that he would assuredly avenge the insult. 1869.

Swinhoe informed this officer he had better go on board and explain matters to the Admiral. The customs official, who had some misgivings as to the propriety of trusting himself within the power of an incensed British Admiral, hesitated. He held many consultations with his guests, and they all appeared to think he ran great risk; but on Swinhoe assuring him that he could not answer for the consequences if he did not go and explain, at the end of three-quarters of an hour he figged himself up with another cup of tea, and, taking his pink-buttoned hat, with its hanging feather, like a fox's brush, he resigned himself to his fate, took leave of his fat friends and descended with Swinhoe into the *Salamis* boat.

Seeing him coming, I had only just time to put on uniform and a *war* expression, when he was ushered on board.

After the usual "chin chin," we were seated opposite one another, when he broke out in a nervous, but loud voice to explain matters. I informed him that it was a very serious offence; that by treaty a man-of-war was allowed to go to any part of China and have protection; that the affair at Swatow commenced in the same way by some roughs, over whom the authorities professed to have no control, throwing stones, which ended in my having to destroy three large towns, with great loss of life to the inhabitants.

I told him, in this case, one presumed the Governor was not aware we were coming, and I should content myself with reporting to Peking the treatment my officers, while unarmed, had received. I requested the official to inform the Governor that,

1869. when I returned, a life would, probably, be taken for every stone thrown! He then thanked me for my forbearance, and, I imagine, was glad when he found himself again with his tea party.

Having landed our Hankow pilots, failed in getting others for I-Chang, but as we got our sights, there was no further cause for detention. The ill feeling by a few roughs was anything but the prevailing one among the natives, who swarmed alongside to see the ship, bringing vegetables and sweetmeats for sale.

Two or three boats full of the fishing cormorants amused us amazingly: they had probably been fishing in the clear waters of the lake. The birds were perched all over the boat, on the gunnels, on the top of the covering, or anywhere they could get a footing. Although each had a small line to one leg, none of them were secured; there were perhaps twenty in each boat.

The fish they had caught were of various sorts, and, strange to say, the perch, with its prickly fin, that a pike will refuse to touch, was not the least common among those in the tub; in fact, while the man was holding the fish-tub, one of the cormorants shoved his beak in and seized a large perch. He, in his turn, was seized by the throat and made to disgorge. I noticed that the man cleverly turned the fish round in the throat of the cormorant, so that it came out head foremost. It would have puzzled the cormorant to have got rid of it otherwise, unless the perch had gone clean through him. I was anxious to ascertain how the Chinaman prevented the fish passing into the stomach of the cormorant, and found that it was by a twist of straw tied just tight enough round the lower part of

the neck to hold a fish of about ¾lb. When we started I daresay the roughs went home rejoicing, thinking they had driven us away. We weighed about an hour before sunset, and turned down the stream to where we had diverged from the Yang-tse, in which we brought up for the night. 1869.

We weighed at daylight, with Blakiston's geographical flying survey of the river as our only guide. This, officers had enlarged to a scale of one inch to the mile. We managed between 70 and 80 miles the first day, without accident beyond that of fouling a junk that persisted in placing itself under our bows, turn which way we would. No great damage done: a Chinaman was knocked overboard from the junk, but he managed to take a plank with him. It is so seldom that a Chinaman ever helps a drowning man, that we stopped a few minutes until we saw him picked up. Mar. 27.

There was but little variety in the scenery. One remarkable object was the skeleton of a large forest tree, noticed also by Blakiston. The only way to account for its standing alone in a country where fuel is scarce, is that it must have been struck by lightning, when it would be considered a thing accursed! If a junk is struck by lightning she is deserted. Porpoises continued to tumble over, and bottles that floated past gave indication that we were not the first Europeans up the Yang-tse.

As if to made up for our good fortune on the previous day, we frequently touched the bottom. Came to at Shi-show. Sunday, Mar. 28.

We had gone but a short distance after daylight when we suddenly came into shoal water. The vessel was quickly stopped and her head put at another point without success. This operation was Mar. 29.

1869. repeated four times, each attempt a little farther towards mid-channel. Whether the commander was losing patience, and made the last more spitefully than before, he certainly managed to fix her as firmly as on a rock on a sandbank about mid-channel. Every attempt to heave her off after lightening failed; but the *Opossum* had orders not to proceed farther than where there was a channel for us, and she must be some way ahead. A sandbank soon formed on the side opposite to the current, on which the men walked; but this, our experienced American pilot assured us, was a matter of course, on grounding on a sandbank in a river with a rapid current.

The *Faust* was got ready and preparing for a start to Shi-show for junks, by which we might lighten ourselves, when the outline of three Europeans, with the sky for a background, appeared on the edge of the bank which formed our mud wall. They were from the *Opossum*, having heard from a native boat of our position. On consultation, it was decided that our case was merely one that required patience: the current would take its time, and eventually release us; we might be twisted about and fresh banks appear, but in the end we should be floated off, and none the worse.

Mar. 30. Shooting parties landed, bringing on board a tolerable bag: ducks and teal had not yet taken their departure for their summer abode; several pheasants, hares, and snipe. We supplied *Opossum* with what coal she could stow, while her native pilot held out hopes of taking us up to I-Chang.

Mar. 31. Shortly before 4 A.M., the rush of the stream chain through the hawse-hole, and a tremulous motion, informed me that we were off the bank,

while the other bower anchor brought us up in the channel. It took us the remainder of the day to recover our anchors, stream chain, and hawsers. On the Sabbath afternoon I invited Risk, my secretary, to accompany me in a stroll. My feelings were shocked to see him, on landing, produce a gun and well-stocked bag of cartridges, while Ponto, a pointer, but a still better retriever, soon came on the scent of game. Snipe and teal got up in twos and threes, a fair proportion falling to Risk's gun. The temptation was too much for me. Borrowing the gun, while Risk looked on, in the course of a few moments I returned him an empty cartridge bag. Fortunately he had a few cartridges left, and was rewarded by a brace or two of pheasants on the homeward journey. The spring snipe afford splendid shooting, even up to May, as they work north to their breeding grounds by easy stages. The birds are nearly double the ordinary size, the result, I presume, of good feeding in the pâdi-fields. Bags of even fifty couple a gun await a good shot. 1869.

CHAPTER XCVIII

YANG-TSE-KIANG TRIP

1869. April 1. PILOT on board; we were ready for a further start up the river, but found I had been imposed on. The pilot had agreed to take us as far as Shi-show, but had not stated when he could take us on to I-Chang. As time was the only thing of which I had none to spare, I-Chang had to be given up. In September and October, I believe the *Rodney* might be brought up as far as the first rapids. Swinhoe, the two surveying officers, Dawson and Palmer, and the two representatives of the Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai, had to be transferred to the *Faust* and *Opossum*, and in exchange we received our navigating Lieutenant, Taylor. I doubt the Yang-tse being navigable except to a peculiar class of steamer, adapted to the purpose of ascending the rapids above I-Chang; but that need not prevent enterprising merchants establishing themselves, as the Russians have done for years, in the capital and large cities of the rich province of Se-Chuen; and they might establish a consul, but it is a question whether our relations with China are at present such that our consul and traders would feel secure without the protection of a gunboat. Regret not being able to accompany them farther, but having so

much interesting work before me, ought not to be greedy. 1869.

Having seen our friends take their departure in the *Faust*, we weighed anchor for our return, and were drifting down broadside on to the stream without room to go ahead, our stern close to the bank, which being of mud, I recommended backing into. Her head immediately paid off down stream, but my advice had been fatal to further rapid progress. Although no shock was felt, the rudder's head was twisted and the rudder unmanageable. On examination, it was found we had to drift down. I did not like to upset the exploring and surveying expedition by sending for the *Opossum*, but determined on sending an officer to Hankow for the *Zebra* to come up to Hankow. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than this event, or so completely adapted to upset the arrangements I had made during the short time I was likely to remain on the station. The hot season approaching, my anxiety to get to the northward was great.

My galley, with Mr. Lee, took her departure at about 6 P.M. on a journey of 220 miles to Hankow, but with a strong current and the prospects of an occasional lift by sailing.

Our misfortunes had not come to an end. The morning was fine. We got under way with the prospects of a good day before us; I had been calculating with our American pilot whether we should not be close on our galley at Hankow. We were coming to a part of the river where there are a succession of islands a-wash, and we ought to have crossed to the opposite or right bank of the river. *Salamis* awkward to handle. The only way the rudder would act was the wrong one; the American Apr. 2.

1869. pilot recommended to warp across. The stocks of both bower anchors had broken. In trying to cross, the ship grounded on the upper side of the first of the above-named islands. Our hope was in the rise of the river, while it was possible that the island might rise too! We were in a fix. Twelve long days were spent getting the ship afloat and to rights. The bank shifting occasionally, moved the position.

On the 14th the house-boat *Fanny* arrived from Hankow. Risk and ourselves went down in her to Hankow, arriving on the 18th. The *Salamis* followed three days later, when the flag was rehoisted.

On the 25th the French man-of-war *Flamon* arrived, saluted us, and also, with three guns, the late Viceroy's wife and son on their departure. Weighed and arrived at Shanghai on the 27th.

Apr. 30. *Salamis* paid off: recommissioned by Commander Miller.

May 11. Transferred wife and children with Flag-Lieutenant to the care of my kind friend Raby in the *Adventure*, and steamed down the Woosung.

May 15. Came to off Chefoo, a pretty port with red cliffs and good beaches. Found Lord Charles Scott in the *Icarus*. Went on in the afternoon and arrived off Taku in time to pick up our old pilot Bandi. Crossed the bar of the Peiho with the flood-tide, which we carried for 40 miles, making with three boilers, for one hour, over 30 miles.

May 17. Started again at daylight and got to Tientsin at 9.30, having fouled but one junk and only touching the bottom once.

Mr. Morgan, the Consul, lost no time in making arrangements for our start for Peking. Our party consisted of Charlie Scott, Miller, Risk, and Dob Crosbie, my nephew. We had six boats, covered in

and convenient for sleeping, another for cooking, one for servants. A Commander-in-Chief could not travel without a mandarin, who arranged everything and saved much trouble and annoyance. Mandarin Chaing Lao (the fifth of the brothers Chaing) arrived about 6 P.M., and we then spent the next forty-eight hours going up the Peiho, carried by the flood through the crowds of junks which nearly block up the river. The crew were willing enough as long as time was allowed them for "chow-chow" and smoke. We travelled all night. 1869. Peiho River.

We might have reached Tung-Chow this evening, but as the gates of Peking are closed at 6 P.M., we enjoyed a quiet night by stopping short of the town. May 19.

Peking.—We had not arrived many minutes before Sir Rutherford's stud-groom, with two mounted orderlies, arrived, bringing letters from His Excellency, stating that horses had been sent on over night. Carts for our luggage would leave Peking early in the morning. "Don Juan," the same horse I rode during our delightful excursion into Mongolia in 1867, was sent for me. By 9 A.M. we were at the British Legation, received with the same welcome and hospitality I had experienced when last here. Conolly took care of Risk; the rest of us were distributed over the Legation. I was in my old quarters. The baths were luxuries after our journey, for the water of the Peiho is too muddy for bathing. Lady Alcock and her daughter joined us at the 12 o'clock breakfast: the latter a bright, pretty girl, nice to everybody. Those who had not been in Peking before were shown the sights within reach by Conolly. I had much to discuss with Sir Rutherford. We agreed that although our late proceedings had not been approved of by the Foreign Office, what we did was for the best, and so Peking, May 20.

1869. far from drawing the country into war, the steps taken were the only ones that averted such a misfortune. Went to see the Joss that the Sergeant of Minister's Bodyguard has brought for me.

. . . . . .

I sent a photograph of it to General Knollys. It came home in the *Rodney* and is now comfortably housed at Sandringham.

. . . . . .

The interpretation of the inscription at the foot of the Joss is as follows :—

Respectfully made on a lucky day of the tenth month of the twenty-eighth year of His Majesty K'-ang-Hsi.

In English dates, October or November 1690.

The dinner-party this evening included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hart. He holds a high position in the Imperial Customs, and has control over a larger revenue than was ever held by a foreigner in China, or perhaps any other country. Hart has the appointing of all the heads for collecting the foreign duties, as well as of the Harbour Masters and Commanders of Revenue cruisers. He chooses the positions and raising of lighthouses as well as the placing of lightships. Two years ago he applied to me for opinions respecting the proper positions of these lights, which I directed Commander Brooker to furnish. He took great pains and wrote several folios of information on the subject.

I was gratified to learn that Hart had, upon my recommendation, reserved the appointment of Commander of a revenue boat, with £800 a year, for my old friend Claude de Crespigny. Dob Crosbie, who had kindly undertaken the duties of Master of the Horse to the Commander-in-Chief,

took an early ride with Conolly to the Horse Bazaar to look for a quiet pony or two. He got hold of a fairish Dun, which is docile enough, I think, to carry Colin at Yokohama. 1869. Peking.

To forenoon church—a modest little building with no appearance of extra ceremonies. May 23.

Our traps started by early carts for Tung-Chow. The Joss went off on Saturday. Sir Rutherford directed that it should be carefully covered with matting for fear any *dévote* Chinaman should take umbrage at a god being removed from the Celestial Empire. The mandarin who accompanied us was anxious to know if I should burn incense before it when I got home. I have no doubt he thought I was a convert to Buddhism. May 24.

The fur merchants had many pretty things, but I selected a small piece of the sea-otter skin, sufficient to make a muff, and was told it was valued above sable. I had also some commissions with the silk-seller, and chose some pieces of maize and other silk, which, as Mr. Pepys would have said in his diary, "did me much pleasure."

After *déjeuner* we took leave of our friends, and mounted our horses to ride quietly back, much tried by hot wind and clouds of dust. Ice, however, was plentiful and cheap. Late in the evening our small fleet was again under way, increased now by two more boats containing the Joss and sundry carved stones. We had likewise to distribute through the fleet 8 good-sized cages, containing 16 pheasants from Mongolia for my friend Tom de Grey. "Crossoptelon Manchuricum" worth "some" should they reach England alive. Drank Her Majesty's health *en route* with honours.

This has been a scorching sun with a burning

1869. Peiho River to Tientsin, May 25.

wind, while hot sand found its way into the interior of our boats, as well as into our eyes and everything we ate or drank. We managed a walk of two or three miles, which can always be accomplished without detaining the boats by watching on the chart (the Admiralty one is very good) where the river takes an unusual sweep round, when you walk across to the nearest point. No rain having fallen for three weeks, the ground was hard and hot; and the natives anticipated a bad harvest.

Among the odds and ends one sees in the shops in Peking, nothing is more curious, as well as absurd, than the children's toys. Conolly's Chinese servant was put in requisition to make a double collection—one for our children and the other for them to send by the *Rodney* to numerous cousins.

May 26. It was near midnight before we got alongside the *Salamis*.

CHAPTER XCIX

CHEFOO TO JAPAN

1869. Flag in *Salamis*, May 27.

BEFORE starting for Peking, I informed the Consul at Tientsin of my intention to pay, on my return, my respects to Tchung-How, the same Governor that was here when I was in the *Dido*, and, with the exception of the Viceroy at Canton, the most finished Chinese gentleman I had met. In reply to the Consul's message, Tchung-How hoped we would not be late as he had to pray for rain.

Scott attended on my visit to His Excellency, who lived two miles away on the opposite side of the river. Tchung-How, in addition to being Governor, is superintendent of trade and junior guardian of the heir-apparent. Mr. Morgan acted as interpreter. We were received with the usual courtesy, the Viceroy holding his hands before him and bending forward at each door. In the inner room we had tea, and then, in the second, champagne and fruit. Made the visit short, and was glad to get away; having exchanged into lighter clothing, visited curio shops, in which there was a sad falling off; dealers in furs and skins charged double what they did in Peking.

Had still to return the visit of the Russian Consul C. Skottschkoff. He has a Cossack look about him; his wife, not being got up to receive visitors, dis-

1869. appeared by an opposite door, but I believe she is pretty and speaks English. Our Consul and his wife joined us at dinner; she made herself very agreeable.

May 28. Made an early start with the hopes of crossing the bar in the afternoon, but the pilot, I believe from the want of his accustomed cocktail, failed in nerve and muddled us twice; by dark we came to, a little more than halfway down the Peiho.

Peiho-Taku Forts, May 29. Started early, but not in time to save the tide over the bar; a bore, am anxious to get north. We brought up close to the celebrated Taku Forts, that the squadron under Sir James Hope had such good reason to remember. Some of our officers landed, and no objection was made to their inspecting forts. They report them as in good repair, guns mounted and ammunition ready, but nothing heavier than 32-pounders, evidently taken from our gunboats, having the "V.R." on them; but these will be retaken before long!

The European in charge of signal station stated that the garrisons, formerly thirty or forty in each fort, had within the last month been increased to 800 soldiers in one and 600 in the other. The coolies state that all foreigners are shortly to be driven out of China. I believe they are conceited enough to attempt it. Secret copies of some of Commissioner Li's correspondence had reached our Embassy at Peking. If anything is to take place, I hope it may come off in my time; I am confident that a war would eventually benefit both sides.

May 30. Read prayers to ship's company. At 3 P.M. came to at Chefoo. The mail had arrived from England. Discussions had taken place in Parliament in which the

Duke of Somerset and Lord Clarendon proved how mistaken they were regarding the state of China. An *apology* was to be sent to the Chinese Government for our "mistake" in Formosa! 1869

Inspected Charles Scott's *Icarus;* as I expected, found her in perfect order. Chefoo, May 31.

The coaling of the *Salamis* painfully slow; lazy coolies passing the coal on board in small baskets holding less than a shovelful each. Operation completed by 3 P.M. Having laid in a stock of sheep and poultry, started for Japan.

Markham informed me that a Russian corvette had been at Chefoo with a live bear and a lion's skin for me from friend Etholin of Vladivostock. They went on to Shanghai, where I hope they will be put into the *Juno*.

Got through the Simonoseki Straits before dark. Once more the inland sea; at no time of the year can it look more beautiful; crops ripening and the green grass and trees in all the freshness of spring. At 4.30 entered the far-famed whirlpool passage, but it was time of neap tides and the flood was within an hour of its making, which it does two hours after high water. It required close watching and quick helm to prevent being slewed broadside on by the "Chow-Chow" water. It is safest to pass through with the current. June 4.

By daylight we were standing into the Bay of Yedo; *Rodney*, *Ocean*, *Adventure*, and *Cormorant* made their numbers. We passed under the stern of the old *Rodney*, where the band and officers were on the poop to welcome the old Chief. Steamed ahead of the stately *Ocean* and came to before 8 A.M. Found the wife and children well and happy at the Legation House. Sir Harry Parkes absent in Yedo, Yokohama, June 6.

1869. but everything done to make us feel at home. Denison had come out by mail, at his own expense, to take command of *Cormorant*, as her paying-off was to be here. Flag hoisted on board *Rodney*.

Flag in *Rodney*, June 7. The French commodore and captains, as well as Dutch and American senior officers, visited *Rodney*. All the heads of departments had already visited, and been attentive to the wife on her arrival.

June 8. Accompanied by Heneage, returned calls of the French, American, and Netherlands commanders; the two former giving me a personal salute. The small arms men and marines from *Rodney* and *Ocean*, 4047 tons, Captain Stanhope, landed and went through their evolutions, to the admiration of Colonel Norman of the 9th Regiment (The Norfolk). The field-pieces were beautifully worked. I was mounted on Sir Harry Parkes's charger, which, however, refused to stand fire. I have had the house built snug and substantial, easy to be got rid of! My ponies Tiu and Ko in the Legation stable, where the poor old grey given me by Mrs. Fitzroy is dying.

June 10. Pouring with rain and a gale blowing. We dined with the Marshalls, plodding there in chairs, ankle deep in mud. The Normans, Mrs. Alt, Adams, Stanhope, and Helen were of the party; the dinner, as usual, excellent, wines to match. Drank the health of Georgie West, her birthday.

June 11. Inspected *Ocean*. It is difficult to imagine a cleaner or more perfect man-of-war. Hard lines, the depriving me of my flagship! Dined with the Normans in their barrack hut; every exertion made by kind hostess to make us enjoy our visit, in which she perfectly succeeded. At the door on way home met a youngster with our mail from England.

In noting events it is odd I should have omitted the

severest shock of earthquake that I had experienced. It occurred at 4 P.M. on Monday. I was sitting at the Legation talking with Risk. The house shook violently for a quarter of a minute, and after the lapse of a few seconds went on again, with sounds of cracking and groaning. Keppel Garnier was with May at the Marshalls: the bells rang, the house cracked, and the broken mortar was heard tumbling inside the walls. Mrs. Marshall seized her baby, and Garnier, May; both rushed out on to the lawn; raining hard. At the Club, billiard balls rolled about, and the Japs deserted the house. 1869. Yokohama.

The mail did not bring much important news. It was in contemplation at the Admiralty to submit the names of certain Admirals for the distinction of Grand Cross of the Bath on Her Majesty's birthday. Friend Beauchamp Seymour informs me that, owing to the Commodore not waiting for the Viceroy's contingent for the attack on the villages at Swatow, my name is not to be sent in!

Inspected *Cormorant*, a fit pendant to the *Ocean*. Poor Brand has earned his promotion, if the order of his ship is any criterion.

Early telegraph this morning from *Rodney:* "Many happy returns of the day to Commander-in-Chief" from captain and officers. Signalled back "Many and grateful thanks." Parkes arrived in evening, having ridden from Yedo. An 8.30 dinner: glad to see my friend so well. Most of the naval officers and other friends called in the course of the day to congratulate me on my natal day. June 14.

Having returned all garrison calls, visited the Foreign Ministers yesterday. The American Minister, a General, had read the name of his successor—the only intimation that he was to be relieved. How June 16.

1869. pleasantly governments do things! Parkes is the only minister who has courage enough to take up his residence among these turbulent people! Yesterday, having arranged with Parkes to go to Yedo with him, found a horse and escort waiting for me at Kanagava. Without hurrying, caught up Sir Harry at a half-way tea-house. We were ferried over the River Rokugo. The supports for a bridge were standing, one having been built last year for the Mikado, who was on his way from Osaka to Yedo, and afterwards pulled down, so that no one else could take advantage of it.

We were met at the tea-house by Mr. Sibbald, interpreter, and young Hodges, studying to become one; and attended by a mounted escort from Yedo, as unlike cavalry soldiers as a feminine dress and diminutive appearance could make them. The present Legation, although not large, is most pleasantly situated on high ground, with a flag-staff on which the flag of *Perfide Albion* may be seen from every part of Yedo!

Yedo, June 18. We found Bertram Mitford delightfully situated on another eminence within a few minutes' walk, while Adams had taken possession of the snug little house formerly occupied by Mitford. A small cemetery separating the two—most convenient for the joint mess.

Sibbald came in during the evening; he had accompanied the Tycoon's younger brother in his travels and visited with him most of the Courts of Europe. He described the young Jap as intelligent and shrewd in his remarks, although he got occasionally bored by over-sightseeing. In answer to one of his questions why our ladies exposed so much of their persons in evening dress, he was told,

"Out of compliment to His Highness"; on which he supposed if his Emperor had been there they would have come naked! Nor could he understand high personages dancing: a performance in his country he paid people for doing. 1869. Yedo.

Nothing can be cleaner, prettier, or nicer than these Jap houses for summer residences. The house at Yokohama, engrossing all the best furniture, the accommodation here assumed a most agreeable sort of "roughing it." A party on horseback, and two carriages, in one of which Parkes drove my wife, went to see the tombs of the Shogoons (so Mitford spells what we pronounce Tycoon, and he is sure to be right) at Zôôji, at Shiba, the castle, and other sights in Yedo, which I, fancying I had seen before, did not join, preferring the cool of the pretty grounds about the Legation.

Have some two days' back journal to write up. In the afternoon news reached us of the loss of the *Haya Maro*, a fine steamer bound to Osaka, which seems to have struck on the same rock as the *Nepaul* about two years ago, situated about 200 yards to the eastward of the well-known Plymouth rocks. She was going at the rate of 14 knots, her bottom was torn out and she went down head foremost in less than five minutes in 40 fathoms water. The only excuse for cutting the point so close was to shorten the distance a cable's length, the captain having made a bet he would accomplish the voyage to Osaka in thirty hours. Among the twenty-one lives lost was an old China friend, Margesson, who dined with us only a week ago. Poor fellow! after service as a merchant for some twenty-eight years, he was on his way home to enjoy the fruits of his labours. June 21.

Our dinner party included Hodges, Doctors Sibly

1869. and Willes. Willes had taken service with the Japanese. Although he frequently attended those connected with the Court, he had never been allowed near the Mikado. In fact, even now, if necessary to feel the Imperial pulse, a piece of tape is fastened to the wrist and the end is passed through a hole in the wall into the adjoining room when the doctor approaches, beating the mats with his head!

The next day (20th) the launch started, soon after high water, with the same party she had brought up, while we waited until Sir Harry Parkes was ready. I was mounted on the Minister's pet grey Arab charger. Mitford kindly accompanied me part of the way, and cautioned me to be careful of said charger, he having been down once, and getting shaky on his legs. We pulled up by the roadside. There we found a square plot fenced round as sacred, the Mikado having condescended to alight on that place. In another direction a rustic bridge was stopped up, the Imperial foot having passed over it.

Rokugo, Japan, to Yokohama.

The carriage with Parkes and my wife reached the ferry at Rokugo just as I got to the other side. The river is called Tama Gawa (jewel river). We both nearly came to grief; in spite of all Mitford's caution and my care, the beautiful grey fell, as if shot, in the streets of Yokohama, cutting both knees. Those only who have ridden their friends' favourite horse, with a similar catastrophe, can understand my feelings. When I broke the fact to Sir Harry, instead of wishing that it had been my neck instead of his horse's knees, he merely "hoped I had escaped unhurt." In the carriage they had had a narrow escape: one of the ponies, a bumptious beast, that never neared another animal without apparently

wishing to eat it, stopped on meeting a carriage that had pulled up on the narrow raised causeway, on both sides of which there is a drop of some 12 feet into the sea, and that made still more unpleasant by short piles thickly driven in. The beast screamed and backed in spite of the whip, which was dropped into him smartly by the Minister. The mounted orderlies saw the danger. One seized my wife, and the other got hold of the ponies' heads, only just in time; the adventure did not improve my wife's nerves. They reached the Legation just before me, having taken a different road. 1869.

Sunday was the anniversary of the Queen's Accession, and in church we had the service appointed for that event, finishing with "God save the Queen." Not at all bad for Yokohama.

The *Dupleix*, with our friend Du Petit Thours, went out of harbour as I rode in on Saturday, along the Tikado, and I was much disappointed at not seeing any notice taken of him when the *Dupleix* passed our ships, she being homeward bound, while their kindness and hospitality to Harry Stephenson and the wrecked crew of the *Rattler* in September last was fresh in our memories.

I learned afterwards that, having the French prisoners on board who had led on and then deserted the rebels, Du Petit Thours was afraid that a wrong construction might be put on our cheers, and wrote to Stanhope, hoping that we should not take any notice of him. We never met so good a Frenchman or a better man.

Opossum returned from expedition up Yang-tse. A placard had been stuck up in I-Chang offering rewards for her capture, as well as others for the heads of the captain or crew!

CHAPTER C

The China Command

1869. Yokohama, June 23. Some man remarked that having lost half an hour on coming into the world, he was never afterwards able to make up the lost time. My journal has got three days behind, and I feel that I shall not be able to make it up. This is an attempt. My temper, too, ruffled by a vet who, I believe, poisoned Mrs. Fitzroy's grey pony.

June 24. The American Admiral arrived on the 21st and a Prussian corvette on the 22nd, when much saluting of three admirals with their returns took place. Hakodati invested, but still holding out. Yesterday commenced housekeeping on our own account, obtaining our hospitable host's permission. Children taking kindly to a day governess after desperate opposition by Colin. Blowing too hard to return calls afloat. Called on the Netherlands Consul, who was entertaining a party of twenty Dutchmen who claimed me as a countryman, and with pleasure we liquored up in sweet champagne. Colin enjoying the substantials.

June 27. On starting for church this morning, the card of Don José de Grandaria, ex-Captain-General of the Philippines, was put into my hand. He had arrived by the American mail *en route* for Europe, *viâ*

San Francisco. Good fellow that he is, he came to luncheon, and if possible will dine; glad of an opportunity of returning a trifle of his hospitality. News from Hakodadi of the capture of the town by the Imperialist troops and total destruction by explosives of two of Kerair ships. They, however, still hold the forts. 1869. June 29.

Mounted Colin on the pony "Ko" and gave him his first lesson in riding.

Had the *Rodney's* steam launch ready yesterday evening to convey my good friend, the Governor of Manila, on board the mail steamer. We first became acquainted in 1837 when he was Governor of Fernando Po. June 30.

The shock of an earthquake was felt about 1 A.M. Clearing up in the afternoon, Colin mounted his pony before I had got hold of the tow-rope. Colin touched him with the whip to close with me. The pony, being fresh, gave a jump and a kick, placing the little man on what he called his "bob" on the road, and scampered up His Excellency's soft turf. July 4.

Soon after midnight a sensation was caused by the report of firearms. Guards were turned out. Sir Harry Parkes saddled, ordered his escort, and scouts were sent into the town to ascertain the cause. It proved to be a few Americans sitting up late to usher in the anniversary of their nation's Independence.

The French mail brought news of my promotion. The flag was shifted to the main and saluted, all foreign men-of-war following suit. Parkes off for Yedo. He is indeed a zealous, active Minister. The anniversary of American Independence is to be kept to-day. Our ships are dressed with flags; the stars and stripes will be saluted at noon by a royal salute. Hear that our friend Mrs. Alt, who took July 5.

1869. such care of Algie Heneage and myself at Nagasaki when we were ill, has had a bad fall from her pony, which fell with her over the edge of a bank, a drop of some fifteen feet, kicking her twice in the chest. Called to inquire, and found Mrs. Alt in the garden. Her ribs were dented, not broken.

Mrs. Alt.

The French mail brought Challier, the successor to Commodore Jones. Challier commanded the *Newton* when I had *St. Jean d'Acre* in the Tagus. Am left the senior and oldest of all the Naval Commanders on the station. Stanhope, Crossman, and self inspected yesterday afresh the site of the Naval

July 7. Hospital, the erection of which has now been four years in contemplation by the Admiralty.

The advantages and saving to the country in money, as well as in transport of invalids, who could be easily cured in this fine climate, has been admitted from the beginning. Then again, the idea that the authorities at home should know better the style of building required than those on the spot has been the cause of the interchange of plans and surveys. Plans sent out not suitable to the climate, and again each successive Government not having the courage to insert the cost

in the naval estimates, the expense now, if the hospital is ever built, will be more than double what it would have been had it been erected when its advantages and economy were first acknowledged. 1869.

To luncheon yesterday on board *Ocean:* everything perfect, in Stanhope's usual style. Afterwards to *Rodney*, taking children. She being ordered home, had all sorts of live animals. Among them were two bears, who had the run of the ship. In the summer months hammocks were little used; the bears lay where they liked, the men using them as pillows. Each bear would accommodate ten or a dozen at a time. By day they were all over the place, generally aloft, in the tops or along the yards, from which they could see every arrival on board. July 8.

My daughter was a small four-year-old. While on the poop she found herself rolling along the deck in the embrace of a bear she had not before seen. Of course she was immediately released. She knew not what fear was. The next moment she had seized one of the mizzentopmast broomsticks, and the bear made the best of his way aloft. He was a young Siberian given me by Etholin, brought here by the *Juno* from Hong Kong; by which ship friend Hugh Low sent us four Sulu pearls.

My servant, Ah Ho's right eye black and swollen, painted so, not for the first time, by my man Fuller —who goes! July 10.

A boat-race came off on Saturday between the United States *Iroquois* and *Ocean*. *Iroquois* held the challenge cock they had won from our *Zebra*, and published some tall talk in Yokohama papers. The American boat was a double-banked whaler, the *Ocean's* a twelve-oared cutter. A fresh breeze. Betting in favour of the American boat, on which

1869. some $1500 had been invested. The American officers had been on board *Ocean* with their bag the evening before, and remained until every dollar they brought was covered.

Never was such an example: the course five miles. The first three strokes sent the *Ocean* a length ahead, which advantage they kept, winning by five minutes. Law, the Commander of *Iroquois*, guessed he would have to resign the "chicken" he had taken such care of.

July 13. Wrote Cooper Key asking him to appoint Gye Gunnery-Lieutenant of *Ocean* on recommission.

July 14. Was introduced to the new bear, a cub resembling the older one. Band played at Jardine's. Colin's pony evinced his dislike to Europeans by kicking one of the escort, then Webb, and also trying it with me. Got on his back and quieted him, on the strength of which he afterwards kicked one of Herbert Smith's servants, and near home lifted up his heels without unseating the small Colin. Parkes returned from Yedo; had Kassim and the curry cook to let him know what a good curry was.

July 20. On Sunday we attended divine service on board *Rodney* and lunched with Algie Heneage. Yesterday was an eventful one in my small way. Inspected the old *Rodney* for last time. Had a farewell luncheon in the ward-room. Was absent in *Salamis* eighteen months out of two years. Hoped to have had the last year on board *Rodney* when this unfair order comes to send her home.

July 21. Band playing at Jardine's. M'Hardy, Nepean, and Heneage to dine. While enjoying cigars the report of a gun from seaward, followed by a couple of rockets, announced arrival of English mail. Promotion of mates in *Rodney*. Bath in all its degrees

conferred. I passed over for the G.C.B. Death of my old Chief in Crimea, Charles Freemantle, has placed me at the head of the Vice. 1869.

Got out in the evening yesterday for a ride with Colin. Had Algie Heneage to dinner, Bamber, Woodruffe, Ogle, and Simley. As *Cormorant* was going to the northward, made her signal to weigh and take us in tow. As we got away, *Ocean* manned rigging and yards to the very trucks. They used aloft, with pretty effect, small boat flags, and gave three hearty cheers to the parting ship, such as Britishers only give. The American Admiral and Italian ships likewise gave parting cheers. After luncheon with Algie Heneage, some four miles from the anchorage we bade the old *Rodney* farewell. July 25.

It is seldom that relationship has the same hold on a sailor's affections as that of a shipmate. They manned the rigging and repeated hearty parting cheers. After we had quitted her, the flag was transferred to *Ocean* and saluted by *Rodney*. French mail in. Article in *Saturday Review*, May 29, on "English Policy" in China refers to the actions of Gurdon and Domville at Swatow and Formosa last year. Local papers defend my policy.

CHAPTER CI

The China Command

1869.
Flag in *Ocean*, July 31. Our band played on the Bund, no better in the Far East! Japs making great preparations to receive the Duke of Edinburgh.

Yokohama, Aug. 2. Parkes and M'Lay come to dine. Much talk on China affairs; few people better able to form an opinion than our two guests. All agreed how lamentably misinformed our Government is.

Aug. 4. Fine weather at last. Madame and Mademoiselle Bertrand, Parkes, and Newton dined with us. In the night we were disturbed by a row in the domestic department. A big negro caulker had been visiting in the village, and returned at 3 A.M., having been rolled in the mud a foot deep. He made for the kitchen, where his appearance terrified the Chinese cook, who gave the alarm of thieves. On the animal being removed to his ship, he admitted to its having been caused by keeping low company, as if there could be anything lower than himself. He had affected while on board a religious turn of mind.

Sylvia arrived yesterday, and Brooker, who called this morning, proposed a party on board his ship to visit "Die Boots."

Aug. 6. Starting at an early hour to go on board *Sylvia*, was unable to finish remarks for preceding day.

On 4th, while at dinner, a gun announced the arrival of English mail. Having seen telegrams in both American and French up to 3rd July, my mind was set at rest about chance of promotion and relief, the mail bringing news up to June 18, which pronounced "Admirals Firm." The last thing that caught my eye was a small envelope with "*Telegraph*" in the corner, which sure enough contained all that I had been dreading for a year. It was from the Admiralty, July 3, and commenced with, "You are promoted": it ordered me to Singapore to meet my relief, who would be there on September 3. 1869.

In fact, I was to go tearing down against the monsoon in *Salamis*, with her worn-out boilers, when my relief could come up in half the time, before the wind; and then I was to have the pleasure of crossing the Red Sea in the month of September.

As there are two routes, and no detriment to the Service thereby, I determined on waiting at Yokohama. The time has come at last, my reign nearly over, and I have no cause to complain; if it were not for the unjust withholding the G.C.B., I should proceed on my way home rejoicing.

We got under way yesterday in the *Sylvia* at 10 A.M. Our party consisted of Madame and Mademoiselle Bertrand, Raby, Loreiro, Miller, and ourselves; everything successful but the weather, which continued rainy and misty. We anchored off the bay at 11, and having made an excellent breakfast, proceeded in steam launch. Another boat brought the ladies' chairs, coolies, and those who liked to come.

The channel, except at high water, when you can make a straight course, is difficult. However, with the assistance of a native pilot, we got into the tea-

1869. house at Kanasawa without accident, beyond occasionally touching the bottom. In less than a quarter of an hour, pedestrians, horsemen (our ponies had been sent on early from Yokohama), and chairs were fairly under way.

The scenery beautiful, and in spite of the weather, and slow progress of chairs over slippery ground, everybody was cheery, Madame Bertrand walking the whole seven miles. "Die Boots" was there in all his grandeur, and a striking sight it is. Since I saw it two years ago, the inside has been desecrated with the usual Anglo-Saxon names; in fact, there is a native who makes a small fortune by attending with a ladder, brush, and red paint for all those who wish to immortalize their lady-love's or their own interesting names!

Our coolies had to "chow-chow," and the afternoon was far advanced before we were on our return. The slippery paths made progress so slow that it was dark by the time we reached our boats; the tide, although falling, was still high, and with the help of our natives and the ship in the offing well lighted, we got safely on board, but too late to be back in time to entertain Sir Harry, who had promised to dine with us. We partook of Brooker's hospitable tea, at which we made an excellent *dinner*. The *Sylvia* under way anchored at 10.30. By 11.30 we were at home; by 12.30 at midnight we were well shaken by an earthquake!

Aug. 10. *Pearl*, 21, corvette, Captain John F. Ross, arrived under sail from Hakodadi. Ross, Boxer, and Miller dined with us. Inspected *Sylvia*, in very nice order. Flag hoisted at 8 A.M.

Aug. 13. Rougemont, "First" of *Ocean*, came in evening full of distress at a boat full of officers having been missing

for two days, and without grub. Active and energetic steps immediately taken by Parkes: the Consular Establishment and whole escort put in motion, the Japanese Government despatching couriers by sea and land. It appeared afterwards that Rougemont had been living with Beato, and forgot that the missing might have returned in his absence from the ship, which, in fact, they had, and the whole of them had well fed and turned in an hour before this smart "First" gave this unnecessary alarm. Parkes indignant, and small blame to him. 1869. Yokohama.

Sabbath, and piping hot! We were enlivened by a royal salute in honour of the birthday of the Emperor Napoleon III., fired by the French ships in harbour. Aug. 15.

Hot weather appears to have set in. The greatest nuisance one has to contend with by day, as well as by night, are the mosquitoes. Aug. 17.

Our band played at Jardine's on the afternoon of 17th, where I went to meet our letters on their landing from *Salamis*. Ascertained that the death of Admiral Bowles was the cause of my promotion. A telegram from Admiralty extending the time that I should meet my relief at Singapore to the 19th September. If they had taken that date into consideration at first, I might have been down there in time, but now the 19th will be as inconvenient as the 3rd September was a fortnight ago. The telegram also contained directions to assemble as large a naval force as practicable to be placed under Stanhope, but its destination could not be made out. No public news. Admiralty permission given to dispense with *razors!* for which I am sorry. Aug. 19.

The death of Lieutenant Kent of the *Avon* enabled me to promote Hammet (from *Rodney*),

1869. whose uncle was killed in the trenches before Sevastopol. Yesterday at 10 A.M. inspected *Adventure*; clean and wholesome.

Aug. 20. Threatening weather: got wet through in our ride. Wilkinsons and Adams dined with us yesterday. Slight earthquake in afternoon. This morning a typhoon.

Sunday, Aug. 22. The typhoon was sharp and short, but did considerable damage. Marshall's house nearly unroofed. Lindo's fanciful cottage blown down. Verandahs round soldiers' huts blown up. American steamer, adrift, stove in *Salamis's* bows, carried away *Sylvia's* bowsprit, and did much more damage of less interest to me. Band played on the bluff.

Aug. 23. Brooding over my wrongs and the want of consideration on the part of my friends the Admiralty in ordering me to Singapore against the monsoon, to give up the command to a successor and my junior, when he might so much more easily come up to me at a saving of £1700 worth of fuel! Another hot day.

Aug. 24. Mail off this morning; a lull now till the arrival of the *Galatea*, overdue. Phelps dined with us yesterday: he the manager of the Pacific Mail Company; she "raised" and in heart a Southerner; he ditto, but both loyal. The Scotts of 10th Regiment also dined: she the daughter of the once charming Caroline Stoll, who married, first Thompson, father of Mrs. Scott, secondly Bob Tryon: she died soon after.

Aug. 25. Made an attempt yesterday in Curio Street: disappointed in the trip I had promised myself with the Duke of Edinburgh to Peking; have now the difficulty of executing two ladies' commissions for curios in Japan, where they are now not only scarce, but enormously dear. Our dinner-party included Dr.

Hofferman, Staff-Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, Maxwell, Bosman, and Leman. 1869.

Sorely tempted yesterday to buy two nietschkies, but prices are 500 per cent above what they used to be. Got a ride with my boy, who begins to move faster than the Betto who leads the pony can stand. French mail arrived this morning, bringing French Admiral. Aug. 26.

Into Curio Street again! Could not resist two of the best nietschkies I have seen, but at the highest price. In the evening we got the contents of French mail. An Admiral Seymour dead. Hope it is not my friend Henry, although news by last mail announced his being ill. *Penelope* to be new flagship. Hewitt to be Captain. This morning returned new French Admiral's visit; also looked up my old friend the American Admiral Rowan, in whose cabin I saw my photograph framed. Aug. 27.

Intended to have recorded passing events after church yesterday, but on coming out, the *Galatea* was reported coming in (29). Aug. 30.

Our Saturday dinner-party included Major and Mr. Lucas, Gambier (*Sylvia*), and Stanhope. I was restless during the night, which, added to occasional strange noises, sent me cruising about the house with my revolver. Having seen the orderly on the alert, I placed the revolver on the dressing-table, which stood between the entrance to the bathroom and the side of the bed where I slept, close at hand, and again turned in. On awakening, found some expert thief had entered by the bathroom window, left open for air, and had not only abstracted three pairs of my wife's boots, but, by way of adding insult to injury, the rascal appropriated my revolver and the clothes of my Flag-Lieutenant.

1869. Several Japs had been seen about the grounds during the night by the orderlies, but in the unfinished state of outbuildings and grounds they had many ways of escape. A small ladder used by the builders was found placed against the bathroom windows, by which the rogue or rogues had entered.

After luncheon yesterday, Parkes accompanied me on board *Ocean*, where I went to receive the Captain of the *Galatea*; afterwards went unofficially on board *Galatea* to talk over arrangements for landing, etc. H.R.H. looking well, after his wound at Sydney, and courteous, as he well knows how to be. We left him to read the contents of three mails.

Parkes and Stanhope dined with us, and made all sorts of arrangements, which were upset by His Royal Highness this morning. At 11 A.M. he landed at the bottom of the grounds to let me know his plans. Accompanied the Prince to call on Colonel Norman, Acting Commander-in-Chief, and found Mrs. Norman.

On arrival of the *Galatea*, I was astonished to find His Royal Highness and crew clean-shaved, H.R.H. not having heard of the Admiralty permission to grow beards, the order having reached Yokohama a few days previous to his arrival—a proof of H.R.H.'s strict idea of discipline, although he knew very well that I should not have interfered with the internal discipline of his ship.

CHAPTER CII

Close of China Command

HERE I am in the Mikado's summer palace at Yedo. Invited by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, at whose disposal this delightful residence was placed but yesterday. Proceedings have first to be recorded. The day commenced with heavy rain, which continued, but the Duke had decided on hoisting the royal standard at 8 A.M., landing in state, and holding a levée for Britishers and Foreign Ministers at the Legation at 11. Having previously gone on board and been saluted by all the men-of-war present at 10.30, we left the *Galatea* in the Prince's barge. Yards manned and another royal salute. 1869. Yedo, Sept. 1.

H.R.H. was received on landing by a guard from the 10th regiment, another of French marines, while the road was lined up to the Legation by the 10th and Japs together: contrast good. The Prince was cheered from the yards of his own ship on leaving, which was repeated by such ships as he passed in his way. Had the weather been anything but rainy, the whole thing would have had a grand effect. After the levée we had luncheon at the Legation, then the Prince, putting on shooting jacket and *Rodney* hat, proposed a walk in Curio Street. H.R.H. having visited my wife, we mounted ponies and had

1869. a very fair inspection ; many things were selected and put aside for future bargainings.

Sept. 2. I was on board *Galatea* by 9 A.M. At 10 we started in steam launch for Kanagawa, where Parkes had sent his carriages and mounted escort. In the first were H.R.H., Parkes, myself, and Mitford (latter told off expressly for attendance on the Prince) ; the other brought Elliot Yorke, Haig, and Adams.

Weather fine, journey agreeable, the only *contre-temps* being the springs of our vehicle breaking down and causing us twice to alight for repairs ; but the Japanese roads, however good they may have been, are not quite prepared for the wheel traffic now existing between Yedo and Yokohama. We were preceded the whole way by a mounted escort of Japs, while innumerable small guards turned out and presented arms after their own demi-French instruction.

At the Palace the Duke was received by a Prince, and the party appointed by the Japanese Government to attend His Royal Highness. No place could have been better adapted. Suites of apartments completely furnished in European style, while the walls were covered with curiously painted Japanese paper. A guard of twenty-five marines had arrived before us. Our Royal Marine guard was confronted by a similar number of Japs, who formerly belonged to the Tycoon, and had been well drilled by the French. In the Prince's sitting-room was a magnificent bronze vase covered with beautifully executed birds, dragons, etc., one of the presents from the Mikado. After luncheon Minwaji-no-Mia, a Prince of the Royal blood, paid a visit. Not much to be done in the afternoon. The Legation retired to their respective houses. We strolled through the pretty, well-kept

grounds, made to look as little formal and like nature as possible. The Prince is showing me every kindness and consideration, selecting a room next that occupied by himself, consulting me as to costume for dinner. And on my suggesting round jackets as the coolest, he appeared in one, with gold lace trousers, which appeared to be the mess dress of *Galatea*. Dinner quiet, and good coffee, the best I have tasted. The Prince chatted with me long after dinner, and seemed really anxious for advice as to his future movements, hoping I would give him concise orders while within the limits of the station, so I sent a despatch for Risk and Dawson that we might arrange the same. 1869. Yedo.

I waited an opportunity to ask His Royal Highness about his narrow escape at Sydney ; he kindly showed me the wound at the right of the spine—a hole into which I could thrust the end of my little finger.

Among the things sent yesterday were ten magnificent volumes of about 14 ins. square by 4 ins. deep, containing coloured pictures—in fact, a complete history of Japan, a thing I believe no money could purchase. In front of the Prince's window were large China bowls containing beautiful broad-tailed specimens of goldfish. Other China bowls, ranged on stands, contained hundreds of flowers, dwarfed trees, etc., all of which His Royal Highness was to consider his own.

It rained all yesterday. In the afternoon we managed to get over to a covered-in place within the Palace grounds to see a combat of swords and spears. Two at a time appeared on the platform ; the swords were of bamboo. The practice was interesting enough ; heavy blows and thrusts were exchanged. Palace of the Mikado, Japan, Sept. 3.

1869. Yedo. An umpire decided when the fatal blow or thrust had been delivered. The head was protected by helmet and steel masks. Armour on the left side, as far down as the waist.

After bowing to the audience, the combatants saluted one another: on the same principle, I suppose, as our antagonists in the prize-ring shake hands before punching one another's heads. When the supposed fatal blow was given, the vanquished walked off, while the victor uncovered his head and "kow towed" to H.R.H. The combats with long spears were conducted on same principle. The men were selected from the Japanese guard.

The Minister said that had he educated the warriors of different Daimios they would be sure to fight it out afterwards to the death if different chiefs' followers met. Risk came up in steam launch to arrange a revised route for *Galatea*, she being three weeks behind time. Having duly considered the whole, and what Kellett might have had to say had he not been pitched on his head before leaving England, which delayed his arrival, we were of opinion that I should give up the San Francisco route, accompany the Prince to Peking, meet my successor at Hong Kong or Singapore, and telegraph to the Board accordingly.

The forenoon continued rainy. After luncheon a man of Mitford's came with curios—apparently a bundle of rubbish; there were, however, two swords, which Mitford pronounced to be excellent because the owner had names written, which he pronounced to be certificates of their manufacture by an extinct artist. The Prince paid some £80, and to my mind there is no proof that he was not taken in, and Mitford too.

We rode, a largish party, to see the tombs of the Tycoons, situated in the midst of a well-wooded garden or park. The most beautiful temples and elaborate carvings of any I have seen. We were allowed to inspect everything, being in company of His Royal Highness. 1869. Yedo.

On reaching home we found mats before the door and preparations for jugglers: wonderfully clever; and here, as in other parts of the world, there was music, such as it is, with the usual buffoon or clown. To-morrow we are to have a procession and the Prince's visit to the Mikado, which we look forward to as rather a bore.

One of the Japanese princes, Parkes, and Adams joined the dinner last night. After that we had conjurors; the pretty butterfly trick was beautifully performed. Yesterday Aitkin missed a small ivory-handled clasp-knife from my dressing-table, and this morning my gold watch, which I have had for forty years, and which I had given to my dear boy, has disappeared—I think while I was taking my bath. Sept. 4.

I put the case of theft into Mitford's hands, who, having engaged the servants, offered to guarantee their honesty with his life, or rather undergo torture on the wheel if any act of dishonesty could be brought against any one of them. However, before breakfast was announced, the culprit was discovered to be the Japanese lamp-trimmer, and not only was my watch restored, but knives, gold rings, and money belonging to others were found in his possession. The only difficulty now will be to save the unfortunate wretch from decapitation. A guard of fifty marines having been landed from the *Adventure*, we had a late breakfast, and with the Legation mounted escort, a Jap ditto, and streets lined in a way, we Sept. 5.

1869. proceeded in two carriages for the Mikado's residence within the moat and castle walls.

Sep. 6. The Prince, Parkes, and self were the principal persons, and, in fact, the only ones admitted into the same room as His Majesty. No presentations took place and everything was as formal as need be, but exceedingly curious. A more friendly meeting took place afterwards at a small bungalow in the pleasure grounds of the castle, which are very extensive. Mitford acted as interpreter, and the exclusiveness surrounding the Mikado's person was broken through. The Prince presented him with a beautiful gold box, on the lid of which a miniature of himself was set in diamonds.

After dinner on Saturday (4th) we had theatricals in the evening. Performers all women ; acting supposed to be very good, and the greatest decorum preserved throughout. Yesterday morning we witnessed a game of cup and ball on a large scale, which took place on a plot of ground railed off for the occasion. A number of horsemen, about eight on each side, compete in throwing the greatest number of balls through a hole in a planking at the end of the ground, which is about two hundred yards in length by twenty broad. The balls are red and white. The riders are distinguished by their costume, which is very picturesque. Each man is armed with a staff of bamboo, about five feet long, at the end of which is a sort of cup, by which they manage to pick up the balls, which are, in the first place, thrown on the ground on the opposite end from the board in which the hole is.

They then ride towards it and throw the ball at the hole and go back for another. The balls bound back within the enclosed ground, and are again picked up. The saddle is never quitted. They

jostle one another, knock the balls from each other's staffs, pick up and throw altogether away the balls of their adversaries. A signal from behind points out the number and colour of the balls that have passed through the hole. 1869.

The next thing was the interior of a great Daimio's Palace and to be entertained in regular Japanese fashion. The house of the Daimio selected for the occasion belonged to a Japanese noble whose income is estimated at £800,000 a year. He was absent, but a Prince of Japan was there to receive and do the honours.

A Japanese fish dinner has been often described. We had to sit on the mats and eat with chop-sticks, drink cups of hot *saki* with the chief men, into which fun the Duke of Edinburgh cordially entered. In front of the banqueting room was a theatre, and a selection of plays performed during the feast. This was done by the retainers of the Daimio, according to ancient custom. The actors were men; the chief performers wore masks. The dresses were gorgeous, and looked as if new for the occasion. We did not understand the language, but Mitford had kindly, beforehand, translated the plays. The motion of the actors was so exactly like that of a turkey cock with his tail spread out, that any one who has watched that bird, or a peacock under similar circumstances, strutting about, needs no further description.

After the plays were over certain mysterious-looking boxes were brought from the theatre and placed at the feet of the Prince for inspection. On being opened they proved to be the masks that had been used on this occasion, four in number, carved out of wood and painted. There was the lovely face

1869. of woman, the comic, the tragic, and one I may call the diabolical. These were said to be 400 years old. After this we pulled on our boots, mounted, and rode away, escorted as before, taking rather a circuitous route that the Prince might see something more of the city. On getting home found that Stanhope had come up to stay with Adams.

A covered place has been erected in front of the house for the acrobats, so convenient that you see everything from a chair in the verandah. Another such place has also sprung up, which looks like an equestrian circus, but which I find is to be used for wrestling. In fact, nothing has been forgotten by these kind and hospitable people that can add to the comfort or amusement of our Prince.

I forgot to mention that after our return on Saturday we found the falconers waiting in full costume. The hawking, however, was very tame. A small species of water-rat was driven out of the ditches, which a small hawk clawed before it had gone 5 yards.

Sept. 7. Wrestling appears to be a national pastime, and is conducted with much order and ceremony. The Prince had a large party of Daimios and chiefs to luncheon yesterday, after which meal we proceeded to see the combat.

One side of the square, which must have been about 80 yards, was covered in and fitted with chairs and seats for the Prince and his friends. On the raised platform in the centre, which was about 20 feet square, and likewise roofed over, was an altar, on which incense was offered to propitiate some deity. The leading wrestlers from one side then appeared and formed a ring on the platform, and went through certain mystic movements, clapping

of hands, extending arms, then legs, stamping heavily with first one foot, hands resting on one knee, then the other. 1869.

This over, they retired to a small building erected at the corner near the end of the building in which the Prince and his guests sat, and from which to the platform there was a pathway railed off. Another party then issued from the opposite corner at the other end of the Prince's stand, and went through the same ceremony. After these had retired, a herald summoned a man from each side. Certain ceremonies were again gone through. A friendly pinch of salt was brought by each and mixed with the soil on which they stood; they extended the arms and stamped and kow-towed and then squatted and watched each other like two game-cocks, until the signal was given by the umpire, when they sprang at each other with a yell and wrestled in earnest. I did not observe anything peculiar in that manner of wrestling. There must have been as many as a hundred of each of the best. The wrestling of the champions was reserved for the last and was exceedingly fine. The good Prince Nwajima and the smaller officer Uwajima were the only strange guests.

After dinner the walks through the pleasure-grounds were lighted up, and from one of the summer-houses on the edge of the lake we witnessed some inferior fireworks, but the best these good people could produce. In another pavilion was a native band in full costume, probably the Mikado's. The night was calm and fine. On return from the Legation, I found in my room a present from His Majesty in the shape of a handsome sword.

Acrobats came shortly after breakfast and per-

1869. formed some of the most extraordinary balancing ever seen. For instance: a man lying on his back balances on the soles of his feet four small things piled on one another. One of them was a glass bowl with fish in it; another, a bird-cage with a canary; a larger box on top, out of which came a child, who climbed to the end of a branch that projected nearly at right angles from a bamboo-tree growing out of the upper box—difficult to describe, as I never saw the like.

After luncheon there was fishing with casting-nets: all good in its way, the scenery being so picturesque.

Yedo to Yokohama, Sept. 10.

Events, although small, have followed each other so rapidly as to leave no time to write. By 10 A.M. on the 8th, Princes of the blood royal, Prince Nwajima, and the Daimios of lesser note, assembled at the summer palace to accompany the Duke on board the *Galatea*, she having come over from Yokohama on the previous evening, where they were to inspect the ship and remain to luncheon. The *Ocean* and *Pearl* came over early in the morning. The morning had been rainy, but held up as we embarked. The launch grounded outside the islands, and as the tide was falling we cast off, and pulled on board the ships which were anchored between five and six miles from the shore. As we approached, the ships broke their masthead flags, manned yards, and fired royal salutes; looking as no other nation's ships can look—ropes taut and yards square. Everything was most successful. The afternoon turned out fine, without being too hot. The royal visitors took their departure in *Ocean* steam-launch at about 3.30 P.M., yards manned, and another salute. Our Prince's royal standard

was, after giving the steam-launch proper time to get out of sight, hauled down and my flag hoisted in its place ; and then the signal made to weigh. 1869. Flag in *Ocean.*

We proceeded across under easy steam, and anchored at sunset, when the flag was transferred to the *Ocean.* On landing, it was evident, by the concourse of people, that the Prince was expected. He, however, preferred remaining in his own snug quarters on board, and I took advantage of the Legation carriage to get a lift up the hill. In the morning I went down to Aspinall's office to thank him for his most kind offer of taking the entire charge and trouble of the bungalow off my hands, and then into Curio Street, where I invested $800 for H.R.H. in bronzes ; also a trifle for myself. Grand dinner given by the 10th (Lincoln Regiment) to H.R.H.

Sabbath.—Pouring with rain, sufficiently to prevent our attending divine service. A great dinner was given on Friday night at the Legation, including the Japanese Princes, such foreign ministers as were in Yokohama, foreign Admirals, and officers commanding ships, followed by a ball, our countrywomen appearing to advantage. Prince tired ; made his escape after two quadrilles and one waltz, which he danced with our friend Mrs. Marshall. Yokohama, Sept. 12.

H.R.H. took a quiet breakfast with us this morning, approving of our curry, and then went home to be tatooed. The merchants having kindly determined on giving me a parting dinner, invitations came out yesterday, including the Prince among the Captains invited to meet me.

The kind friends who had decided on entertaining me at a parting dinner determined no expense or trouble should be spared. The press, too, entered cordially into the idea, and each had its leading Sept. 14.

1869. article puffing me up to any extent. There was one painful part in all this to me: the speech which it entailed, that I had to prepare; although no preparation was necessary, one could think of nothing else. On Monday (13th), the Prince, Parkes, self, and the party who saw the Mikado at Yedo, were photographed by Beato. Inspected afterwards the *Salamis*; clean and improved.

On Tuesday (14th), H.R.H. planted some valuable shrubs in my bungalow ground. They had formed part of the ornaments of the Mikado's palace in which the Duke had resided at Yedo. In the evening the dinner came off.

Sept. 16. Nothing was left undone by my entertainers; about eighty sat down, including the Minister, Chief-Justice Sir E. Hornby, Colonel Norman, and Captains of ships—among them H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. My staff were also among the guests; *Ocean's* band in great form. Behind the head of the table was a place screened by flower-pots, where the wife and a few ladies were stowed.

Got through my speech better than I expected; the whole thing was a complete success and ended by my being carried on the shoulders of my entertainers round the tables, preceded by the Prince's Highland piper! Yesterday we had plenty to do, packing up and shifting on board *Salamis*, intending to sail on arrival of mail. Embarked with wife and chicks on board *Salamis*. It was determined to wait no longer for the mail, or our time at Peking must be cut short.

On a signal from *Salamis* at 3 P.M., *Galatea*, *Ocean*, and *Pearl* weighed, and formed into line. All the foreign men-of-war manned rigging and cheered. The *Galatea* had just fired a parting salute to Sir

Henry Parkes, when the Japanese battery fired a royal salute, returned by *Galatea*. The American Admiral gave me a parting salute, which *Ocean* returned. Many of the merchant ships were dressed with flags, and a large American steamer, with a greater part of the community and *Delaware's* band on board, accompanied our little squadron, led by *Salamis*. After standing down the bay some miles at half-speed, the American steamer *Nautilus* passed up the line with many ladies on board, giving each of us parting cheers. Poor Parkes fancied he should never have another Naval Chief who would so cordially co-operate with him. Our friendship was of long standing; his friendly grasp at parting was touching! I met him first when he was a boy, and I commanded *Dido* in 1842. In 1858, he wrote—"Oh for a Keppel, just for one month." 1869.

. . . . .

I was among those who stood by to see Parkes' monument unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral.

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CHAPTER CIII

PEKING

1869. ANCHORED off Kobe (*Salamis*), intending to go to
Kobe, Osaka in *Salamis* on the morrow. Consul Enslie
Sept. 18. and the Governor of Hiogo visited the Duke of Edinburgh on board *Salamis*, *Ocean* firing the Consul's salute, *Galatea* the Governor's. Nothing could be more civil and attentive than all concerned were. Messenger sent to Osaka to prepare for the royal visitor: the Mikado's residence placed at H.R.H.'s disposal. We landed and walked to the waterfall, where we found a guard and refreshment. The Prince much pleased with the scenery, he and Stanhope dining with us afterwards.

Osaka, Although the Sabbath, our time would not allow
Sept. 19. the deferring the visit to Osaka. The Prince and party were early on board, and by seven we were under way, with *Galatea's* steam-launch in tow. On anchoring off the bar we were immediately visited by the officials, placing a state and other government boats at the Prince's disposal; the Governor coming off, but the tide falling, we were transferred to the Mikado's magnificent state-boat.

Before entering the river a royal salute was fired from the battery. At the settlement the Prince was received with a guard, and every possible respect.

The houses closed by order on both sides: a mark of respect with which the Prince would rather have dispensed. Consul Gower had lunch ready, after which the Prince was taken, much against his will, sight-seeing; they rode to the castle and elsewhere. After another feed, returned to dinner on board *Galatea*. 1869.

Just before reaching the anchorage, with position lights up and everything proper, we were most wickedly run into by a small iron Jap steamer, smashing the secretary's dispatch-boat and our port spare-spar. Herself unhurt, beyond loss of bowsprit and spring of fore-masthead.

Damage done by Japanese steamer prevented sailing early. Carpenters of ships on board to clear away wreck. At 10 A.M. we weighed. Heard the last of old *Rodney's* band playing, "Cheer, boys, cheer!" as the crew mounted the rigging to the very trenches to give their departing old Chief three times three hearty cheers. *Ocean* making signal "Farewell," we led *Galatea* through the Osaka Straits, intending to anchor for the night to the southward of the rock, our leadsmen on the paddle-boxes showing depth of water. Sept. 20.

However, in rounding to *Galatea* took the ground. I joined H.R.H. on the bridge, not with the idea of interfering, but I wished to see him get his own ship off.

His first idea was to send the lighter boats to sound in every direction. The shallowest water was that on which the ship had grounded. The boom-boats were got into the water: bower anchors prepared for laying out. I remarked that the B.B., hanging from the cathead, looked heavy. H.R.H., referring to his small watch bill book, had noted the exact

1869. weight and size of every spar, anchor, and boat on board. I asked no more questions.

The B.B. anchor, with hemp cable, was laid out astern, the end passed through port side of the captain's cabin, brought to the capstan and hove taut. I was wondering what H.R.H. would do next, when I heard the message to the engine room, "Go ahead full speed." I wondered, as I believe others did. In less than five minutes the cable astern slackened, capstan bars manned : she was afloat. I inquired of H.R.H. what made him first go ahead! He had ascertained that his ship was on the hard sandbank. He knew the vast power of the screw propellor would dissolve the edge of the sand—the rest followed.

The old sailor of sixty had learned something from the young steamer of twenty-five. We enjoyed an excellent dinner on the starboard side of His Royal Highness's cabin. Weighed.

Sept. 21. We anchored for the night in the bay to eastward and northward of Kosii Island.

Sept. 22. Our run to-day was for the Simonesaki Straits. *Galatea*, not being over handy with her port helm, we came to in Witshed Bay, opposite the city, to wait for slack water the following morning.

Sept. 23. Lovely weather; having led *Galatea* through the remainder of the straits, made signal to part company and rendezvous Nagasaki, we taking the short cut to the westward, while she took the route to the northward of Ai Sima. During the afternoon we passed through that beautiful passage, anchoring at sunset in the snug little harbour of Kigatsu.

Nagasaki, Sept. 24. Weighed just before daylight and entered the lovely harbour of Nagasaki. Here we found *Adventure*, *Galatea*, *Icarus*, *Dwarf*, Commander C.

Walker, and *Havoc*, merchant ship, dressed with flags to do honour to the Prince. I soon made arrangements with Mr. Consul Flowers, that as the *Galatea* was coaling both sides, and guns run in, no salute could be fired, and cut out work for the morrow. H.R.H. received Governor, then an address from British residents. At 2.30 the Prince will lunch with the Consul and will return the Governor's call, after which, I think, he will have had enough! Mr. Medhurst being here, expressed the great disappointment there would be caused by His Royal Highness passing Shanghai without visiting that model settlement. 1869.

Royal standard hoisted on board *Galatea* at 8 A.M. At 9 inspected *Dwarf;* another pattern of cleanliness and order, such as, we flatter ourselves, is not attained by any other nation or station. Took the wife afterwards to visit Alt's house, where Algie Heneage and I were so kindly nursed, where on different occasions we were really ill. We also went over the grounds of Glover's pretty place, where poor George Fitzroy died last year. Sept. 25.

Leaving the wife with the Medhursts at the Belle Vue Hotel, where the children already were—enjoying conjurer's tricks—went on board *Galatea* to assist the Prince in entertaining the Governor, then the Foreign Consuls, after them a deputation from the British community; after which the Prince left under a salute, ships present manning yards and masthead flags up.

After a sumptuous luncheon with Consul and Mrs. Flowers, embarked, and landed higher up to return Governor's visit, which we did, preceded by Jap guard with drums. Returned on board to a quiet dinner.

1869. Having witnessed some of the prettiest illuminations that can be imagined, the *Galatea* twice lighted up with red, white, and blue from her yard-arms and row of ports, we proceeded to the *Adventure*, where the wife and my "only daughter" had preceded us, leaving Colin to the care of Webb.

As soon as the Prince had heard of the above arrangement, he proposed dividing his staff and friends intended for the trip to Peking between *Adventure* and ourselves, leaving *Galatea* to complete coal and follow us at her leisure to Chefoo under sail. Elliot Yorke and Chevalier, the artist, and Mr. Porter, who had kindly undertaken to prepare the way to Peking for the Prince and party, went in the *Adventure*.

Sept. 26. *Sabbath.*—By 6 A.M. *Icarus* had started under sail, *Adventure* following, ready to give a tug across. On board *Galatea* to breakfast. Inspection below, and Divine Service, which with fair singing appeared to be well conducted. Took a stroll through the porcelain shops, which do not hold with the Chinese, although the Japs excel in lacquer ware.

Took an early dinner with the Prince, he having a shore appointment. Stanhope and I paid the Flowers a farewell visit. The Mikado had sent a few small presents to the Prince, and to me a jar of saki!

Sept. 27. It was 2.30 P.M. before I got my passengers, consisting of the Prince, Stanhope, Haig, and Lord Charles Beresford on board. Weighed and stood out, cheered by *Dwarf* and several merchant ships.

Chefoo, Sept. 30. Came to, 2 P.M. Found *Icarus*. Elliot Yorke had gone in *Opossum*, leaving me and Mons. Chevalier.

Oct. 1. Miller under way before daylight. Charles Scott joined our party.

Daylight found us off the bar, Peiho River, with the pilot, Mr. Band, coming alongside. Pronounced the bar passable at 10, when we forced her through the mud, Mr. Band going ahead full speed. At the usual place we came in contact with a tier of junks, but having left most of our boats behind, purposely, at Chefoo, we escaped with a broken gunnel, losing a small kedge anchor, and bent davits; Mr. Band consoling himself with a glass of grog. 1869. Peiho River, Oct. 2.

The consternation among the boats as the wave caused by our speed lifted them on to the banks, and occasionally washed a looker-on off his legs, was rather amusing. The Taku Forts appeared in good repair, and the pilot reports some heavy American guns being got into position: the coolies at work stating that in one year's time they will be prepared to rid themselves of us barbarians!

It was sunset before we arrived at Tientsin; it being within a day or two of the races, the promised horses of Mr. Porter were not forthcoming, but the boats ordered by Mr. Consul Maguire were ready, and it was decided by His Royal Highness that we should start that evening after dinner.

A steamer overtook us and kindly gave us a copy of the *Overland Express*, by which it appears that my successor and his staff had left England on August 5. Unwelcome news; although one could not help being glad at Kellett's recovery.

The boats by which we ascend the river are comfortably fitted for sleeping; then we have a messing boat, a cooking boat, and one for the servants. Rougemont and Stanhope, with the rest, including Chow-Wang the mandarin, who has always accompanied me. We are eleven boats; each bearing a small flag, white with a red cross, St. Andrew's shape.

1869. Peiho River, Oct. 3. I am afraid the Sabbath is somewhat lost sight of, the only consolation being that the tracking coolies might have been employed in a less congenial way. They have no weekly rest-day.

Our volunteer provider and supervisor of everything is pronounced to be an impostor, and Mandarin Chow-Wang is a useless expense. However, Scott's and Stanhope's servants and my man Aitken do their best; the great difficulty being to keep the boats together, that with the provisions being always out of the way. Grapes, water-melons, and onions to be purchased at the villages. The water is too muddy even to wash in.

A hot, dry, south-westerly wind blowing much dust, books and papers curling up; preferable to wet and damp though!

Oct. 5. Still moving up the river; but our progress has been slow owing to the difficulty of keeping so large a number of boats together. However, all seem jolly and good-tempered; no one more so than our good-natured Prince, whom every one delights in.

Yesterday (4th) at Hosinu, the half-way town, we found that good fellow Conolly, who had come to meet us from the Legation, bringing me a letter from Sir Rutherford, and to the Prince a hearty welcome.

Nothing could have been more absurd than the plan laid down for so large a party by our self-appointed adviser, Mr. Porter of the Imperial Customs. The idea of riding up in the cool and splendid weather of September is all well enough for one or two, but he undertook to mount our nine selves, four European servants, and convey luggage, to do which he proceeded from Nagasaki on board the *Adventure* in advance.

On our arrival at Tientsin found no horses, he having calculated on the kindness of a good-natured European community to mount us. Nor could the Legation provide horses sufficient for our party 1869.

The Prince who made the Omelette.

more than half-way. Here we are at the close of the third day without a prospect of doing more than get to Tung-Chow with every preparation of boats made beforehand. The Prince cooked for us a wonderful omelette, 200 eggs and other things in it, for breakfast.

1869. Peking. Oct. 6. Soon after daylight our flotilla had all arrived before 8 A.M. Sir Rutherford's groom "William" put in an appearance with the stud, among which I recognised my old friend "Don Juan." There were mounts for all, besides carts for luggage, etc. A pleasant two hours' ride brought us to the Legation, where the Prince received a sincere and respectful but hearty welcome. Lady Alcock quite recovered, and Miss Lowder looking as charming as ever. We breakfasted soon after 12, while outside were collected the usual bazaar of curios, furs, etc., much to the amusement of our party, who, including H.R.H., were like children at a fair. Our party was so large that the Attachés took a part to dine with them. The chaplain, Mr. Burden, and his wife dined with the big ones.

Oct. 7. The bazaar reopened before breakfast, H.R.H. investing considerably. The Russian Minister and the French and Prussian Chargés d'Affaires came to meet the Prince at the convivial morning meal; better than a formal presentation, His Royal Highness being entirely *incog.*

In the afternoon Conolly, H.R.H., and I rode into Curio Street, where I was induced to join in a lot together, my choice being a beautiful Chinese jar, the likes of which I have not before seen. Other things too were bid for which may yet find their way here.

Legation, Peking, Oct. 8. Quarters here very comfortable; a nice little early breakfast of good bread and butter, tea, and eggs brought to your room. As H.R.H. amuses himself until the small hours at bowls, I thought I might dawdle too, but about 9 I got an invitation to accompany him to Curio Street. Had a chat with Sir Rutherford this morning on China affairs, and found that he lamented the present policy of our rulers at home, and had clearly

pointed out the dangers, if persisted in, of our drifting into another war. He showed me the copy of a letter Lord Clarendon had found it necessary to address to Mr. Burlingham, late American Minister, pointing out how different is the statement of the Chinese Ambassador (that the Chinese Government were for advancement) from the real facts, by which it appears that nothing is farther from their intentions, and that therefore Lord Clarendon should consider his present policy an experimental one only. By which it seems to me their eyes are reluctantly being opened after the dust thrown in them by the Minister, Burlingham. 1869.

H.R.H. and party have gone sight-seeing and to a luncheon in the Palace grounds provided by Sir Rutherford Alcock. We dine each day fourteen, the younger ones taking turns to dine at the Secretaries' mess. We move from table after the first glass of wine, followed by coffee and cigars, the Prince going to his favourite bowls, and we old ones, as well as a few younger, attracted by the fair Miss Lowder to sixpenny pool. Oct. 9.

Sabbath.—After attending church, different parties had different ways of amusing themselves. H.R.H., to whom it was a novelty, partook of a regular Chinese feast—bird's-nest soup, eggs that had been kept a hundred years or longer, shark's fins, etc. Most of us went into the attractive shops of Curio Street. Peking, Oct. 10.

Obliged to turn out betimes to enable servants to pack and start the many carts that ought to reach Usung before us. Until the last moment the vendors of curios flocked in and displayed their tempting articles. Oct. 11.

At 2.30, after an excellent luncheon, we were

1869. once more on the Legation horses, and bade adieu to our kind and hospitable host and hostess, with their pretty daughter, on whose horse, "Snowball," the light Admiral was mounted, H.R.H. riding my old friend "Don Juan," Conolly and Baker accompanying us. It was sunset before we were all embarked with our goods and chattels, and an hour later before we were clear of the numerous trading junks that jammed the creek, which gave time for Conolly and Baker to dine with us. Conolly had, of course, delighted everybody, while nothing could have been more obliging than both as interpreters.

Oct. 13. H.R.H. cooked his dish of eggs, after which we resumed whist. A fortunate turn in my luck; got up winner of the expedition of 140 points, some of it going towards curios. Having dined comfortably, 8 P.M. brought us alongside *Salamis*, H.R.H. going on shore to bowls, having first arranged to wait over the morrow.

Oct. 14. Mr. Chow-Wang put in an appearance early, which looked like a settling of accounts, and certain difficulties about them were suddenly solved by H.R.H. insisting on paying the whole of the expenses of our expedition, left dollars with the Consul to be returned to Mr. Porter.

Tientsin. We found at Tientsin letters from Chefoo. The Shanghai community regretting that circumstances and want of time prevented their proving separately their appreciation of my services in the Far East, invited the wife and self to a grand ball. H.R.H., Stanhope, and self mounted donkeys and rode to the town. The Prince had selected eight from the Navy and challenged the shore at bowls. They met at 9 P.M.

Oct. 15. It was four o'clock before our Prince came on

board this morning; they had a spirited and hardly- 1869.
contested game, the shore, however, beating the Navy five successive games, His Royal Highness backing his side until he had lost nearly four hundred dollars. Then he pluckily challenged them to double or quits, which he won. A long steamer, the *Chili*, ahead, was about to start for Shanghai as soon as we were out of the way. Wrote by her, thanking the community for their kind appreciation of my services, and regretting my inability, owing to orders from the present Board of Admiralty, to accept their kind invitation. At 1.30 P.M. weighed and steamed down the Peiho for the third and last time.

In steaming yesterday we met an American Oct. 16.
steamer with the French naval Commander-in-Chief on board. He was probably going to consult with his Minister as to the best means for obtaining redress, a French missionary having lately been beaten to death, another proof, if any were wanting, of Mr. Burlingham's policy. Our commercial treaties have been forced on these Orientals, and by force only can we make them respected, or even retain a footing in the country.

With history and centuries of experience before them, our Ministers are imposed upon by a highly paid American adventurer and made to believe that the Chinese people only require civilised treatment to receive and welcome us all over the Celestial Empire, whereas their rotten and ignorant Government are only plotting to get rid for ever of the hated barbarian.

While looking out of the window during my toilet saw a well-dressed China woman stumping along on her poor contracted feet with her hands clasped and extended, shrieking and repeating some word. She

1869. suddenly turned towards the river, making a wonderful good run, and tried to plunge in. The water being low she stuck in the mud, when a man and woman went to the rescue and drew her on the bank, where she lay kicking her shapeless feet up until we passed out of sight; poor creature! I suppose they have their fits of jealousy as well as we barbarians.

The tide not being high enough on the bar we anchored, which gave us an opportunity to inspect the Taku Forts—which we shall have to occupy some day.

Oct. 18. At 10 A.M. went to inspect the *Galatea*, where I was received with manned yards and all due honours. Found her beautifully clean, and in all respects a man-of-war. There is no doubt H.R.H. is fully captain of his own ship; without an efficient head she could not be what she is. Ship's company below the average as fine-looking men, but as clean as seamen who wear beards and moustaches are likely to be.

His Royal Highness came on board *Salamis* to take leave of the wife. Old Raby, with his good-natured, comical face, took leave of me on board *Galatea*. On parting company *Galatea* and *Icarus* gave three hearty cheers from the rigging. Proceeded to Hong Kong.

CHAPTER CIV

Homeward Bound

1869. Hong Kong. Flag in *Salamis*, Oct. 23.

Came to in Hong Kong. Vice-Admiral Sir H. Kellett, my successor, the Commodore, and other commanders came on board. Keswick, of Jardine, Mathieson and Co., came inviting me to East Point. Wife and children had gone there in steam launch. Called on Governor, taking Lady MacDonnell a pair of pet china jars from Peking: one of which their orderly sergeant managed to smash in unpacking. Called on General Whitfield, who was confined to bed. He had sent his aide-de-camp and staff on board *Salamis* on our arrival. We were kindly welcomed at East Point. The same evening there was a croquet party; Maginac in his glory. Besides the Grants of 9th Native Infantry and the O'Shaugnessys of staff, Gower and Robertson from Canton met us at dinner.

Great preparations for the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Oct. 24. To church in the Jardine carriage. I had issued a memo to the squadron yesterday that I should give up the command this morning. Friday fixed for my entertainment by kind Hong Kong friends. Sorry to hear of the death of kind friend Mrs. Gilman.

Oct. 26. Our hosts got up an agreeable party at Pokofolum:

1869. Alexanders, Grants, Pollards, Overbeck, and others. Drove back by moonlight.

Oct. 27. Dined with Overbeck. Large party.

Oct. 28. The day of my entertainment. Cannot get the idea of a speech out of my head.

Oct. 29. It came off at last—a flattering event, enough to turn my old head, Governor and all great people attending. My reception kind and enthusiastic. The continued cheering tended to give me nerve.

Oct. 30. Daily papers called it "the greatest and most successful entertainment that had ever been given in Hong Kong." Dined with the Commodore; one of his good and cheery dinners. Admiral and Commanders present. Believe I part in harmony with all.

Sabbath, Oct. 31. At 7.30 A.M. *Galatea* was at anchor in the harbour and galley on shore. Should have been on board by 9, but His Royal Highness had already visited the Commander-in-Chief and made arrangements for landing in state on the morrow; but on my pointing out how much more convenient it would be if His Royal Highness would defer his landing until after departure of the mail on Tuesday, he acceeded to this, as he has done to every proposition I have ever thought it right to make. His Royal Highness received me so nicely, with all the warmth peculiar to his nature, yet never seeming to forget that I was, or had been his Commander-in-Chief. It was arranged that he was to call on, and lunch with the Governor at 1.30, and dine there in the evening, returning to *Galatea* to sleep.

As the morrow would be my last in Hong Kong, the Duke kindly proposed that self and wife should take a farewell dinner with him; but on my stating the distance of East Point, and the early rising on the Tuesday to go back to the mail steamer, he kindly

accepted an invitation to dine with Keswick, which would greatly please our worthy host. 1869.

Returned to East Point in time to go with wife to church. Received the sacrament—my last in China. At the close of the service, Buckle, the Governor's A.D.C., came to our pew to invite us to meet the Prince at luncheon.

Much to do at the last. Took a farewell luncheon on board *Galatea*, meeting the Admiral and Commodore. His Royal Highness gave me a copy of the *Galatea's* voyage to Australia. Under my name on the title page he wrote "from his affectionate admirer." Nov. 1.

The dinner at East Point was a complete success. In addition to His Royal Highness and suite were the Heards, Keswick's *fiancé*, Miss de Bourg, Kellett, Miller, Smith from Government House, Robertson, etc. This was the great night of illuminations. We were invited to see it from the *Galatea*, but the guide took His Royal Highness and ourselves to the wrong landing-place; we missed the chairs and got into a procession of illuminated fish of gigantic size. And the Duke mounted with my wife up a ladder into a small Chinese theatre, which he naturally concluded from its gaudy decoration and commanding position must have been intended for himself. At midnight the party dispersed, but His Royal Highness insisted on steering his barge with the old Admiral and his wife back to East Point.

Now comes the end of my naval career in China, where the greater part of my services for the last twenty-seven years have been so pleasantly passed, but everything must come to an end. Nov. 2.

I had bespoke the steam-launch to take luggage and selves on board the P. and O. steamer, but one

1869. and all appeared determined to do me honour to the last. Although my uniforms had long since been packed, I was to embark from the Government wharf under a salute and with a guard of honour. At 8 A.M. the royal standard was hoisted on board the *Galatea*,

"The Little Admiral" (Hong Kong "Punch").

and a general royal salute, with ships dressed, took place. I passed the guard, with Colin clinging to my hand. At the pier we found all the Government officials in full costume to bid farewell to the little old Admiral, rigged out in his Norfolk shirt and "Rodney" hat, and instead of his galley there were the *Galatea's* barge and cutter—the former manned

by His Royal Highness and ward-room officers, and steered by the Commodore, to take me off; while the latter was manned by the gun-room officers to take the wife and children. Colin, however, refusing to quit his hold of me, partook of the honour of being so conveyed. Never was such a demonstration, such a triumph, for an Admiral degraded! On board, too, I met all my old friends. There was the kind-hearted Governor, Sir Richard MacDonnell, with a photograph for my wife of the house in which, not a year ago, Colin was so near his end; Overbeck and old Fischer's son; honest old Henry Kellett, my successor; the hospitable Commodore, and the Prince, in rowing costume, with his crew, fourteen in number. His Royal Highness came into my cabin on deck, and there, in the quietest way, presented me with a gold watch as a souvenir, which he said would do afterwards for Colin, who seized the case containing the watch and insisted that it had been given to him! I, however, have never been without it. 1869.

On shoving off, the Prince and his crew gave three more parting cheers. The *Salsette* screwed ahead to the eastward, and having gained room turned round, passing again through the ships, when the cheering was repeated: foreigners, as well as our own men-of-war; even the invalids from the hospital-ships caught the kind infection. This old party then retired, feeling very grateful and his heart full.

CHAPTER CV

Last Visit to the Straits

1869. Singapore, Nov. 7. It was no small pleasure to be allowed another visit, although a farewell one, to the Straits Settlements. Just after sunset, as the P. and O. *Salsette* entered New Harbour, a larger ship than usual, loomed through the mist—the *Rodney* on her way home. In less than half an hour I was at dinner with Algie Heneage. They had, as might have been expected, a long and tedious passage down, but adhered to the sapient instructions issued by the Admiralty, not to use steam unless in case of danger. The extra time and pay of the crew would be more than expense of fuel.

Both Governor and Judge had made preparations to receive us, and had sent their carriages. It was arranged, as the steamer would go alongside the P. and O. wharf early to-morrow, we should land there more conveniently, when the wife and children should go to Sir Benson and Lady Maxwell, and I to Sir Harry and Lady Ord.

Nov. 8. As the *Salsette* hauled alongside the coaling pier, I saw my old friend, W. H. Read. He was one of a deputation who had come to invite me, on the part of the community, to a luncheon on the morrow. Large dinner at Government House—a palace.

Whampoa there. He gave me a pair of cassowaries to add to the museum on board *Rodney*, also some pigs to establish a breed at Bishopstoke! 1869.

Had intended to have paid a visit to the *Rodney*, but continued rain set in, which lasted till it was time to start for the entertainment, which took place in the P. and O. Office building. His Excellency kindly drove me there. The room was prettily fitted with flags and flowers, while on the walls were the names in large letters, formed with flowers, of the ships I had served in on the station. Beginning with *Magicienne*, in which I was a Lieutenant, there came in succession, *Dido*, *Mæander*, *Raleigh*, finishing with the old *Rodney* (now without flag flying). The chair was occupied by my old friend W. H. Read, with Sir Benson Maxwell, the Chief Justice, on his left. The tables were full; the guest of the day received with cheers! The chairman came at once to the toast which had brought them together, and went into a long detail of the ships in which I had served and commanded on this station, beginning with *Magicienne*. A laugh was raised when he alluded to the Tumongong of Muar offering me the hand of his daughter. "Then," Read said, "there was the *Dido*. I remember her well, with her taunt spars, sky-sail poles, flying kites, and graceful hull, dashing about the station in every direction, and always in for a fight when one was to be had.—The *Mæander*, with Sir James Brooke; his merits recognised, the K.C.B. installation took place here. The *Raleigh*, in which fifty-gun frigate he sailed into this beautiful harbour from the westward to show his confidence in its safety, and the wisdom of the P. and O. in taking his advice when he told them of its existence in 1849.—Fatshan, 'the smartest Nov. 9.

1869. cutting-out affair of modern times.' Last comes the *Rodney*, of which vessel I can only say we have seen too little; but we endorse the verdicts of Hong Kong and Yokohama: he never undertook what he did not carry out, and a better passport to posterity after such a stirring life no man need possess."

Read concluded his speech by asking them to drink "Long life and prosperity to the gallant Admiral, with three times three—and don't be afraid of bringing the roof down!"

Got through the returning of thanks with what composure I could muster before so many good old friends. Sir Benson Maxwell made a kind speech about the wife and children, which was warmly received, and to which I did my best to respond. The meeting, which was a great success, broke up only in time to go on board the steamer. My farewell cheer was from the last of that noble class of ships, the *Rodney*. Friends had collected on the P. and O. wharf to give us "one cheer more."

Penang, Nov. 11. At 8 A.M. we anchored off Penang, my kind old friend Lewis the first on board to welcome me; also a letter from Colonel Anson inviting us to pass the few hours of our stay with him. The steamer remaining for six hours, we had only time to make a hurried call on the Lewises before going on board. Old Jack Rodyk on the pier to see me off. Adieu, Penang; and adieu for ever the Straits and China!

Galle, Nov. 17. Came to before breakfast in what is called Galle Harbour, but an open and dangerous anchorage. Money has been voted to build a breakwater. We found no fewer than five of the P. and O. steamers, the *Surat* being told off to take the passengers to Suez. *Surat* the same I came out in near three years ago, but my old friend Dunn no longer in

command, having lodged his ship on a reef in the Red Sea, from which she had a narrow escape. 1869.

Keppel Garnier went at once on board the *Surat* to see about berths, while Risk went on shore to see if we could not have possession of what is called "Queen's House," the original residence of the Dutch Governors, who thoroughly understood comfort. It was noon before he returned, it having been necessary to telegraph to the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, at Colombo, for permission; the reply being, "Certainly, if not occupied by Lady Napier." Lady Napier was on her way to join her husband in Calcutta, and sailed shortly after our arrival in the harbour. Our steamer was to start again at 5 P.M. for Suez, but it was a pleasant change for the children and ourselves, if only for a few hours.

Jack Rodyk.

We had no sooner taken possession than the house was inundated with venders of all sorts—curios, inlaid workboxes, and desks of antique fashion, carved elephants in ebony and ivory, tortoise-shell combs, porcupine quills, walking sticks, precious stones by a dirty native, who called himself "Stony Merchant,"

1869. whose goods we were informed were all manufactured in Birmingham.

Of couse the children wanted everything. Colin got the model of a native boat, May an ebony elephant. I treated myself to a pair of ivory ones, which were removed from the sitting-room table while we were at dinner, most probably by the man to whom I had paid fifteen shillings for them. We enjoyed a fresh-water bath. In the adjoining room was an enormous bed, big enough not only for the Dutch Governors of former days, but Vrouws and families! Among the callers was Wodehouse of the Civil Service, a nice fellow, agreeable as most of that numerous family are. The harbour-master conducted us on board the Government boat.

It was dark, but it did not require much light to find that the deck was covered with some thirty or forty children, varying from the age of six downwards.

Nov. 27. Coaled at Aden.

Suez, Dec. 3. Suez.—The *Surat* was the first of the P. and O. steamers that landed her passengers alongside the wharf close to the new dock. A train took us to the hotel, where we found the great traveller, Sir Samuel, with Lady, Baker ; they had lately been at Quidenham. We had a walk and talk with them.

The train took us off at 8 P.M. without giving us a chance of seeing anything of the canal or country.

Dec. 4. After fourteen hours' suffering we got out of the train and embarked in a small steamer close by, which conveyed us to Marseilles. Hence across France and so home.

CHAPTER CVI

Some Farewell Notes

My apprehensions about my poor friend, Vice-Admiral George Henry Seymour, were realized. Nearly the first news on our arrival was that of his sad and untimely death. He had early dropped the name of George, as it was that of his respected parent, the good Admiral of the Fleet, Sir George H. Seymour, G.C.B., to whose residence in Eaton Square I hastened, and was received as the oldest friend of his beloved child. There was a letter addressed to me on the table with touching details, which I will not reproduce in its entirety. Henry was at the time of his death a Lord of the Admiralty and Member for Antrim. The following are extracts from his father's letter :— 1869. Dec. 14.

Eaton Square, *December* 22, 1869.

My dear Keppel—From the long and sincere friendship which existed between my dear Henry and yourself, I feel certain that no one will have felt a sharper pang than yourself when you heard of his untimely death.

Sir George Seymour in the conclusion of a deeply interesting letter, adds :—

You have many friends, but never possessed a more sincere one than he was to you.

He marked it on the very day of his death, when his eyes flashed on seeing some one approach him ; he thought it

1869. was you, and holding out his hand, with a faint smile as he did so, mentioned your name. He expired on July 24.

As a faint hope, he had joined his sister, Mrs. Gore, at Carlsbad, and Her Majesty, with her usual thought and kindness, had sent Sir William Jenner and Dr. Ellice; they pronounced the case hopeless. . . . Very sincerely yours, (Signed) G. H. SEYMOUR.

Gunton Park, Jan. 1. In compliance with kind invitation from the Prince of Wales, find myself at Gunton Park. The Princess as charming as ever, but not improved by the new fashion in hairdressing. Took Her Royal Highness in to dinner. Whist afterwards.

Jan. 2. Arrangements very pleasant. A cup of tea and slice of bread and butter on being called. Breakfast when you like at small tables. Church within a hundred yards; singing good and sermon short. The young Princes, Edward and George, dined while we lunched. Informed the Prince that I was writing to the Duke of Edinburgh. Was sent for into the Princess of Wales' boudoir; the Royal children romping while the Princess carried the baby. The Prince was there. Altogether a charming picture.

Jan. 3. It was 7.30 P.M. before the fresh company arrived. On going into the drawing-room the most conspicuous and handsome (the Princess had not come down) was the Duchess of Manchester with seven rows of pearls, scarcely whiter than the fair neck they were on. Old Lady Ailesbury, as young as ever, the same flaxen hair, frizzed out. Lady de Grey looking very piquant. They all went into the shade when the Princess put in an appearance.

Among the men, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, but little altered; Lord de Grey, Lord Hartington,

Duke of Manchester, Lord Huntingfield, Jim Mac- 1869.
donald, with his silky white hair; young Lord Dupplin, Oliver Montagu, grown out of all remembrance, and young Knollys. We were twenty to dinner.

The Royal brake and another open carriage took Jan. 4.
us to the shooting ground, where we had driving partridges until luncheon, which was hot and good,

Last of the Rodney, 1884.[1]

in a farmhouse; after that, covert shooting. The Princess and ladies came out after luncheon.

Rainy and dull morning; much chaffing and good- Jan. 5.
temper among the ladies. Lady Ailesbury in distress for a newspaper, which young Oliver Montagu provided on condition of a kiss. The good-natured Prince, seeing me in a new great-coat, made me take his and save my own. Luncheon in a farmhouse. The following days were passed in the same happy manner.

With rest of company took my departure. A happy Jan. 10.
visit not to be forgotten for many reasons.

[1] This picture of the *Rodney* was given me by Mr. Emmanuel Emmanuel of The Hard, in whose possession is the original oil painting.

1870. April 27. Portsmouth.—*Rodney* only paid off this morning. In perfect order to the last. Some £12,000 paid to blue-jackets and marines.

June 1. The following letter reached me :—

40 DOVER STREET, W.,
May 31, 1870

DEAR SIR HENRY—The University of Oxford propose to confer upon you, if it should be agreeable to you to receive it, an honorary degree at the approaching Commemoration, in recognition of your distinguished services to the country as a naval officer. It is very pleasant to me to be associated as Chancellor in this expression of their respect. If you should accept the degree, it will be necessary that you should be present in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford on Wednesday, June 22. The ceremony will be over by one o'clock.—Believe me yours very truly,

(Signed) SALISBURY.

Sir H. Keppel, K.C.B.

June 21. By 2.20 train to Oxford. Wife and Georgie West in lodgings at Muir's in High Street, I to Richard's snug quarters in Christchurch. The good Tom Garnier, Fellow of All Souls, undertaking to provide for our party at his rooms. Dined with the Vice-Chancellor Leighton in the magnificent library of All Souls, meeting Lord Salisbury, Bishops, Judges, Canons, Ex-Ministers, and all those about to be made D.C.L.'s. Excellent dinner and some good speeches.

June 22. Accoutred in full uniform, surmounted by a college cap, and a doctor's crimson silk hood and cloth robe. Assembled, according to arrangements published in the *Oxford Gazette*, in the Library of All Souls, thence to the Sheldonian Theatre.

The Chancellor, heads of houses go in, leaving us who are about to receive the distinction outside until

summoned. After waiting an hour and a half in the outer hall, we went in, single file, through a crowd, I following Robert Lowe. Cheering more or less loud announced the entrance of the forty candidates. 1870. June 22.

Difficult to describe one's sensation on entering this magnificent amphitheatre; rendered still more beautiful by tier above tier of lovely women, each armed with a bouquet, such as the season produces to perfection. Above the ladies, in an upper gallery, were the undergraduates, who loudly expressed their approval, or otherwise, of the different persons as they appeared below to receive the distinguished degree about to be conferred.

In front of the entrance, on a throne raised to the level of the lower gallery, which contained the ladies, sat the Marquess of Salisbury, as Chancellor, at a desk; supported on either side by the great dignitaries, as well as by those who had preceded us and had already received the D.C.L.: an imposing sight. My place was next behind Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

As we approached, an official announced in Latin who and what one was. This gave ample time to those who, like myself, felt nervous as to the mysteries of the whole affair, to look about them. An attempt was made by some of the undergraduates to cry down Mr. Lowe with "Non Placet," which called forth corresponding cheers from his friends; the clamour and noise lasted some minutes.

At last my turn arrived; name, rank, and performances were given out, as were those of my predecessors, in Latin. Loud and prolonged cheering. The Chancellor rose and addressed me in Latin, after which the bar was removed, I ascended the steps of

1870. the throne, shook hands with Lord Salisbury and then took my seat with brother D.C.L.'s and held my tongue.

Lunch, including ladies, at All Souls, then to the Floral Garden and excellent museums. Weather hot and thirsty, with plenty of cooling drinks.

1871. May 19. By to-day's post received a flattering letter from Mr. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, stating the gratification it was to him to have submitted my name for the G.C.B. I replied that his opinion was more gratifying than the distinguished decoration.

To London. Went to the Queen's Ball, and met many friends.

London, July 3. Donned full dress uniform, without decorations; drove to Windsor Castle, where, after an excellent luncheon, I, succeeded by many others (being the Senior K.C.B.), was invested by Her Majesty with the order of the Grand Cross of the Bath—having first been knighted. At the time of receiving the K.C.B. got a dispensing order.

Sept. 27. Letter from the Duchess of Buccleuch, giving us the choice of a visit to Drumlanrig before or after an intended visit there of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Decided on going there the latter end of next month.

Drumlanrig, Oct. 25. By train to Carlisle and thence to Thornhill, where we found the Duke's carriage, which took us to the castle by a little after six. Nothing could have been nicer or kinder than our reception, company staying being nearly all connections. I took the Duchess in to dinner. Party consisting of Dalkeiths, Adolphus Liddell, son and two daughters, Walter Scotts, Egremont and Gerard Lascelles, and, as the *Morning Post* would say, "etc., etc."

Oct. 26. Party formed for the moors. Nine guns—Dal-

keith, Walter Scott, Adolphus Liddell and his son, two Lascelles, Colonel Thynne, who arrived last night, Johnson Douglas, and Mr. Maxwell. A bus conveyed us to foot of hills; four ponies for those who liked them took us two miles further to the grounds. A succession of hills covered with heather; with the exception of the hills near Thirlston, the first extensive moors I had been on. We drew lots for the numbers, which gave us the different enclosures, in which we hid while beaters drove: changing numbers after each drive. Lord and Lady Creighton arrived. Game return: Grouse, 137; Black and gray game, 8; Rabbits, 4. Total, 149. 1871.

Duke of Buccleuch.

Invitation from Mayor of Liverpool to attend dinner given to Sir Harry Parkes. Must accept, for November 6. Oct. 27.

Rainy day. Started, a smaller party, on the moors; persevered until wet through, then walked five miles home. Shot better, and killed my first black-cock. Oct. 28.

After noon arrived Lord Claud Hamilton and Mr. R. Melville, a director of the P. and O. Co. Our usual whist in evening; party consisting of Lady Walter Scott, Lady Dalkeith, Adolphus Liddell and self.

Attended well-conducted service in chapel. Oct. 29.

Covert shooting without driving. A cheery bright day. Bag: Gray fowl, 6; Pheasant, 70; Nov. 2.

1871. Partridge, 7 ; Wood-cock, 3 ; Roe deer, 2 ; Hares, 247 ; Rabbits, 66 ; Snipe, 1. Total, 402.

After dinner, entrance hall cleared, and a piano dance, I commencing with the kind good Duchess, His Grace with my wife for partner. There were waltzes and reels. No people, old or young, could have enjoyed themselves as we did.

Nov. 3. The Duke kindly sending us to the station, made us promise to repeat our visit as often as we liked. By train *viâ* Carlisle to Liverpool, where the Mayor, Mr. Livingston, was waiting, and conveyed us to his country house.

Liverpool, Nov. 6. The great event of my visit to Liverpool came off to-day. Mayor's dinner to Sir Harry Parkes. Had to return thanks for Navy and self. Parkes spoke well, giving a review of affairs in Japan, from commencement of his appointment there to present time ; very interesting. No one ever did more brilliant work in Japan than he did.

Nov. 30. Since the middle of the month grave reports of the health of the Prince of Wales were inserted in the papers. H.R.H. had been at Scarborough with Lord Londesborough. With him was Lord Chesterfield, who, simultaneously with the Prince and the groom, were attacked by typhoid fever ; of the three, H.R.H. alone survived.

Princess Alice had come over to spend his birthday with the Prince, and remained to help the Princess in nursing H.R.H., who had left London, in the early stage of his illness, for Sandringham. On the 30th I received a letter from the Duke of Edinburgh, at Sandringham, saying he was delighted to give better accounts of his brother. The Queen had just arrived at Sandringham.

Dec. The news was better of H.R.H. up to the 11th

December, when a relapse took place, and his state was considered critical. Constant delirium. 1871.

All hope supposed to be at an end. How sad for the nation; what a kind friend I lose. Dec. 11, Journal.

Uppermost in every person's mind is the state of the Prince of Wales. Prayers in the churches for him, and for the Princess. Dec. 12.

Hopes revived by telegram of improved state of the Prince. Dec. 14.

Afternoon telegram confirming improving state of the Prince. Fatal 14th past. Dec. 15.

Continued improvement of H.R.H. Had a chat with the Duke of Edinburgh at Clarence House. Dec. 19.

Wrote General Knollys, congratulations to Prince and Princess of Wales on recovery of H.R.H. Dec. 27.

Fully accoutred in uniform, and the G.C.B. collar, at an early hour to witness the grandest function that has been performed in the largest city of the world, friend Eyre taking me in his brougham. Not liking to risk being late gave up the sight of the route by Strand and Ludgate Hill, but took the less crowded road of new embankment. 1872. London, Feb. 27.

Seats allotted to the officers of the Navy being the north nave, St. Paul's Cathedral, was in time to get in the front row and could hardly have been better placed to witness the touching scene of the Queen on the arm of the still limping Prince of Wales, closely attended by the young children and all the rest of the Royal Family. Both the Prince and Duke of Edinburgh recognised me as they passed. Thanksgiving service most impressive: the whole ceremony being a grand success. Queen, on returning by a different route, enabled thousands of others to show their loyalty and affection. Attended evening party, Admiralty House, meeting Duke of Edinburgh.

1872. Wrote name in Prince of Wales' book.

Feb. 28. This morning's post brought letter from Mr.
Aug. 27. Goschen, announcing his intention of submitting my name to Her Majesty for the command at Devonport. Announced the glad tidings to Prince of Wales and Susan Albemarle.

Devonport, Nov. 1. Flag hoisted at Devonport. Heard the salutes while dressing. Donned the old uniform that had last done duty in China.

Sunday, Dec. 1. On my way from church I met the Duke of Grafton in sad distress. His Grace, with his invalid Duchess, had arrived the previous evening at Lord Mount Edgcumbe's winter villa, situated by the sea, but sheltered from everything but the sun.

Her Grace, who had retired early, was off in the first quiet sleep she had enjoyed for months, when she was thrown into violent hysterics by the discharge of cannon in quick succession—one, of course, the military evening gun, but the loudest was the Admiral's. It was Sunday. Their Graces could not get away ; another such discharge, he believed, would kill his wife—a repetition was not to be thought of ; if I could put a stop to the daylight gun ; and I had no doubt my friend Sir Charles Staveley would stop the military one. By early morning the Duke and Duchess were out of hearing.

Now there was a factory within hearing, whose workmen went in on the firing of the Admiral's gun. The factor, instead of coming to me to explain, reported direct to the Admiralty. I received an order not to omit the usual daylight gun. On foreign stations daylight is not "made" until the event is first reported to the Admiral. Communicated with my Flag-Captain Heneage. Daylight was "made" at very irregular times. I heard no more from the factor!

My sailor's life has come to an end: my land one must shortly. To describe all the hospitalities and fun I enjoyed during the command at Devonport, and the three-and-twenty years that have elapsed since the flag was hauled down for the last time, would fill many volumes. I have only space to mention the names of some who were kind to me during the latter part of my sailor's life. First comes the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, whose kind hospitality and the run of whose beautiful grounds caused time to pass only too quickly. Lord St. Germans of Port Elliot: I remember the first time I had the pleasure of shooting over his beautiful covert of hanging woods. Charlie Edgcumbe told me the keeper was anxious to see my ammunition. My predecessor had used ball cartridges from his ship's magazine to the danger of beaters. At Helligon, was my good friend Tremayne. 1875.

Saltram was occupied by the kind and hospitable Hartmanns. He, alas! no more. They had frequently with them the Marquis de Jeancourt, who once kept a stud at Melton Mowbray, the handsome Marquise charming, and so like her sister, the hostess. The Master of Hounds when I first arrived was Mr. Trelawney, the finest specimen of a sportsman I ever saw; of him there are published descriptions. I attended the opening and finishing of his hunt dinners. He was succeeded by Admiral Parker of Delamore, whose two cheery daughters frequently led the field.

Some eight miles from the dockyard residence was the ever cheery and sporting Johnnie Bulteel, with his pretty wife and large family; when all together it was difficult to say which was mother. In another direction, at Maristow, a beautiful place, was Sir

1875. Massey Lopes, with a lovely wife, to whom I was "Uncle Harry." Nearer to the harbour was Pole Carew of Antony, now represented by Colonel Carew, C.B., of the Coldstream Guards. Colonel Coryton, a good and hospitable sportsman, had a beautiful castle, Pentillie, on the banks of the river, to which his good sister has succeeded.

Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe is now sole occupant of Cotehele, St. Mellion, Cornwall: the same as it was three hundred years ago. All these western landowners preserved as well as game.

On a visit to Warnham Court to my friend Lucas, I was taken by one of his younger sons to see their sheep. On our way I noticed a lark's nest, hardly discernible in the grass. Something presently caused a stampede. The flock, apparently a thousand, took to its heels and trotted along the park we had just traversed. I was alarmed for the fate of the lark and her eggs, and expressed my fears to Lucas.

"Oh!" he said. "I don't mind betting you a fiver that not a foot has even touched the edge of the nest. Come and see."

We went back. It was as he said. Though the footprints were within half an inch of it, the nest was undisturbed. A lesson to me of the Power which guides the instinct of animals to preserve smaller creatures from harm.

1876. May 11. Return of Prince of Wales from India.

Telegram—*Serapis*, with royal standard, passed Portland, 8 A.M. To station to meet Waterfords and Dowager Lady: breakfasted at Government House, Portsmouth. Some 8000 troops to line streets and form guards. Our party admitted into dockyard by tickets. Progress of *Serapis* imposing towards the end; salutes, ships dressed and yards

manned. As soon as *Serapis* secured alongside dock- 1876.
yard we went on board. Duke of Cambridge there. Nothing could exceed the kind and cordial reception I got from H.R.H., as well as from the most charming of Princesses, she looking so happy. Returned to London by Royal Express. Dined with Duke of Grafton, meeting Strathnairn, Barrington, Jim Ryley, and Ashburton.

While at Torquay seized with some internal June 9.
disarrangement. Wife in a fright. Doctor Pollard sent for. Two visits within two hours. Chloroform and laudanum, morphine and other poisons.

My birthday. Miss glorious Ascot. H.R.H. June 14.
expected.

An interview with the great Sir William Gull. June 27.
Was bundled off to Vichy, where I met Lord Chesham, whose daughter had married Leicester. Had been there before and knew how the ropes led. Never enjoyed myself so much. We messed together; he had a charming Newfoundland dog. Chesham a general favourite. Frenchmen named them "Urbanité et Fidelité."

We had mountain strawberries and cream for breakfast. With baths, never was better, but determined not to leave my playfellow. It was July 16 before I got to London. The next day was invited to a breakfast at Chiswick by the Prince and Princess of Wales; everybody there: Emperor of Morocco, King and Queen of Greece; all so kind to me.

While staying with Sir William Medlycott at Ven Hall received a kind letter from the Duke of Abercorn inviting me to join his suite in the mission to confer the Order of the Garter on the King of Italy: nothing could be nicer.

1876. Feb. 8. Meet of the Blackmoor Vale hounds. Digbys, Glynns, and many friends. Country heavy from rain. Soon found; large field. We came to a stiffish fence with but one gap, which I left to the fair sex. Noticed an opening at the bottom, which proved to be a long-unused road covered with long grass. Where there had been a gate were now heavy bars, which I charged.

Although I broke the upper bar, came down the heaviest cropper I ever experienced. Horse by my side in similar position, but clear of me. How long we had been there I know not, but friend Digby, who knew the country well, had followed the marks of a horse to the corner. He found horse and self as quiet as if we had been shot in action.

I know not how he got me back to Ven Hall; it was the nearest, though I had that day been engaged to Minterne. My old coxswain Webb was sent for. It was eight days before I could be moved to London. All hopes of attending the Duke of Abercorn gone. Nothing ordered but quiet. Was conveyed to Haslar Hospital, where I certainly secured that for a few months.

April 30. The *Eurydice* training ship was lost in a snow squall off the Isle of Wight on March 24 with all hands except two boys. While propped up in my bed in the hospital, a regular installed patient—for how long?—bodies from *Eurydice* were constantly being washed up, and funerals with the grand and sad Dead March in "Saul" were of daily occurrence; passing under my window. With the exception of a few days yachting I did not leave Haslar until early in August.

. . . . . .

Space only, forbids my recalling later incidents, which are, however, unconnected with my sailor's life. 1876.

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The last word must be written.

Farewell!

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